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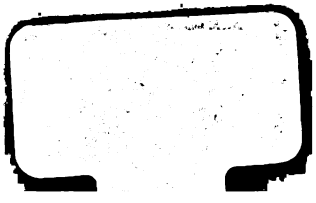

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THE

LITERARY MAGNET

OF THE

BELLES LETTRES, SCIENCE, AND THE FINE ARTS;

CONSISTING OF

I. ORIGINAL ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS OF PERMANENT INTEREST.
II. SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.—III. TALES AND ROMANCES.
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From every point a ray of genius flows!
Be ours to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will:
And cheaply circulates through distant climes
The fairest relic of the purest times.

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THE

LITERARY MAGNET;

AND

ACADEMICAL MAGAZINE.

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

The Faustus of Goëthe has not been inaptly defined, by Madame de Staël, to be the "nightmare of the imagination." Thrilled as we are with its magic horrors, during the influence, an oppression labours on the breast, arising perhaps from the repugnance we entertain to its supernatural objects. It is neither tragedy nor romance, but a mixture of both, occasionally borrowing the attributes of pantomime, for which it was originally written. There is a species of ludicrous horror, that makes us smile, even while we shudder—a wild pleasantry thrown over the most terrific scenes, as distinct from hilarity as the hysteric laugh of the maniac is to the cheerful smile of innocent gaiety. The impression we receive from the whole work is, that it was written either during the influence of a delirium, or from the inspiration of sorcery. A whirlwind of thoughts and ideas scatter themselves throughout the mind, inseparable and indefinable. We are tossed up into the heavens of the author's lofty aspirations in one line, and in the next we sink with him into the yawning abyss of insupportable darkness and despair. While starting at the horror with which we are surrounded, we are brought again on our feet by some ludicrous image or sarcastic remark. In many of the finest passages, we fancy we discern the spirit of Shakspeare, while the lighter parts have much of the rich humour and powerful satire of Aristophanes. The action—the beautiful unity of the piece taken as a drama, seems formed after the severe propriety of Sophocles.

It is much to be regretted, that we have no translation that can give to those unacquainted with the German language the mystical spirit of this extraordinary performance. Lord Leveson Gower's is unquestionably a work of very great talent, but it is deficient in that unearthly gloom which pervades the original. The only medium through which we can form an idea of its peculiar wildness, is Shelley's "May-day Night," which is executed in such a masterly style as to make every of its readers regret that the translator did not render the whole of the poem.

Of the chief personages, or rather agents, of this drama, we must rank highest Mephistopheles, the Principle of Evil, as being drawn with the boldest conception, and executed with the most consummate precision. He seems like the triumph of hell over earth—of all the good qualities of mankind perverted for the purposes of wickedness. There

is naturally in the mind a feeling of curiosity respecting the principle from whence evil is supposed to originate. We creep towards—we tremble while we lift up the veil which hides the Medusa from our sight; and, although we know the penalty, dare satisfy our longings. Here the character of the Devil puts the phantasms of the mind to flight, and the fallen spirit seems to assure of his horrid reality. There is a jocose familiarity in his speech, that would identify him with us as a human being, did not the depravity of his nature momentarily discover itself, and effectually destroy the illusion. He gloats over, with a savage triumph, the fallen state of mankind; he hails with glee every vicious propensity; and to satisfy us of his own base state, rejoices at every shade in the disposition of man that seems to be contrary to its original purity.

The design of a great master may be traced throughout the whole play, and a terrific moral is palpable. The higher that our aspirings become, the more elevated and daring is the soul; but yet, if we suffer our minds to wander into the fields of forbidden knowledge, the greater becomes our restlessness, and the more insupportable our discontent. From Faustus we may perceive the boundary that separates vice from virtue to be of the nicest edge, and that no sooner are we on the contrary side, than the greater our temptation increases to continue in the path of error, and the less is our power to return to that state of innocence from whence we have fallen. The character of Faustus is an apt illustration of the foregoing observations. Here is a man blessed with every faculty that can render the mind of one man superior to the bulk of its fellows. Greedy of pleasure, selfish and inconstant in his wishes, he grasps at boundless pleasures: he possesses them; and even in the fulness of enjoyment feels, that ere he has paid their price, their zest is flown,—that ere his hunger is appeased, his appetite has fled, and has left him the curse of satiety while yet in the pursuit of happiness. Margaret is the only leading object in the drama whose fate deserves our commiseration. So young in years, so full of love, of the freshness of life, of a heart yearning with the kindest affections of our nature, with hope and happiness before her, her melancholy end appeals irresistibly to the soul. The very weakness through which she falls, makes her a closer object of our compassion, and destroys all feeling of pity for her remorseless betrayer. It is not our intention to give a full detail of the incidents of the poem; but, for the sake of entering more fully into the spirit of the exquisite designs of the artist who has so surprisingly caught the author's enthusiasm, (one of which is the accompanying embellishment), we propose giving the scene it illustrates, which is in general the finest of the play.

It should be understood, that Faustus, having resigned himself to the control of the Principle of Evil, for the gratification of his inordinate desires, fixes on Margaret, a beautiful and virtuous girl, as one of the victims. Through the intervention of the Evil One, she falls beneath the fascinations of Faustus. The natural consequences ensue, and she is deserted by her betrayer, who, in aggravation of his cruelty, has killed her brother in a duel, upon that injured relative demanding justice of the sacrificer of his sister's honour. In an agony of shame and remorse, the unfortunate mother subjects herself to the charge of

infanticide, for which she is thrown into prison. Here the Devil and Faustus endeavour in vain to release her, upon terms too revolting to the principles of her nature and religion. This scene, the last in the play, will be found harrowing beyond description, and the spirit will be found extremely well conveyed through the following translation :—

SCENE.—*The Prison.*

FAUSTUS *before the dungeon gates, with a key and a lamp.*

FAUSTUS.

A trembling long unfelt assails my limbs,
And all the grief of man now sinks upon me.
There does she dwell, in yonder damp recess ;
Her fault, her only fault—a yielding heart.
Thou tremblest to approach her, and thine eye
Dread'st to behold her once again. Away!
Thou lingerest in thy fear while death is nigh.

[*He seizes the lock.—A voice is heard within, singing a rude ballad, so gross as to indicate insanity.*

FAUSTUS (*unlocking the dungeon door*).

She dreams not that her love is listening near,
Hears the straw rustle, and the fetters clank. [*He enters.*

MARGARET (*striving to conceal herself in her straw bed*).

Woe, woe ! they come : oh ! bitter, bitter death !

FAUSTUS (*softly*).

Hush, hush ! 'tis I : I come to set you free.

MARGARET (*throwing herself before him*).

If thou art human, pity my distress.

FAUSTUS.

You will alarm the slumbering jailors : hush !

[*He lays hold of the fetters, to unloose them.*

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Ruffian ! who gave thee this authority,
To bear me off in the still hour of midnight ?
Have mercy ! let me live a little longer :
Will not the morning's dawn be time enough ? [*Rises.*
Am I too still so young—so young, and must I
Already die ? Fair also was I once,
And that has been my ruin. Then my love
Dwelt near me : now, alas ! he's far away.
My garland is all torn, and every flower
Is scattered : nay, nay, seize me not so rudely !
Spare me ! how have I injured thee ? Let me
Not supplicate in vain for mercy to thee :
'Tis the first time I e'er beheld thy face.

FAUSTUS.

Can I survive this sight of agony ?

MARGARET.

Thou see'st I'm in thy power—then let me only
Give suck to my poor babe : the whole night long
I pressed it to my bosom : 'twas stolen from me,
To drive me mad, and now they say I killed it.
No more shall I know joy—no ; they sing ballads
Upon me ; 'tis unfeeling. There 's an old song
Runs in that strain, how came they to apply it ?

FAUSTUS (*falling upon his knees*).

Behold thy lover at thy feet ; he comes
To break the heavy bonds of woe asunder.

MARGARET (*kneels by his side*).

O, let us kneel, and supplicate the saints !
See, see ! beneath these steps, beneath this threshold,
Hell rolls its fires ; and, hark ! the Evil One
Raves wrathfully and horribly below.

FAUSTUS (*aloud*).

Margaret—Margaret!

MARGARET (*listens—then jumps up—the fetters fall off*).

That surely was the voice of him who loved me;
Where does he stay? I hear him call my name.
I am at liberty: none—none shall stay me:
I fly to embrace, to hang upon his bosom:
"Margaret," he called; he stood upon the threshold:
Amid the howling and the din of hell,
Through fiends' dark taunts, and diabolic laughter,
I know those sweet, those soothing tones of love.

FAUSTUS.

'Tis I!

MARGARET.

And is it thou? Say it again. [*Embracing him.*
'Tis he—'tis he:—where are my torments now?
Where is the dungeon's horrors, fetters' weight?
Thou 'rt here; thou com'st to save me; I am saved.
Already do I see the street where first
My eyes beheld thee, and the pleasant garden
Where I and Martha waited for thy coming.

FAUSTUS (*striving to remove her*).

Come with me; come away.

MARGARET.

Oh! stay a little;
How willingly where thou art, would I stay!

FAUSTUS.

Haste! if thou hastenest not, we both shall rue it.

MARGARET.

What, not one kiss! and hast thou, then, forgot
To kiss, in this short absence from thy Margaret?
Why on thy bosom do I feel uneasy,
When once thy words, thy looks, to me were heaven
Revealed? and then thou strovest to stop my breath
With kisses. Ah! thy lips are cold, are dumb;
Where is thy love? ah! who has stolen it from me?
[*Turning from him.*

FAUSTUS.

Come, follow me, my love. Take courage: yet
I 'll press thee to my heart a thousand times;
But only follow me, 'tis all I ask.

MARGARET (*turning towards him again*).

And is it thou? art thou indeed my love?

FAUSTUS.

I am; come on.

MARGARET.

Thou wilt strike off thy Margaret's cruel chains,
And take her to thy bosom. Shrink'st thou not
From my embrace? Knowest thou whom thou free'st?

FAUSTUS.

Come—come, the night already wanes; come on.

MARGARET.

I am my mother's murderer. I have drowned
My child.—Was it not thine as well as mine?—
Thine also. Art thou he?—I scarce believe it.
Give me thy hand. Is it no dream, in truth?
That hand so dear—but it is moist. Alas!
Wipe—wipe it off. Methinks there 's blood upon it.
What hast thou done? For heaven's sake, sheath that sword.

FAUSTUS.

Oh! let the past be past. Thou stabbest me.

MARGARET.

No, thou must stay, while I describe the graves

Which on the morrow thou must see prepared.
Give the best to my mother; next, my brother;
Myself aside—a little, not too far;
And on my right breast lay my infant, else
Will none rest near.—To press me to thy heart
Were sweet, were happiness,—but never more
Shall it be so to me. It seems as though
I forced my love upon thee, and thou strovest
My fondness to repel; and yet thou 'rt he,
And hast the same kind gentle look as ever.

FAUSTUS.

Oh! if thou feelest all this, I pray thee come.

MARGARET.

Whither?

FAUSTUS.

To freedom.

MARGARET.

Ah! is the grave without? Does Death wait? Come, then,
From hence to everlasting rest, and not
One step beyond. Thou turn'st away. Oh! Henry,
Would—would that I could go along with thee.

FAUSTUS.

And if thou wilt, thou canst; the door stands open.

MARGARET.

I may not go; for me there is no hope.
Ah! what avails to fly? they wait to seize me.—
To be obliged to beg, and, conscience struck,
Roaming about through foreign lands to beg,—
'Tis wretchedness itself, and still they 'll seize me.

FAUSTUS.

I will not move from thee.

MARGARET.

Quick, quick! Away!
Save thy poor child. Fly hence; away—away—
Up yonder, by the brook; beyond the style,
Deep in the wood,—there, where thou see'st the plank
Across the pool. Oh! snatch it out at once.
It strives to rise; it struggles still; save—save it!

FAUSTUS.

Collect thyself. One step, and thou art free.

MARGARET.

Would we were past that hill! my mother there
Is sitting on a stone. How cold it is!
There, on a stone, my mother sits, and shakes
Her gray head towards me. Now she beckons not,
Nor nods; her head seems heavy; long she slept—
She wakes no more. She slept while we were happy.
Oh! those were blissful times.

FAUSTUS.

If no entreaties and no words will move thee,
I needs must force thee hence.

MARGARET.

Release me! no,
I will not suffer force; then seize me not
With cruel murderous hands: for love of thee
I did all this.

FAUSTUS.

Day dawns! my love—my love!

MARGARET.

Day? Yes, 'tis day: the last day passes on—
My bridal-day it should have been. Tell none
That thou wert here with Margaret. Ah! my garland,
It is quite withered.—We will meet again;

Not at the dance:—The crowd assembles close—
Nothing is heard—the square, the streets, will scarce
Contain them;—'tis the bell that sounds—the staff
Is broke asunder—now they seize and bind me—
They bear me to the scaffold—every neck
Feels the sharp sword, as now it falls on mine:
'Tis silent now, as silent as the grave.

FAUSTUS.

O, that I never had been born.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appearing at the door*).

Come on, or you are lost.
How useless is this trembling and delay,
And idle prate: my horses shiver yonder.
Already does the morning's dawn appear.

MARGARET.

What rises from the earth?—that being! he!
Send him away. What is his purpose here,
On consecrated ground? He comes for me.

FAUSTUS.

Thou shalt live.

MARGARET.

I yield to thee, O God! and to thy judgment.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS).

Come—come, or I abandon thee to her
And ruin.

MARGARET.

Thine am I, heavenly Father! save me, save me!
Ye angels, and ye hosts of saints, surround—
Protect me!—Henry, now you make me tremble.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is judged.

A VOICE (*from above*).

She is saved.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS).

Come here with me. [*Vanishes with* FAUSTUS.

A VOICE (*heard from within*).

Henry! Henry!

THE INDIAN ISLE LOVERS.

SWEET sinless children of that Afric isle
Whose every point of upland or of shore
Your infant loves and woes have storied! while
With full eyes and full heart I linger o'er
The endearing record of those early joys,
And short though deadly sorrows, that have made
Your tale undying, I wish me from the noise
Of the great world withdrawn under the shade
Of the two cocoas, which, as the wind play'd
With their high feathery leaves, murmur'd the song
Of your ill-starr'd nativity! Not long
Will he, by life's cold sophisms be betray'd,
Who shall oft read the simple story over,
Of young Virginia and the boy her lover.

ON THE WRITINGS OF RABELAIS.

THE writings of Rabelais, like his memoirs, are distinguished by perpetual sallies of genius and eccentricity. They are as far superior in point of depth and *intensity* of humour, (the reader of Lucian's Dialogues will understand the meaning of this expression,) to all other works of a similar description, as Pope is superior to his "thousand and one imitators," from the gruff Johnson down to our late gentle addle-headed Hayley. His imagination—a very rare and trite faculty among those who possess what is called wit—is fruitful and at command, and withal so prodigally expended, that, like the fabled cornucopia of antiquity, his readers would suppose it exhaustless. One great wit will generate, as is well known, a prodigious number of small ones; and to the riotous and luxuriant fancy of Rabelais, we owe the best and the worst parts of Swift's,* viz. his imaginative romance of Gulliver, and his still more imaginative obscenities. Sterne borrowed unsparingly from his pages, (see his episode of the Strasburgh Rose) Arbuthnot, Gay, the refined and fastidious Pope, Prior, and, in his own language, Voltaire, (the latter of whom has derived his conception—the only good thing in it—of "Micromegas" from "Gargantua,") have all drawn largely from the mind of their great master. He formed, indeed, the model for what has been falsely called in England, the Augustan age; and yet, notwithstanding his claims on the literati of that polished period, his name occurs but once, we believe, throughout the voluminous writings of Pope, and that indirectly in an epistle to Swift.

Unlike most men of imagination, Rabelais was personally courageous, and at a period when the spiritual thunders of the Vatican yet pealed throughout the moral and intellectual hemisphere of Europe, dared to expose the follies and despotism of the priesthood under the very nose of his Holiness himself. He possessed, moreover, a strong fund of good sense and rational piety: his religion was rather that of the heart than the head, more practical than theoretic; and under the apparently barren surface of his sarcasm, lay a rich stratum of sensibility. Like our own Goldsmith, and that arch fabulist Fontaine, Rabelais, worldlily speaking, was negligent: this, however, arose more from an habitual indifference to popular opinion, and an epicurean wish to live, as Horace says—"quam molliter," than from any inherent thoughtlessness or frivolity of character. His learning, at a time when the most abstruse and severe sciences were cultivated, when no one ever thought of

* We pause here to express our astonishment that Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Swift, should have bestowed on his comic romance of Gulliver, the praise of a rich invention. The idea, be it mentioned, and sometimes even the very incidents, are so far from being original, that they are derived with but little variation from Pantagruel's Voyage to the Holy Bottle. The misanthropy, indeed, that hangs like a foul blight over the pages of Gulliver, is Swift's own; his detestable private character gave ample scope for remorse and irritability (see an excellent article on this subject in the Edinburgh Review); but the breadth of humour and originality of invention that characterize it, and would lead the uninformed reader to suppose it the Dean's, may be fairly placed to the pages of Rabelais. Dr. Buchan, in a recent medical publication, has attempted to account physically for Swift's anomalous nature. The reasons he assigns for it, we would hope, for the pride of human genius, are utterly false.

appearing in print, until years of hard discipline and reflection had prepared him for the important task, was even then astonishingly profound. The " sermones utriusque linguæ " were engrained into his very mind, forming " part and parcel," as the King's Bench hath it, of his nature; so much so, indeed, that he mastered, travestied, and turned to account the ethics of Aristotle, Plato, and Xenophon, with as much tact and felicity, as the humour of Lucian, and the imaginative splendors of Æschylus. Throughout his favourite romance of Pantagruel and Gargantua, we may trace the finest sentiments of the classics expressed in language that every where rivals the originals, and pointed by wit as pungent as it is apposite. Rabelais, be it observed by the way, is better adapted to the comprehension of an Englishman than a Frenchman. The reason of this is obvious. The Indigetes of a country seldom pay any minute or scrupulous attention to the niceties of their own tongue, but learn all foreign ones grammatically; and the vicissitudes of time, though here and there they may change and remodel the diction, can have but little effect on the leading grammatical principles of a language. Thus Chaucer, Spenser, and our earlier writers, are, in general, more easily mastered by foreigners, who have studied the language in which they write grammatically, than by Englishmen, who understand the verbal varieties of their own tongue more from habitual usage, than from the laws either of syntax or etymology.

But to resume: In the use to which Rabelais applied his learning, he bears no indistinct resemblance to the English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Like Ben Jonson and the quaint humourist Butler, his information and varied acquirements display themselves in every, even the most trifling particulars. If he relates an anecdote, or introduces an episode, (and there is no ancient or modern author upon record, who does either with so much art and felicity,) he is sure to point it with some parallel observations from the classics. Aristotle—the hard-headed, shrewd, metaphysical Stagirite, is made to illustrate Prior's well known story of Hans Carvel's Ring, by Rabelais, from the Facetiæ of the Italian Poggius. Plato indorses—to use a commercial phrase—a chapter upon noses; and Longinus is put forward as arguing upon the impropriety of paying debts. Besides his intimate acquaintance with the best writers of Greece and Rome, Rabelais was familiar with the lawyers, physicians, and divines of the lower empire; with the Pandects of Justinian, the metaphysical commentaries of Julian and Boethius, and the legal transcripts of Tribonian and other Byzantine lawyers. Thus, he has something to say—some witticism to put forward upon every subject. He runs the whole circle of the sciences and Belles Lettres; lashes all professions with talented and indiscriminate severity; attacks the law, the church, the army, the navy, and the blessed state of matrimony, and then softens over, with the honeyed balsam of flattery, the wounds which his sarcasm has inflicted. Mixed, however, with these advantages, is one serious alloy, and that is, the too frequent grossness of his allusions. That such was the " custom of the country"—to adopt the title of Beaumont's raciest comedy—argues little in extenuation of this defect. There is in every age, in every language, and in every quarter of the globe, a certain fixed moral standard of good taste; not that conventional one which is fitted

to suit the habits of a nation, but an instinctive feeling of what is right, which can never, except by determined perversity, be erased from the mind. Rabelais knew and acknowledged this: but in vanity, unfortunately, he was a Frenchman: his book, in order to sell, must be spiced with gross and pointed jests and allusions; and the priesthood, to which in early life he belonged, offered irresistible opportunities for invective and ridicule. Another but a slighter defect is his inveterate love for punning. As Doctor Johnson aptly observed of Shakspeare, that "a Pun was the Cleopatra for which he lost the empire of the world,"—so we may say of Rabelais, that a pun is his decided ruin. Like some foul mound of earth, it stops the full stream of his imagination, dams up its current, and misdirects it into other channels. The reader of this desultory criticism will scarcely believe that there are frequent chapters in Rabelais, where, in the course of relating one of his happiest anecdotes, he gets sight of some miserable verbal pun. Away like a hunter he goes, chases the phantom from sentence to sentence, from page to page; loses sight of his story and himself, and never once returns to it. In giving, for instance, an account of the words which are frozen in the Arctic seas, (an anecdote which Steele has happily transferred to his Tatler,) the word *Arctic* unfortunately reminds him of *Arcturos*, or the planet of that name. This pun literally bewilders his imagination, sets him upon his favourite hobby, and off they both go, horse and horseman, rattling away through pages of unintelligible nonsense, like the Italian lawyer on his road to the Devil. And all this, at a time when the fancy in most men has decayed; and the judgment, if it ever possessed power, exercises it despotically over the mind. Rabelais was seventy years of age when he perpetrated these atrocities in the shape of puns, which disfigure the "Voyage to the Holy Bottle." In others this might be fairly laid to the account of a creeping second childhood; but the intellect—the memory—the wit—the fire—the imagination of Rabelais were never more conspicuous than in these closing chapters of his immortal romance. We have mentioned this latter defect in full, in order that the reader of "Pantagruel and Gargantua" may come to the perusal of its pages, with a disposition prepared to find and extenuate (on the score of its other merits) such defects.

It is—we were going to say, surprising—that a humourist like Rabelais should be so little known and appreciated in this certainly imaginative, if not learned, age. But the fact, we think, may be accounted for: Rabelais' wit is the principal charm and characteristic of his writings; his fancy, though splendid, rather serves to encumber than set it off to advantage; and it is well known by those who have ever attended to the philosophy of the human mind, that an age of imagination is never one that can appreciate—encourage—or put forward writers of wit. The two qualities are essentially and diametrically opposed to each other. Wit requires a readiness—a tact—a concentration of mind; imagination—a roving, dreamy, metaphysical sort of intellect. If we look into the writings of those who were distinguished by the splendour of their fancy, we shall scarcely find a particle of wit throughout them. Demosthenes and Cicero among the ancients; Burke, Milton, and a hundred others among the moderns—whose names do not at present occur to us, were any thing but wits,

and indeed never attempted it. Shakspeare alone combines it, together with every other quality of the human intellect—but then, like Pompey's pillar amid the sands of Egypt, he stands majestically alone. To ascend in the scale of argument from men to times; we shall perceive that the wittiest age in England was the age of Pope, Congreve, Swift, Prior, Steele, and Addison. But then it was also the most unimaginative one, when poetry was in the hands of mechanism, and the vividness and freshness of nature and genius were trammelled by the chains of art and criticism. The spirit of the Aristotelian philosophy lay heavy on the eighteenth century, and beneath its dull, dead, benumbing weight, imagination faded and became extinct. The French revolution, by giving a new and an awakening impulse to the energies of the human mind, shook off this oppressive load; but then, as imagination resumed her lustre in the intellectual empyreum, wit lost her power. With the decay of wit, decayed also the popularity of those whose works had contributed to keep it alive in the public mind; and hence, Rabelais, an idol, a deity in the eighteenth, is but an obscure mortal in the nineteenth century.

We have discussed generally the leading features of Rabelais' mind and writings, it remains to say a few words concerning its more minute peculiarities. His characters in particular demand our attention, as in point of vividness and reality they are drawn with astonishing effect. Panurge, the old lacivious, witty, and ingenious debauchee, is the one most to our mind. In richness of colouring and invention he is fully equal—and we are aware of the boldness of this assertion—to Shakspeare's Falstaff; while, in point of a certain piquant ingenuity of mind, there is a marvellous resemblance between them. The account that Panurge gives to Pantagruel on their first meeting; of his recent escape from the Turks; how they had spitted and set him down to roast before a large fire; how his flesh was nicely browned and crisp for their repast; when a sudden thought struck him of seizing a log from the fire, of putting out the cook's eyes with it, as he stood over him moistening his flesh with apple sauce; and then burning the whole house in which he had met with this disaster. How the house caught the street—the street, the town; and how, by the light of the conflagration, he found his way, half-baked, and accompanied by a hundred dogs, licking his nice, well-roasted flesh, to a distant country whence he sailed, and finally arrived in the dominions of Pantagruel. All this we say—and Rabelais, replete with such humorous extravagances, is to the full as rich and amusing as Falstaff's men in buckram, Bardolph's nose, or the Gad's-hill adventure. The next character of importance to Panurge, is the jolly Friar John of the Funnels. This swaggering, prize-fighting, dram-drinking ecclesiastic, has evidently been the original of Scott's Friar Tuck. The same bold freedom of conversation, the same shrewd caustic intellect, is common to both, though in spirit, we think that the ancient has the advantage. But, Rabelais is unequalled in the vivacity of his dialogue, and throughout the character of Friar John, this quality is irrisistibly delightful.—We might extend this sketchy article, mathematically speaking, *ad infinitum*, were we to attempt to do the full justice to Rabelais, that his extraordinary genius deserves. But our limits warn us to a conclusion; and we must be content with a brief

allusion to the remaining characters—numerous and well defined as they are—of the comic romance of Pantagruel. The Limousin university scholar, who has immortalized himself by a profound discovery, that—"nothing is so injurious to the sight as sore eyes," applies admirably to our academic sprigs of Oxford or Cambridge, and would suit more than one of their learned and long-winded professors. Then again, the misquoting and pedantic Master Janotus de Bragmardo—is a model of all ensuing pedants, and rather more effective, too, than the weak imitation of Voltaire and Colman in their respective Doctors Pangloss. The account of the cosmogony or creation of the world, in like manner, together with the different learned theories built up thereon, deserved a better fate than to be diluted and imitated in a fictitious Dutchman's "History of New York," who, not content with fleecing Rabelais of his ideas, has stolen the very titles and quaintness of his chapters. This last peculiarity, by the bye, tells admirably in the pages of Rabelais. His chapters alone—independently of their contents—are witty, and deserve in themselves a separate article. We will subjoin a few for the reader's amusement.

CHAPTER III. BOOK III.

How Panurge praiseth the debtors and borrowers, with a chapter in laud of long-suffering creditors, and eke, merciful ones.

CHAPTER XV.

Panurge's exposition of the monastic mystery of powdered beef.

CHAPTER XIX.

How Pantagruel praiseth dumb women.

CHAPTER XXXII.

How the physician Rondibilis declareth cuckoldry to be naturally one of the appendages of marriage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Rondibilis prescribeth a cure for cuckoldry.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How women ordinarily have the greatest longing after things prohibited.

CHAPTER XXXV.

An essay on the propriety of doing what we ought not to do.

CHAPTER XLII.

How suits of law, if tenderly hatched and nursed, come afterwards to a full and perfect growth.

CHAPTER LII.

How Bridlegoose, albeit a judge, was also an honest man.

CHAPTER LIII.

A dissertation upon hemp.

CHAPTER II. BOOK IV.

Why monks love to be in kitchens.

CHAPTER XII.

How Pantagruel passed through the land called Pettifogging, and of the strange way of living among the Catchpoles.

CHAPTER XVII.

Of the strange death of Giant Widenostrils, the swallower of windmills.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How the Bishop Homenas, albeit a devout man, had no objection to a good dinner.

The remaining books (we have selected only two) are replete with similar quaintness and humour, so that the reader who, trusting to our favourable recommendation, acquaints himself with the writings of Rabelais, may expect an endless and varying entertainment. With us he is a first love; and it was in the retirement of a small country town, in the year 1810, that, attracted by the quaint novelty of its engravings, we first peeped into the pages of Gargantua. Many untoward casualties have since transpired to disturb our recollection of its humour; but the greater part is still fixed in our minds; and when last week at a book-stall, we again picked up and cheapened the four brown dingy, well-thumbed duodecimos, with their old-fashioned illustrations, (far superior in conception, though inferior in execution, to the engravings of the present day,) we felt that we had renewed intimacy with an old and valued friend. Rabelais, indeed, of all authors we ever met with, is the one most likely to make an indelible impression on a young and ardent mind. His very quaintnesses, transferred into admirable English by the congenial mind of Mr. Ozell, tell, with strange effect, at an age when what is uncommon and eccentric, claims but too often undisturbed possession of the faculties. Mr. Jeffery has somewhere said that the poetry of Keates is a good standard, by which to rate the kindred genius of a young reader: Rabelais, for a similar reason, may be successfully put into his hands; and if he possess to any extent the faculties of wit or imagination, the perusal will leave an indelible impression on his mind.*

A GLANCE AT THE FUTURE.

Is there no place beyond the reach of Fame,
  Beyond the hearing of her gibes at those
  Who quit her train for enviless repose?
Where not ev'n a remembrance ever came
Of the cold-hearted and the hot-brain'd world,
  Its vile words, viler deeds, and most vile thoughts?
Where Discord's fretful flag for aye lies furl'd,
  Where no fierce prowling passion e'er resorts?
  Passion that prays on joy in cots or courts!
Oh! it is there, if such a place there be,
  The wounded heart like a struck deer should fly,
For though its pangs none solace or none see,
  Yet will at least the careless herd sweep by,
  And leave him, though unsoothed, unpained by mockery.

G. N.

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* An interesting magazine paper might be made from a review and comparative estimate of the writings of Lucian, Rabelais, and Peter Pindar (the only author in England, who at all resembles the French wit,) as they are all three, with different degrees of merit, possessed of kindred genius.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD; OR, THE COCKNEY IN ITALY.

No. I.

FROM L— H—, TO W— H—.

Dear Hazlitt, you, and Webb, and all
That squad whom we may Cocknies call,
Must now be mad to hear about me—
(Pray how do you get on without me?)
A letter, therefore, penned from France,
And fraught with humour, will enhance
My value; for tho' still a rover,
And like yourself, but half-seas over,
I've yet so much to write, concerning
Myself, my travels, and my learning,
That God knows who, but you, my friend,
Will read me to my journey's end.

You've heard, perhaps, of Psalmanazar,
Whose wit was keen as any razor;
And who, despite his simple diction,
Boldly ran off from fact to fiction;
Now doom'd at the same oar to pull—
So says the organ in my skull.*
I've equal wonders to relate
Of Frenchmen born without a pate;
But this is nothing, as you know,
Since Pitt, and Percival, and Co.
Have governed both our quick and dead
For many years without a head.—
Enough of politics: 'tis time
To quit the Frenchman and his clime,
And rhapsodize concerning thee
And thine, dear land of Italy;—
But ere I rave of classic Pisa,
I'll send per foreign post from Nice, a
Few hints, which shaped, you may transfer
To Sunday next's *Examiner*.

Paris, May 3.

Arrived in Paris: met Tom Moore,
Dined with him, and presented your
Last "Table Talk," which set him sleeping—
Tom, by the bye, 's no knack at weeping—
So laughed at each attempt pathetic,
Which verily he called bathetic:
Went with him to a barber's shop,
Altered my ringlets to a crop;
Bought a new flowing dress, a hat,
A mantle, and a black cravat;

* The organ of ideality, I suppose he means.—Ed.

And strutted on the gay Boulevards,
In my new Paris suit, which floats
Round me, like Gray's Pindaric bard's,
Or Mother Goose's petticoats.

On the Road, May 4-5.

Sick of its sights: so quitted Paris,
Which one gay and unvaried fair is:
The month was May, the weather mild,
The landscape *clipsome* as a child,
And varied with delicious dales,
Heaths, woods, and rivers, hills and vales,
'Mid whose enchanting scenes, the hours
Flew lightly by, untaxed as ours.
Oh! when I paused to pluck a pansy
From these sweet dells, pedestrian fancy
Walked back again to Primrose-hill,
Where you and I, my classic Will,
So oft enjoyed our Table-talk
At the suburban farm of Chalk,
And saw the young moon smile athwart
Thy gas-lit road, oh, Tottenham Court,
And glimmering from his Latmian hill,
Make Mother Red-cap, redder still.*

Nice, May 7.

Arrived at Nice, beheld a building
Brocaded o'er with tarnished gilding,
And fancied it (how buildings lie)
Some ruin of antiquity;
So fired a *crisp* Italian sonnet
Of fourteen *jaunty* lines upon it,
And read it to the maitre d'hotel,
Who told me with a voice of wail,
The building might be very well,
But (damn it) 'twas the County Jail.

On the Road.

Beheld the Alps—my stars! how high
They tower towards green Italy;
So proud, so grand, I see them still;
They're loftier far than Primrose-hill:
With glens, down which in thunder slips
The glacier with "his side-long hips,"
Like Paolo, of whose person, I
Wrote charming things in Rimini.
Ev'n as I gaze, the eve enshrouds
Their summits in a veil of clouds;
The shadows lengthen on the hill,
And darkle o'er the mountain rill,
Where slowly winding on, it treads,
Like Flora, o'er Italian meads,

* The name of a celebrated Cockney Tea Gardens at the end of Tottenham-court-road.

And wafts along its vocal waters,
The music of the Roman daughters.
Oh, William Hazlitt! not one wreath
Of poesy on Hampstead-heath,
Will I ere waste again, for tho'
With sonnetteering Webb and Co.
I've made it classic as my verse,
Believe me, 'tis not worth a curse.

Mount Cenis, May 12.

My date explains, I'm gaining now
Mount Cenis, where eternal snow,
The winter of uncounted time
Reigns in its solitude sublime.
Yet, even here, the summer gales,
Ascending from Italian vales,
Temper the alpine frosts intense,
With rare and slight beneficence.
So soft each breeze comes fluttering by,
I welcome it with extacy;
My wife she hails its warmth, and glows
With transport, for it thaws her nose.
While little John (you know my Johnny)
Chants forth again his "heigho nonny,"
With divers other songs, which were
Frozen to death by the keen air.
You recollect the story well,
Of those bold tars who, strange to tell,
Had their best consolation whol-
Ly frozen at the Northern Pole,
Till spring produced a quick re-action
On each syllabic petrifaction,
When three months' winter chit-chat, thawed,
Tattled in dissonance abroad.—
How strange were spring to do the same
In this severest atmosphere,
And loosen every word, or name,
Or oath, that has been spoken here!
What chattering thaws would drown the sense!—
What flights of words, gay, dull, and dense,
(Fine speculation for reviews)
Would clack among these wintry views.
Here noisy notes of admiration,
Of intellect the signal posts,
Unchilled, would speak again, like ghosts
Of former frozen conversation.
Here words such as "the scene how bold,"
Would run against "oh, curse the cold,"
While bubbling winds would scatter round
Each sentence, syllable, and sound,
And men (it could not make them madder)
Might buy their small talk by the bladder.

Susa, May 14.

'Tis past: Mount Cenis' steep hangs o'er me,
And Italy lies stretched before me.
Oh, for the sights that I shall see
Within its clime of minstrelsy;
Oh, for its dancing maids and loves,
And satyrs piping in the groves;
Oh, for its dews where beauty treads;
Oh, for its gifted few with heads;
Oh, for (I speak it not in fun)
Its vast majority with none.
Ev'n now, in thought, I view its tree-gods,
Its mountain, fountain, and its sea-gods,
Cupid with fair and *clipsome* throat,
Venus without her petticoat:
Apollo, who in beauty rich is,
And Saturn, guiltless of knee-breeches.
Yes, William, yes, I see them all,
Both god and mortal, great and small,
Revealing to my fancy's eye,
The eloquence of days gone by.—
But halt, my muse, for while I dress
My thoughts in language bold and glowing,
An intestinal emptiness
Informs me that my dinner's growing
As cold as he whom dread attacks
In likeness of the Income Tax—
Adieu, then, Will, (as I was wont)
With kindest wishes, Yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

SONNET.

MARY! oh, Mary! I am nought to thee,
Nor much to any other. To myself
I am as little as man's vanity
Permits him in his own fond eye to be:
And yet I have forsworn the glittering pelf
Which, though despised by those who most adore it,
Hath many a high-soul'd worshipper before it!

I have abjured the golden god; but, tell me,
Thou to whom thought is visible, if a lot
More brilliant, more alluring, now befel me,
Should still prove me to have loved him not?
'Tis easy to fly splendour, when our sight
Is weak and weary at grief's hour of night;
But the morn breaks, and lo! we rush into the light.

THE SUBTLE CLUB.

"Who weave fine cobwebs fit for skull
That's empty when the moon's at full."—*Butler.*

THE other evening as I passed through Rathbone-place, my attention was attracted by a wonderful statement relative to the efficacy of Goddard's Renovator of decayed Razors. I had just got to "the admirer of easy shaving will here be satisfied," when looking towards the next house, I observed a transparency in the window, which communicated the following information: "This is the Subtle Club House. N. B. Strangers cannot be admitted except on business." My curiosity was so much excited by the former part of this notice, that I forgot to pay any attention to the latter. The door was open, I entered, and without meeting with the least interruption proceeded into a large room, where a number of persons of both sexes were seated at a spacious table. Favoured by a resolute taciturnity, which has often befriended me on similar occasions, I edged my way to a chair, and though frequently submitted to inquiring glances, contrived to retain my seat without animadversion. The appearance of the fraternity was extremely odd, their phizes were not more diversified than their apparel. The gentlemen had pig-tails of every length and shape; the ladies were enclosed in hoops of appalling magnitude. A venerable antiquarian, as a substitute for a hat, wore what he called a helmet, but what I should have pronounced to be the remains of a discarded saucepan; and a wrinkled old dowager wore the soiled fragments of a cap, which, as she verily believed, had once graced the head of Queen Bess. But the commencement of business interrupted my remarks on the eccentrics that surrounded me. Sir Barnaby Flight, the president, a short thick man, ascending the official chair, commanded silence by beat of hammer, and began thus: "My esteemed friends, members of the Subtle Club, I am happy again to address you. Ever anxious for the advancement of true science, the interval since our last meeting has not been idled away. You are aware that the art of flying is vastly defective: my ambition was to bring it to perfection; which, but for unavoidable accidents, I should have accomplished. I should then have appeared before you winged for some aërial expedition, and as able to sail on the swift careering clouds, as the most vivacious denizen of the fields of ether. Instead of addressing you from this stool, I should have soared "aloft on the dusky air" in your presence, and thus have given a triumphant proof of my success—had not the rascally poulterer deceived me—had not the cement been shamefully adulterated—had not the unlucky cistern prevented the regularity of descent. But I shall yet bring my labours to a happy close; and in the mean while you will receive with pleasure an account of my experiments, which indubitably prove the practicability of the scheme." Here the president was stopped by loud shouts of "Bravo, Sir Barnaby; let us hear, Baronet, let us hear." The worthy Knight bowed his thanks, and resumed. "It occurred to me after much rumination, that of all the feathered race, at least in our own country, the Lark flew highest; of Larks' feathers, therefore, I deter-

mined to knit my plumes, and nothing seemed more proper to give them connexion, than Vancouver's celebrated iron glue. I took my measures to obtain a supply of these materials, and in a few days received two hampers purporting to be filled with genuine larks' feathers; but on unpacking them, I found a horridly ill-assorted collection of wings, the majority being the miserable spoil of crows and geese. I remonstrated, but was solemnly assured that there were black and white larks. Convinced by this assurance, I set to work, and in less than three weeks had finished a pair of wings. Often, while my heart palpitated and my breath grew thick, did I adjust them to my back, but my intended flight was retarded till last Monday: alas, I little anticipated its unfortunate termination. The clock struck eleven, when starting from my bed, I pulled off my fleecy hosiery, bound on my plumes, and prepared to out-fly the sparrows that twittered at my window. The morning was cold, and I was primitively naked, save that I had girded my loins with a linen roller; I first thought of starting from the parapet, but changed my mind, and chose the balcony of the drawing room. At this moment my courage rather flagged, but I "screwed it to the sticking place," and summoning all my fortitude, committed my hopes to the treacherous winds. Now the feathers betrayed their sophistication, and the cement its adulterated quality: I gravitated apace, and "all of a sudden, miserable pain surprised me." Nor can this be wondered at, I was chin deep in a cistern of foul water; there was a splinter in my right foot; and the point of a nail projected through my left wing. In vain I shouted for help, the female servant came, but modesty forbade a nearer approach: at last Joe the groom, and Peter the footman, relieved me from my perilous situation; and thus ended my aërial expedition. I am sure of your sympathy, and your kindness will console me for all my disappointments."

The sagacious Sir Barnaby sat down amidst the loud applause of his auditors, which no sooner ceased, than an ancient looking female, limping from her seat, with a kind of Pindarick motion, exclaimed, "Though my ideas cannot boast the grandeur of our worthy president, yet they have an advantage over his, their execution is practicable. I rejoice to state that my long baffled wishes, relative to the self-acting garter, are gratified." On this she drew from her tabby skin reticule a pair of odd looking leg ligatures, which she displayed with a triumphant smile. It was instantly resolved, that a committee of ladies with two gentlemen inspectors, should retire and ascertain by trial, the efficacy of Madam Trifleton's novel invention. The portion of the Club selected, had scarcely quitted the room, when after several profound hems, a withered professor of author-slaying, holding Aristotle in one hand and Shakspeare in the other, thus communicated the result of his late cogitations. "Master President, I have been looking over the Stagirie, and find that the Swan of Avon treats him, for the most part, with great disrespect. Instead of being guided by his venerable rules, the erratic bard has presumed to think for himself, without regarding the axioms of the immortal parent of all true critics. Truly, sir, this poet of ours requires revision; he wants to be cut and fashioned into Grecian elegance:—how much handsomer he would look in an Athenian dress. Our stage is depraved, horribly depraved—the play-

goers, simple souls, can tolerate the crowding of forty years into a brace of hours, and digest the appearance of the same person in a dozen places in one drama. Oh, for the chastened taste of the olden time! Oh, that the besom of criticism might sweep away the rubbish of the histrionic art! Then, as Aristotle most beautifully expresses it, "How many that are covered should stand bare." Oh! thou all-praised Shakspeare, were I thy editor, from how many vicious passages would I weed thee. Then thy swains and maidens should sigh methodically—thy heroes fight and give up the ghost, *secundum artem*. I would mingle with thy wild music the orderly strains of the Attic reed. I would make thy over masculine style softer than the billet-doux of a French beau. I would cashier thy unpolite jokes, and read thy clowns a lesson from Chesterfield. Happy would it be for the next age, should some pen, candid and erudite as my own, undertake the task; how would the bookseller's lift up their heads, should they hear of a new edition of Shakspeare, pared and whitewashed, and reformed into inoffensive simplicity." Here the second Longinus perceiving symptoms of drowsiness among his hearers, indignantly retired to his chair. Whereupon, Sir Barnaby moved, that Caleb Dullman, esq. be respectfully requested to favour the world with his text of Shakspeare, altered and amended, as he, in his great wisdom, shall think advisable; and the motion was carried unanimously. The gentleman with the helmet now rose, and with much apparent satisfaction, informed the Club that he had made a most sublime discovery. "I have rescued from oblivion," said he, "a relic of that renowned captain, Caius Julius Cæsar. My barber, a man by the way, from whom I derive much valuable intelligence, called at his usual hour last Tuesday, to pare off and adjust my excrescence. 'What news' said I, friend Crop, as he stirred the lather, 'among the virtuosi this morning?' 'The news your honour,' replied he, 'relates nearly to myself, yet I think it of some importance: the gardener having occasion to dig up a bed of onions in my garden, struck his spade against a stone box of very ancient fabric, which (would you believe it?) on being opened, was found to contain a wig once worn by the hooknosed fellow of Rome. It is certainly genuine, for in addition to the internal evidence, the crown displayed a printed certificate of the fact—this from age is illegible, but the shape and arrangement of the curls fully prove its identity—the very smell is classic. Ah! your honour, did I but know a member of the Subtle Club, with what rapture would he purchase the hallowed relic!' 'Why, man, rejoined I, am not I a member of that renowned society? name your price, and let it be a bargain.' For ten guineas, Sir Barnaby, he parted with the inestimable scratch, which I here present to your worship as a memorial of my zeal for the interests of the Club." With this, Sir Peter Butterfly laid on the table the remains of what had once been a tolerably gay peruke. "As I live," exclaimed a tall youth in black, seizing the locks in question with much levity, "this bundle of hair, only a fortnight since, warmed, not the head of a Julius, but the pate of your humble servant, Timothy Sangrado, apothecary and man-midwife: depend upon it the decayed caxon is of no higher antiquity than the year of grace 1824." Sir Peter was prodigiously chop-fallen at this unlucky explanation, but was soothed by the thanks and applauses of the Society. A dame who had long survived

her charms, now demanded the president's attention, with an air which she thought dignified; she propounded her thoughts as follows: "My friends, while the blind, the deaf, the lame, and all the other dead-weights of the community have their respective hospitals and patrons, how comes it that the respectable fraternity of *quidnuncs* has been so long forgotten? Could we not raise an asylum to receive the unfortunates of our own genus? Assuredly we could, and might reward every notable deviation from ordinary life with becoming munificence. What collector of reptiles should then pine in a gaol? what maker of patent corkscrews feel the inconveniences of want?" As our female orator finished this sentence, the room door was flung open, and a lady, followed by the Secret Committee, rushed in, scolding most vehemently. "A plague on the self-adjusting garter and its inventor, the spring has penetrated to the bone—oh! that I had been content with simple elastic ligatures, they kept up my hose well enough. Trifleton, Trifleton, thou hast undone me." Confusion grew apace—the inventress of the fatal garter declared the accident was no fault of hers. Master Sangrado said, he hoped to heal the wound by the first intention; he would examine it carefully, he would use his utmost skill, he would not amputate if it could be avoided.—For my own part, recollecting that strangers were prohibited, I felt it expedient to retire, which I did, unobserved, from the Subtle Club.

H.

TO THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

BEAUTIFUL toy! of all the arts
That ever soul contrived for sense,
To make its joy more like the heart's,
At least as pure, though less intense,—
As sweet with more of innocence,—
That surely was among the best,
The brightest and the unearthliest,
Which first within thy mirror'd angle
Brought hues whose gay varieties—
Countless as beams on summer seas—
Had still, like untuned bells that jangle
Jarringly, though each several tune
Perchance were music when alone,—
Had still unloved, unlovely been,
Till in becoming order seen;
And then so wonderfully wrought
Upon the wayward dye thus caught
In the same glassy cage, that, how
Distant soever until now,
They all smiled in each other's faces,
And lit the dark walls of their prison
With such a burst of gorgeous graces
As ne'er on mortal sight had risen,—
Save at such time as the fay traces
A night dame with her sister band
Before his eyes, which Sleep's mild hand
Hath shut from view of earthly things,
That he better may see those elfin rings,
Or rather his own bright imaginings.

P.

SUMMER EVENINGS.

TO THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

O Lacrymarum Fons! tenero sacros
Ducentiunt ortus ex animo; quatuor
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore, te, Pia Nympha, sensit.—*Gray.*

Fountain of Tears, whose source refined
Arises from the feeling mind:
Thrice happy, Nymph divine, is he,
Whose inmost breast o'erflows with thee.—*Anon.*

THE two following Poems, on this beautiful and engaging subject, may be styled TWINS. They were written by two gentlemen, residing in the same village; and both composed in a small temple, standing in a retired spot, called the HALL-GROVE. This temple, covered with jasmine, honeysuckles, and ivy, rose immediately over a square line of water surrounding an island, in which were planted a multitude of flowers and shrubs. Being the habitation of solitude, as it were, there was scarcely a British singing-bird that did not warble its strains among the branches of the trees, that rose along the footpaths leading to and from this temple; and thither did the two Poets, one seventy-two, and the other (then) twenty-three, frequently repair to dedicate to Apollo.

Sir GREY COOPER, Bart. was the former of these poets. He had been Secretary to the Admiralty during the whole period of Lord North's administration;—was Member of Parliament for the borough of Sandwich for more than fifteen years; and author of several political pamphlets; amongst which was one entitled—"A Pair of Spectacles for a Short-sighted Politician."

(By Sir Grey Cooper, Bart.)

Hail, pious Nymph! whose guardian power
The holy spring of Tears protects,
And each soft drop and tender shower
From the mysterious source directs:

Not tears that, on th' approach of death,
Down the pale cheek of tyrants roll,
When Conscience, to the latest breath,
Holds up the mirror to the soul:

Nor such as moisten the dark cells
Where, whilst the slaves the rack prepare,
The stern Inquisitor compels
Even god-like virtue to despair.

These bitter waters of distress
Arise from other springs than thine,
Springs, which infernal Gnomes possess,
Dread ministers of wrath divine!

Heaven gives to thee the sacred part
Of watching the pure streams that flow
From the soft motions of the heart,
That learns to feel another's woe;

To raise the head by care depress'd,
With gentle, delicate relief,
To pour into the wounded breast
The balm of sympathetic grief:

Such soothing offices engage
Thy sylphs, the messengers of grace,
Sent by thy order to assuage
The sorrows of the human race.

To thee belong the gushing rills
Of sudden joy, and glad surprise,
The rapt soul's transport, that distils
Glistening in th' expressive eyes.

Let me, thy suppliant, take my part
In all thy pleasures, all thy pain;
And ne'er, though exquisite the smart,
Of sensibility complain.

Oft let me leave the busy scene,
Devotion at thy shrine to pay;
Oft taste with thee the calm serene
Evening of a well-spent day;

And in thy grotto's hallowed shade,
Gaze at the children of the world,
In Vanity's light barks conveyed,
With every glittering sail unfurl'd:

Smile at the Great, for what they choose
In each fond wish and fickle mood;
And pity them for what they lose—
The power divine of doing good.

View the mild glory round the throne,
Love with obedience command:
For others' rights maintain its own,
And rule to bless a grateful land.—

To cheer me in the vale of years,
Still, pensive Nymph! thy grace impart,
Still let thy spring of tender years
Enlarge and purify my heart;

For with those social feelings flow
The best affections of the mind,
The warmth of friendship, and the glow
Of charity to all mankind.

The succeeding poem, on the same subject, was written by the Author of the "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature;" and composed in consequence of his having been presented with a copy of the preceding one, by its elegant and accomplished Author.

NYMPH OF THE SILENT TEAR!

* * * *

From the soft fountain flow those showers,
That deluge man's majestic eye,
When despots yield their giant powers
Against the sons of liberty.
When a noble patriot falls,
When a sacred poet dies,
Thine is the influence that enthralls
Our best and holiest sympathies.

When listening with enchanted ear,
The copse beneath, to that soft tale,
Which tells all nature, far and near,
The sorrows of the nightingale:
A tender youth of PETRARCH's school
Has some fair LAURA's loss to mourn;
Ah! who, with reasoning, would control
Those tears that bathe her funeral urn?

Those tears are thine, which gem the eye,
And all her fears and anguish smother;
First, when an infant's feeble cry
Proclaims the lovely fair "A MOTHER."
And when that infant,—grown a man,
O'er seas, beset with wild alarms,
(Contracting space into a span,)
Shall spring into that mother's arms;—

Who, that e'er felt as MOTHERS feel,
Would her soft trickling tears forego?
Not all the gold that burnish'd steel
E'er won upon the field of woe,
Could tempt the mother, father, wife,
To check the rapturous throbs and tears,
Which quicken into instant life,
When that delighted son appears.

When TASSO's fate, when DANTE's page
Beguile the bosom's overflow;
When want, disease, and helpless age,
Dissolve the heart in speechless woe;
And when the MANIAC's piercing cry
Loud o'er the echoing torrent swells;
And when his robe, his lyre, his eye,
Too truly mark where misery dwells;
Who can withhold their starting tears?
And who their heaving sighs suppress?
Those,—only those, whose iron ears
Are never open to distress.

When SIRACH's, or ISAIAH's page
Subdues the heart, or fires the soul;
When,—glowing with celestial rage,—
Their bold and burning measures roll;
And soaring on the boldest wing
That ever graced poetic flight,
Tune their best and favourite string
To set the human heart aright;
And justify the ways of heaven
To every weak and dubious eye,
By teaching, that a GOOD is given
With every painful mystery:
The bosom heaves!—In every clime
Each eye distils with holy tears,
To see how simple and sublime
The plan of Providence appears!

And when from towering cliffs we view,
With wondering eye and ravished breast,
Old SNOWDON, capp'd with purple hue
Of sun, declining in the west;
And when, at midnight's awful hour,
The soul is dazzled with the blaze
Of countless orbs, whose matchless power
Hymns vespers to the Eternal's praise;

Astonish'd, charm'd, and rapt, the MIND
Springs from the earth, and soars the skies,
Where, pure,—exalted,—and refined,
To heaven's high THRONE it glorying flies.

Passing through the village, in which these poems were written, two or three years since, a very remarkable circumstance was related to me.—In the family of the EX-SECRETARY, lived a female servant, who, having fallen in love with the footman, was observed to be, all of a sudden, remarkably low and melancholy. At length, one evening, a fellow-servant going into the kitchen, beheld, to her inexpressible horror, the leg of a child protruding through the bars of the grate!—An alarm was instantly given. But the mother, who had thus burnt her own child, seized her hat, ran down the path that led to the turnpike-road, unperceived; and a coach passing at the moment, she placed herself in the inside; was wafted to London; and, in the course of a few days, received into the family of the Bishop of Durham; she having been many years known to his lordship's housekeeper, who was, of course, entirely ignorant of the above transaction.

In this place she lived only eight or ten days; being apprehensive of a discovery, she quitted the Bishop's service, therefore, and obtained a cook-maid's place in the kitchen of a respectable tradesman in the Strand. The mistress of the house died not long after; when she was promoted to the rank of housekeeper. There she conducted herself so well, that her master began to feel an interest in her conduct. He soon married her; and, at his death, left her an annuity of eight hundred pounds a year! As Cato was accustomed to say,—"*who would believe there were gods!*"

Near this village lived Sir THOMAS HANMER, Editor of Shakspeare, and Speaker of the House of Commons, during the reign of Queen Anne. A curious anecdote of this celebrated character is traditionary here. The ministry of that day entertained an idea of laying a tax upon wheat. To this measure, Sir Thomas was decidedly hostile; and being admitted to an audience, the Queen inquired, with no small degree of solicitude, why he had determined upon going into the country so early.—"That I may prepare my lands, and please your Majesty, for the cultivation of hemp." "With hemp, Sir Thomas?—and why with hemp?"—"Because, and please your Majesty, I am told, your Royal Majesty's Ministers are about to tax your people the very bread they eat. A man can die but once, and please your Majesty; and I think we had far better hang them than starve them." "I think so, too," replied her Majesty, "and I will consult with my ministers, and see that my people shall not be starved.—I thank thee, Sir Thomas." The measure was, in consequence, immediately dropt, and never afterwards resumed.

EPIGRAM.

"DON'T you think there would be much more of bloodshed than now,
If the women, like men, their own wars might be waging?"
Quoth cynical Dick.—Said his friend, "I allow
That they might, for I'm sure they'd be always ENGAGING."

THE THREE PERILS OF MAN; OR LOVE, LAW, AND LITERATURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NECK-OR-NOTHING, an amiable student at law, and dabbler in poetry; desperately in love, and desperately in debt.

PETER, his clerk.

STATUTE, HEELTAP, GREEN, GAMMON, GARGLE, DIAMOND, VELLUM, FRISEUR, SLOEJUICE, DOVETAIL, DOUBLECHALK, DIP, GRISKIN; his Creditors.

SCENE.—NECK-OR-NOTHING'S *Chambers in the Temple. Books, Musical Instruments, MSS. are lying about in the most picturesque confusion.*

Enter NECK-OR-NOTHING *cautiously.*

N. COAST clear—faith! a narrow escape—two bailiffs sentinel at the door-way, flanked by a regiment of duns.—So much for impudence. (*Seats himself.*) Well, Neck-or-nothing, thou art at the Temple at last! What a pretty condition thou art in; over head and years in love, and over head and ears in debt;—with a fine woman, and twenty thousand pounds to carry you off to Gretna-green, and half a dozen bailiffs to carry you off to the King's Bench. (*Calls*) Peter!

Enter PETER.

N. Well, Peter—Any body called?

P. Oh! yes Sir, lots of duns.

N. Ah! they never go out of town, except after their creditors.—Have you any letters?

P. These two, and a parcel.

N. So, so—One from my worthy papa—an empty one, as I live—"Then fall, Cæsar." Another, from my worthy and respected aunt Tabitha. A third, from my adorable (*kisses it*). First, old rusty-fusty, what have you to say for yourself?

(*Reads.*) "You abandoned profligate!"

(Faith! a very polite way of addressing a gentleman.)—"In reply to your request for more money, I have to tell you, I shall not advance another farthing." Very pleasant, upon my honour. "Your extravagance at college, the expense of bringing you up to the law, and of keeping you from its clutches, have downright ruined me, and I shall end my days in a workhouse." Shocking, for a baronet of five thousand a year. "And all I have now to request is, that I never see your ill-starred face again; for whenever I do, it brings on a fit of the gout. Your loving and affectionate father,

"Turn over." HUGH NECK-OR-NOTHING."

Oh! something by way of postcript, an order, no doubt, on his banker. "To keep you from starving and bad company,"—Good—"I would advise you to answer an advertisement I saw in yesterday's Times, requiring an usher for a boys' school in Yorkshire, which I hope you will be able to obtain, and there begin to reform."—I think I see myself, I, Richard Neck-or-nothing, Master of Arts, Barrister at Law, and heir to Sir Hugh Neck-or-nothing, of Neck-or-nothing Hall, in the county of Northumberland, an usher at a Yorkshire school!—But what says my pious maiden aunt?

"My dear Dick,

"I hear you have been very naughty, and have been throwing your tailor out of the window, and have been fighting with the watchmen, and have got the bridge of your nose broken; if the place is still sore, rub it with this ointment. Take an ounce of bacon fat, and a lump of goose-grease, about the size of a pigeon's egg, simmer gently over a coal fire, throw in a little hog's lard, and bathe it with sweet oil and vinegar till the place is well. I hope you liked the potted eels I sent you, and that you go to church at least twice every Sunday, and read the bible every morning and evening. Oh! my dear nephew, whatever you do, take care that you do not catch cold, and wander into the paths of wickedness. I send you a basket of Queens-cakes, which, with Baxter's Light to the Unconverted, I hope will reach you safe; and as I hear you are in want of money, enclose you half a sovereign, which I hope will not lead you into extravagance. I remain your ever loving, though sinful Aunt,

TABITHA."

"P. S. I hope you are getting on well with your law, and that you wear flannel next your skin: poor Lord Ricketty caught his death by leaving it off, one night, after wearing it for 87 years."

Poor man, how afflicting to be cut off in the flower of his years. So much for my loving and affectionate Aunt.—Now what says Harriet?

"My dear Neck-or-nothing,

"Lose not a moment, but join me at the White Horse, Piccadilly, where love, fortune, Harriet and twenty thousand pounds, a post-chaise and four are waiting for you."

Was there ever such an unfortunate wight? Fly! with half a dozen bailiffs at my heels.—(*Calls*) Peter.

Enter PETER.

N. Go out and reconnoitre.

[*Exit, and re-enter* PETER.

Well, how stands the enemy?

P. Scarcely had I opened the outer door, when something uncommonly like a bailiff, turned from behind it! on the landing place two gentlemen of equally prepossessing appearance, did me the honour of catching me by my skirts, mistaking me for my master.

N. Sorry you undeceived them.

P. And upon taking a glance at the staircase, beheld two other *brothers in law* making the best of their way through a detachment of at least seven and twenty creditors.

N. Armed with *bill*-books, on *dun*-coloured steeds! To be kept out of twenty thousand pounds, and a bewitching woman, through a pack of merciless shopkeepers! (*A rap outside.*) Go and answer the door, and beware to whom you open it. [*Exit, and re-enter* PETER.

P. Mr. Statute, the law bookseller, has called for his little account.

N. Tell Mr. Statute I am not at home.

P. I have told him so for the last six weeks.

N. Ah! you were at home there.

P. But he says it is only the old tune.

N. Then tell him that I am at home, and it is not convenient for me to pay him till I receive remittances from the country.

P. If you please, Sir, he says it is only the old story over again.

N. Tell him to go to—Heaven, and bless himself.

P. If you please, Sir, Mr. Statute says he would rather stay here—

N. Tell him that I am duly sensible of the preference.

P. Till he gets his money.

N. Faith he'll stay long enough then.

[*Knock the second.*]

P. Mr. Heeltap has called for his little account—says, he shan't budge an inch till he has had his money.

N. He had better alter his determination.

P. If you please, Sir, Mr. Heeltap says he won't alter his mind—he will stick to his first resolution.

N. Tell him he had better stick to *his last.*

P. He says he is determined to *pun*-ish you.

N. If he wants to let off squibs, I'll be his match.

Heeltap (*from without.*) Aye, all lawyers have a *brimstone end.*

P. Mr. Heeltap begs as how you will settle his account for the sake of his wife and children.

N. What! a fine *strapping* fellow like him, talking of his wife and children? I am sure I envy him.

Heel. Do you?—and there's poor Mr. Statute there, he looks quite a spectacle.

N. Then sit you down with him, and then you will make a *pair of spectacles.*

[*Knock the third.*]

P. If you please, Sir, there's Mr. Green, the tailor.

N. Desire him to wait.

P. He says, Sir, he has waited long enough already; he sent in his two years' bill last Christmas, and has now called to let you know, without it is paid immediately, he will take measures—

N. Oh! he need not do that, as I am not in want of any thing at present.

[*Knock the fourth.*]

P. Mr. Gammon has called for 8*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* due for hiring horses.

N. Tell Mr. Gammon—what you told the last.

P. He says that gammon won't do, he shan't swallow a *bit.*

N. Oh! he's no occasion to swallow it; as long as he keeps it in his mouth it will do.

Gammon (*from without.*) I'll take care to cut such scape-graces as you again.

N. Do, any way but *saddle*-ways.

[*Knock the fifth.*]

P. Mr. Clyster's apprentice has called for his little account.

N. Desire him to step in.

[*Enter* APPRENTICE, *blowing and puffing.*]

N. I am sorry my *stairs* should have put you out of countenance.

App. If you please, Sir—

N. Oh! I know what your message is before you open your lips: "Mr. Clyster sends his compliments, and having a heavy payment to

make up, would be obliged to me to settle his little account," which unfortunately I cannot do, as I've mislaid it.

App. No consequence, Sir, I've brought another with me.

N. Read the items.

(APPRENTICE *reads.*)

"Richard Neck-or-nothing, Esq. to Galen Clyster, Dr.

"To four draughts a day from the 13th of May to the 18th of June, 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*"

N. That's the worst game of draughts I ever played at; your master *took me*—in every time.

App. "To a box of pills, following the draughts"—

N. Aye, how can that be? the draughts I threw out of the window, and my laundress took the pills for her rheumatism.

App. "To a mixture taken alternately."

N. Ah! Mr. Clyster is like my old Dublin tailor, who could make new clothes, or alter-*nately* to the present fashion.

App. "Leeches—"

N. One would think you were one of them, from the attachment you display to my person.

App. "To six dozen composing draughts, 3*l.* 12*s.*"

N. Bless my soul! he need not have sent me those; I've got a dozen rough *drafts* already, which send me to sleep whenever I attempt to settle them.

App. "Medicines, 18*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*—and what you please to say for the visits."

N. Give my compliments to Mr. Clyster, and tell him I will make it a point to *dispense* with the medicines, and *return* the visits.

App. Sir, my master desired me not to go away without the money.

N. I am afraid, Sir, you will find a lawyer's chamber a bad place to make *long stays* in.

[*Knock the sixth.*]

P. Mrs. Diamond, the glazier, has called for her little account.

N. Confound the woman,—she sticks to me like her own putty.

P. She says, Sir, without you pay her the balance, she will paint you—

N. In any colours but those which she has adorned my bed-room with.

P. And will see herself—

N. Not through her own glass, I'll venture to say.

P. And will take steps to compel the payment.

N. They'll be the worst she ever used in her business.

[*Knock the seventh.*]

P. Mr. Vellum has called for his little bill.

N. Little! I remember it was half a quire of foolscap! I will see him.

Enter VELLUM.

N. Read your bill.—

V. "To six dozen letter-Bath-post."—

N. Six dozen! Faith, I never remember receiving one!

V. "To a bundle of whitey-brown."

N. Gad, by your complexion, one would think you meant yourself.

V. "To a gallon of ink—a hundred of quills—a dozen of pencils,—which all stand in my books."—

N. I am perfectly well aware they are *stationary.*

V. Mr. Neck-or-nothing! this conduct is quite unparalleled.—

N. You are really mistaken; if you step into the next room you will find a dozen I have served in the same way.

V. I shan't stir out of the room.

N. You have no occasion to trouble yourself; that impudent dog (*pointing to* PETER) is *taking you off* at this moment.

V. He shant take me off,—I'll take myself off.

N. Do; you can't take any thing I have less affection for.

[*A whole volley of knocks.*]

Enter in a body—Monsieur FRISEUR, Mr. CALICO, Mr. SLOEJUICE, Mr. FOLIO, Mr. DOVETAIL, Mr. TICKER, Mr. DOUBLECHALK, Mr. DIP, Mr. GRISKIN, *and a numerous band of* etceteras.

N. (*Aside.*) What's to be done? Why, what says the proverb? "Faint heart"—I will face the enemy. Here, Peter, show all the gentlemen in.

Re-enter STATUTE, HEELPAP, GREEN, GAMMON, GARGLE, DIAMOND, *and* VELLUM.

S. Sir, I must have the principal and interest on my bill of exchange due.—(*A dozen voices at once*) "And give us our principals?"

N. Faith! I never knew that any of you had any *principles.*

(*All the creditors rise up at once.*)—"We wont be insulted any longer."

N. (*Throwing himself into an attitude.*) Mr. Statute, and you, Gentlemen Creditors! it is with feelings of deep humiliation—gratification,—that I have occasion to address a set of jews,—a-hem—a jury, that, no doubt, will do justice—to themselves, in preference to—any body else. Where shall I find so respectable a set of scoundrels?—(*Creditors cry* "Hear" [*here*] "Hear" [*here*].) It is my intention to pay each of you, this very moment, *the last farthing* I owe you; (*thunders of applause.*)—the preceding pounds, shillings, and pence, on a future occasion.—(*Hisses and murmurs of disapprobation, with cries* —"It's all a hum,"—"the old story.")—Gentlemen, I have a plan to propose, [(*Aside.*) Open the window, Peter.] that will, *I have* no doubt—

"But we have great doubts," (*from all parts of the room*).

(GAMMON *mounts the table,—cries of* "No gammon.")

G. Gentlemen, *I see* by his looks.

N. I always understood I was a *light* character;—but, gentlemen, as I have a great regard for your time, I do not wish to detain you.—Heaven forbid, gentlemen, that I should encroach upon that valuable commodity.

Creditors. Question! question! you are running away.—

N. (*Aside.*) Running away! Egad! I wish I was.—Well, gentlemen, as you don't care about throwing away time, all I have to request is, that you will give me a little—I promise to pay—

P. (*Aside.*) That's the usual beginning of his *notes.*

N. To cut the matter short—I have but one sovereign in the world.

[*Sighs deeply.*

"I'll place it to account," (*from all parts of the room.*)

N. Gentlemen, it is already placed to my own account, for that *sovereign* is in my heart.

Cred. Why, what's that to us?

N. Very truly, gentlemen, she is nothing *to you*; and so, therefore, I intend keeping her to myself, particularly as I am too much a man of honour to show a preference; I must, therefore, defer payment until this day three weeks; when a marriage with a lady of fortune, will enable me to discharge all my creditors, as *freely* as they have charged me. Gentlemen, are you willing to wait that period?

[*They consult for a while, and at last refuse altogether, crying* "We will stick to you to the last;" "we will dun till we make you pay;" "we won't let you stir an inch, without being at your tail."

N. Are you fully resolved on the last point?

Omnes. ALL.

N. Am I fully to understand you, gentlemen, that the payment of your debts, depends on the performance of this last threat?—(Witness, Peter.)

Cred. Ay, ay. We have nicked him at last,—we shall get our money.

N. Then, gentlemen, keep your words, or get it when you can.

[*Exit out of the window.*

[*Creditors stare at each other, petrified with astonishment, and slowly*

EXEUNT OMNES.

STANZAS.

I ROAM out in the twilight,
Heart-broken and alone,
Till the night winds and the dropping dews
Have chill'd me to the bone.
For I feel that when unkindness
Lieth freezing on my heart,
It is happier to be cheerless too
In every other part.

There's a quiet brook before me,
But a child is on its brink,
And the pebbles that his quick hand throws,
Strike, startle it, and sink.
He smiles at the wave's trouble,
But I share not in his joy;
For I think how thus the wanton fair
Our bosom's peace destroy.

The glow upon the cypress,
Where my sire's cold ashes sleep,
Would melt me into tears, had I
Spirit enough to weep.
But the grief that gnaws within me
Will not be thus out-thrown;
For despair hath round it closed, and shut
The reptile in the stone.

My father, oh! my father!
Too early was I left;
Of thy care and well-remembered love
And wisdom all bereft!
Though thou blessed art in heaven,
Couldst thou see the wither'd brow
And the quenched eye of thy first-born son,
Thou'dst weep for him ev'n now.

AMUSEMENTS IN WINTER AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF WALES.

No. I.

THE FEALTY OF THE FLOWERS.

ONE day, traversing the mountains of North Wales, I called at a cottage, beautifully situated under impending rocks, and requested shelter from a storm, that raged with great violence. The occupier of this cottage chanced to be an humble professor of physic, who disdained the Royal College of Surgeons; and who never had one ounce of medicine, in all his life, from Apothecaries' Hall. He was, in fact, a WATER DOCTOR!

The night proving tempestuous, I accepted the invitation of the worthy Physician; and slept very soundly in a nice clean bed without curtains, in a room well screened from the winds, and almost equally so from the light.

Thus situated, I resolved to derive as much learning from the old disciple of Galen, as he felt inclined to bestow. "Sir," said he, "did you ever read Dr. Hill's Botany, the English Physician enlarged; Dr. Culpepper's Complete Herbal; or Dr. Sibley's Key to the Occult Sciences?" "I have seen those valuable books," returned I, "but I have never read them." "Then, sir, with all your reading, you are ignorant of four of the best books in the English language. There is little use in botany, if we know only the names of plants,—we should know their virtues; and not only such, but their occult influences; and the planets by which they are governed." "Do you think, then, that plants are under the influences of the planets?" "To be sure I do, sir; as well as the lives of animals, and the fortunes of men."

"Will you be so good as to give me some information on this subject?" "With great pleasure, sir; and I hope you may be fortunate enough to derive some benefit therefrom. Venus, sir, has under her special protection, archangel, artichokes, columbines, cowslips, and damask roses. Why she has taken possession of archangel, may be seen in the Guide for Women. Some persons call it dead-nettle: you, I suppose, sir, call it *lamium;* because Gaspar Bauhine and Linnæus call it so:—for my part, I see no good reason for using a learned name, when the simple one will answer as good a purpose. Why artichokes are under the protection of Venus, I cannot divine."

"Galen talks nonsense of this plant; 'it contains plenty of choleric juice,' says he, 'of which is engendered melancholy juice; and that choleric juice thins choleric blood.' Columbines are under Venus, because its seed, taken in wine, causeth a speedy relief to women in child-bed. This is a beautiful plant, both in leaf and flower. Linnæus, I have heard, calls it *aquilegia sylvestris:* what Aquilegia means, I do not know; but Sylvestris, I think, means woody. The seeds are excellent in jaundice; and love causes jaundice, as often as any one thing again; and Venus, you know, sir, is not only goddess of beauty, but of love."

"But what do you say to cowslips?" "Venus lays claim to this herb as her own. Thus, saith the author of the English Physician; it

is under the sign of Aries; and your city dames know well enough, that distilled water of it adds to beauty; ah! more, that it restores it after it has been lost. As to the leaves, when preserved, if you let them see the Sun once a month, it will do the Sun no harm, and them a great deal of good. It is the *prima veris major* of Gerard. Gaspar Bauhine calls it *verbasculum protense adoratum;* and so, also, does Herman; but Linnæus, and others after him, call it *paralysis.* You see, sir, I know something of what the learned write, though I never learned Latin; but I caution you, sir, and all others, not to think the cowslip to be the same species of plant as the oxlip and the primrose: it is no such thing; and if Linnæus himself were here, I would say so to his face."

"But what do you say of damask roses? are all roses under the influence of Venus?" "One would think they ought to be, sir; but they are not. White roses are governed by the Moon; red roses, by Jupiter; and Provence roses, by the King of France. Damask roses are better than any: hence, some call them musks.—Then, as to the sweet briar, the wild briar, with prickly tips, and the white-flowered dog-rose—none of them belong to Venus, though they all deserve the protection of so beautiful a planet. Why adder's tongue should be under the Moon, I could never see the reason of; but it is so. Honest old Cato would never use any other vegetable as physic. The adder's tongue bites the throat and tongue:—the Moon is mild enough. The lady's bedstraw, the lady's slipper, and the lady's mantle, also, belong to the Moon; so also do white lilies, and lady's smocks.

"That the *amara dulcis* should be under the care of Mercury, is right and infallible; for it not only cures all diseases, but removes witchcraft of every kind, both from man and beast. White lilies, as I said before, are ruled by the Moon; but the lily of the valley, by Mercury: and how is this proved? Easily enough. By strenthening the brain; and by recruiting weak memories.—As you are so much in London, sir, you may, any day, go to Hampstead-heath, pluck them there, and try them yourself. Be pleased to observe, that the flowers of this plant hang all one way; and though the plant is frequently seen in the woods, it seldom blows there. If you have a friend particularly fond of curious snuff, pick a few for him, dry and powder them, and he will never go to the snuff-shops again. Sweet marjoram, too, sir, is under the power of Mercury; particularly when that planet is in the sign Aries. Hence, it is an excellent remedy for disorders of the brain. It is a most delightful aromatic, sir; and what is better, it is a remedy against many poisons. I have been told, it came originally from Spain.

"Honey-suckle, also, is under Mercury.—Now let us see what the incomparable 'English Physician' says of this avaricious plant." "Avaricious?" "Yes, sir, avaricious it certainly is: having more honey than almost any plant we have. Our author is very particular as to this flower: hear what he says:—

"'Doctor Tradition, that grand introducer of errors, that hater of truth, lover of folly, and mortal foe to Dr. Reason, hath taught the common people to use the leaves or flowers of this last plant in mouth-water; and by long continuance of time, hath so grounded it in the brains of the vulgar, that you cannot beat it out with a beetle. All mouth-

waters ought to be cooling and drying; but honey-suckles are cleansing, consuming, and digesting, and therefore, no way fit for inflammations'—thus Dr. Reason. Again, if you please, we will leave Dr. Reason awhile, and come to Dr. Experience, a learned gentleman, and his brother. 'Take a leaf and chew it in your mouth, and you will quickly find it likelier to cause a sore mouth than to cure it.' Well, then, if it be not good for this, what is it good for? It must be good for something, for God and Nature made nothing in vain. It is an herb of Mercury, and appropriate to the lungs. * * *

"Now, let us come to Mars, and see what flowers he has under his care. Why, sir, you will scarcely believe that in his empire grows 'all heal;' and why? because it is hot and biting: but then it cures wounds (Hercules, the pagan Samson, was cured by it); and, by the power of sympathy, just as viper's flesh attracts poison, and the loadstone, iron: at least, so I have been told. Now we come to Jupiter: I shall begin with the dandelion; because I went into the fields and picked some this very afternoon. This herb is so good, sir, that the French and Dutch use it in sallads; though we disdain it, as we do many other good things, such as snails, frogs, and mice: all of which are very good for the palate, as well as the stomach. We have among these mountains, sir, the narrow-leaved dandelion; and that is more than you have, sir, I dare say, in all the gardens and fields in the neighbourhood of London. If you wish to see it, sir, in blow, come here in Autumn, and, just under yon rock, I will show it you. Jupiter has fifty, nay, a hundred herbs and plants under his care: I shall, therefore, proceed to Saturn; and there we shall find dodder, and elder, and nightshade, and heart's-ease. Dodder, sir, is a very curious plant; for it grows upon flax, heath, and nettles; but that which winds upon thyme is better than any, because it imbibes the quality of the plant it grows upon. I know some of your town physicians laugh at this, and say that the thyme-dodder is better than any because it grows in Sicily and Crete, where the sun is hotter than with us. But I have as little respect for new doctrines, as they have for old ones. Some have called this plant hell-weed; which, if Saturn knew, he would not, nay, he could not fail to be angry.

"Heart's-ease is in the empire of Saturn, when under the celestial sign Cancer; and at no other time. This flower, sir, has, as you well know, three colours, purple, yellow, and white: on which account, some persons call it 'three faces under a hood;' and for this reason, the monks of ancient times made it their own, and named it the 'herb of trinity.' Young maids, however, call it 'kiss me behind the garden gate;' and old maids, 'love in idleness.'

"Having said what is under the Moon, I must say a little of what is under the Sun. Angelica—this is a cordial, a sudorific, a vulnerary, and a stomachic: it may well, therefore, be one of the Sun's plants; you may know it by its small flowers of greenish white colour. But if you would have it in perfection for use, you must gather it when the Sun is in Leo, and the Moon looking on. If you have no time to do it then, gather it when Jupiter is ascendant, and Sol annular."

"Chamomile, too, is under the Sun: and why? The great master of vegetable occults tells us.—The chamomile, saith Nichessor, the

Egyptians dedicated to the Sun, because it cures agues; and they were like enough to do so, for they were the arrantest asses in religion, I ever heard of: why, sir, they worshipped, not only frogs and mice, but leeks and onions!

"The Sun, also, owns rosemary; and that is the reason why the scent is stronger in the leaves than it is in the flowers: they ought to be gathered when the sun is in the celestial ram:—and now, sir, I must stop; for if I were to go on, I might name every plant we have. They are all under one planet or another: indeed, plant and planet are the same word, if you do but leave out the letter E." "But are there none under the influences of the other planets?" "What other planets, sir? I have named them all." "Urania, and Ceres, and Vesta, and Juno, and Pallas." "Ha, ha, ha! why these are heathen gods and goddesses! we have no planets of those names,—they are heathen gods and goddesses, sir;—there are no planets of those names, as I said before; if there had been, I must have heard of them. As to the new-fangled astronomy, I hold both it and its professors, as I do Dr. ——, of Carnarvon, or Dr. ——, of Shrewsbury:—where they cure one patient, I cure ten!"

It was of no use to argue with my worthy host; and I therefore repaid the hospitality he showed me, with silence. He was a worthy man, faithfully believing what he taught; and as honestly considering the planets to operate upon infants from the moment of their birth:—

> In friendships, enmities, and strife,
> And all th' emergencies of life.—*Butler.*

I believe, however, that he did not carry his philosophy so far as

> To search a planet's house, to know
> Who broke and robb'd a house below;
> Examine Venus and the Moon,
> Who stole a thimble or a spoon.—*Butler.*

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

ELEVEN o'clock! Another turn o' the glass,
And a new morrow's sounds begin to fall
In their dry cataract; and the day which was,
Lies veil'd for ever in its midnight pall!
There is so dead a silence over all
At this lone hour, that one might deem the air
Itself were wearied with its daily care
Of pasturing life, wide scattered as it is
Through millions of quick forms that ask fresh aid
From the reviving element momently.
Ah! for weak man! how vain a speed is his,
Who, if the enspiriting ether be but staid
Awhile from him,—without its company,
Must sink, and leave the race unrun—must die!

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.*

THE days of chivalry are born again! the Spirit of Romance has arisen from the hiding place of oblivion, the feats of erst live once more, and again does the Crusader gird on his sword and his buckler,—again does the field of the tournament sparkle with beauty and valour,—again does the spirit of old England warm with the remembrance of her ancient glory! The Knight of Scotland hath converted his pen into a lance, and hath run a tilt with time; the joust is over, the guerdon is won, and the lady of his love shall acknowledge the devoir by crowning his brows with the long-wished-for laurel of immortality. But stay—where are we running to?—we had clenched our "grey goose quill" with as much earnestness as if it had been a spear, and we had entered the lists the avowed champions of the Knight of Abbottsford. He needs not such humble heralds as ourselves to proclaim his glory; the fame that his preceding tournaments have conferred on him is not tarnished by his present encounter with that mail-encircled and almost invulnerable knight-errant, the Public. His pilgrimage is past—he has entered the lists with the untamable resolution of a true knight of the cross; he has lifted his lance—the shock is over—and he rides off triumphant. In sober criticism, the Great Unknown is again himself—the Author of Waverley and Ivanhoe;—Saint Ronan's Well and Redgauntlet are already forgotten. The "Tales of the Crusaders" have already taken root in the garden of evergreens, and every leaf is a laurel on his brows.

We shall pass over the first tale, the "Betrothed," which, though it would not disgrace any name, however high in literature, is in comparison to the "Talisman," what the first faint streak on the horizon is to the succeeding orb, which is to give light and life to the world. The tale opens with a description of the pilgrimage of a northern knight, (Sir Kenneth) towards the shrine of some holy saint; in his way he is met by a Saracen cavalier, with whom he lifts a lance, and after a desperate battle the combatants separate, and amicably repose by the side of a fountain, where they agree to desist from further hostilities, The Saracen (Ilderim) hearing it to be the intention of the Knight of the Leopard (Sir Kenneth) to visit the shrine of the Hermit of Engaddi, we shall, with one movement of our magical (i. e. editorial) wand, transport them to that holy spot. It should be understood that Sir Kenneth has a mission to that sacred place from the council of the Crusaders, on a subject which the author and ourselves intend, as yet, to keep secret. Sir Kenneth is the hero of the piece, and by all the rules of romance, ancient and modern, he could not be a hero were he not in love. Though represented as poor and not of courtly degree, the object of his enthusiasm is Edith, of Plantagenet, the cousin of Richard, king of England.

At the cell of the hermit we find the Crusader and his late antagonist, Ilderim the Saracen. Both are retired to rest, when the anchorite, a

* By the Author of Waverley, and Quentin Durward. 4 vols. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.

wild and half insane devotee, awakens Kenneth, and mysteriously desires him to follow his footsteps. After the hermit has blindfolded his eyes, as if unworthy of the sight Kenneth is about to enjoy, they enter a small but beautiful chapel, hewn out of the solid rock. Here, after fervid devotion, they are welcomed by the most ravishing melody, from the lips of unseen choristers. Presently a train of noble damsels appear, all veiled, but one of which excites a sympathy in the breast of Kenneth, that he cannot account for, further than that he is under the influence of some supernatural spell. We must make room for the following exquisitely imagined and chastely written passage.

Such was the knight's first idea, as the procession passed him, moving neither foot nor hand, save just sufficiently to continue their progress; so that, seen by the shadowy and religious light, which the lamps shed through the clouds of incense which darkened the apartment, they appeared rather to glide than to walk.

But as a second time, in surrounding the chapel, they passed the spot on which he kneeled, one of the white-stoled maidens, as she glided by him, detached from the chaplet which she carried a rose-bud, which she dropped from her fingers, perhaps unconsciously, on the foot of Sir Kenneth. The knight started as if a dart had suddenly struck his person; for, when the mind is wound up to a high pitch of feeling and expectation, the slightest incident, if unexpected, gives fire to the train which imagination has already laid. But he suppressed his emotion, recollecting how easily an accident so indifferent might have happened, and that it was only the uniform monotony of the movement of the choristers, which made the incident in the slightest degree remarkable.

Still, while the procession, for the third time, surrounded the chapel, the thought and the eyes of Kenneth followed exclusively her among the novices who had dropped the rose-bud. Her step, her face, her form, were so completely assimilated to the rest of the choristers, that it was impossible to perceive the least marks of individuality, and yet Kenneth's heart throbbed like a bird that would burst from its cage, as if to assure him, by its sympathetic suggestions, that the female who held the right file on the second rank of the novices, was dearer to him, not only than all that were present, but than the whole sex besides. The romantic passion of love, as it was cherished, and indeed enjoined, by the rules of chivalry, associated well with the no less romantic feelings of devotion; and they might be said much more to enhance than to counteract each other. It was, therefore, with a glow of expectation, that had something even of a religious character, that Sir Kenneth, his sensations thrilling from his heart to the end of his fingers, expected some signal sign of the presence of one, who, he strongly fancied, had already bestowed on him the first. Short as the space was, during which the procession again completed a third perambulation of the chapel, it seemed an eternity to Kenneth. At length the form, which he had watched with such devoted attention, drew nigh—there was no difference betwixt that shrouded figure and the others, with whom it moved in concert and in unison, until, just as she passed for the third time the kneeling crusader, a part of a little and well-proportioned hand, so beautifully formed as to give the highest idea of the perfect proportions of the form to which it belonged, stole through the folds of the gauze, like a moon-beam through the fleecy cloud of a summer night, and again a rose-bud lay at the feet of the Knight of the Leopard.

This second intimation could not be accidental—it could not be fortuitous the resemblance of that half-seen, but beautiful female hand, with one which his lips had once touched, and while they touched it, had internally sworn allegiance to the lovely owner. Had farther proof been wanting, there was the glimmer of that matchless ruby ring on that snow-white finger, whose invaluable worth Kenneth would have prized less than the slightest sign which that finger could have made—and, veiled too as she was, he might see, by chance, or by favour, a stray curl of the dark tresses, each hair of which was dearer to him an hundred times than a chain of massive gold. It was the lady of his love! But that she should be here—in the savage and sequestered desert—among vestals, who rendered themselves habitants of deserts and of caverns, that they might perform in secret those Christian rites which they dared not assist in openly—that this should be so—in truth and in reality—seemed too incredible—it must be a dream—a delusive trance of the imagination. While these thoughts passed through the mind of Kenneth, the same passage, through which the procession had entered the chapel, received them on their return. The young sacristans, the sable nuns, vanished succes-

sively through the open door—at length she, from whom he had received this double intimation, passed also—yet, in passing, turned her head, slightly indeed, but perceptibly towards the place where he remained fixed as an image. He marked the last wave of her veil—it was gone—and a darkness sunk upon his soul, scarce less palpable than that which almost immediately enveloped his external sense; for the last chorister had no sooner crossed the threshold of the door, than it shut with a loud sound, and at the same instant the voices of the choir were silent, the lights of the chapel were at once extinguished, and Sir Kenneth remained solitary, and in total darkness. But to Kenneth, solitude, and darkness, and the uncertainty of his mysterious situation, was as nothing—he thought not of them—cared not for them—cared for nought in the world save the flitting vision which had just glided past him, and the tokens of her favour which she had bestowed. To grope on the floor for the buds which she had dropped—to press them to his lips—to his bosom—now alternately, now together—to rivet his lips to the cold stones on which, as near as he could judge, she had so lately stept—to play all the extravagances which strong affection suggests and vindicates to those who yield themselves up to it, were but the tokens of passionate love, proper to all ages. But it was peculiar to the times of chivalry, that in his wildest rapture the knight imagined of no attempt to follow or to trace the object of such romantic attachment; that he thought of her as of a deity, who, having deigned to show herself for an instant to her devoted worshipper, was again returned to the darkness of her sanctuary—or as an influential planet, which, having darted in some auspicious minute one favourable ray, wrapped itself again in its veil of mist. The motions of the lady of his love were to him those of a superior being, who was to move without watch or control, rejoice him by her appearance, or depress him by her absence, animate him by her kindness, or drive him to despair by her cruelty—all at her own free will, and without other importunity or remonstrance than that expressed by the most devoted services of the heart and sword of the champion, whose sole object in life was to fulfil her commands, and, by the splendour of his own achievements, to exalt her fame.

Such were the rules of chivalry, and of the love which was its ruling principle. But Sir Kenneth's attachment was rendered romantic by other and still more peculiar circumstances. He had never even heard the sound of his lady's voice, though he had often beheld her beauty with rapture. She moved in a circle which his rank of knighthood permitted him indeed to approach, but not to mingle with; and highly as he stood distinguished for warlike skill and enterprize, still the poor Scottish soldier was compelled to worship his divinity at a distance, almost as great as divides the Persian from the sun which he adores. But when was the eye of woman too lofty to overlook the passionate devotion of a lover, however inferior in degree? Her eye had been on him in the tournament, her ear had heard his praises in the report of the battles which were daily fought; and while count, duke, and lord contended for her grace, it flowed, unwillingly perhaps at first, or even unconsciously, towards the poor Knight of the Leopard, who, to support his rank, had little besides his sword. When she looked, and when she listened, the lady saw and heard enough to encourage her in a partiality, which had at first crept on her unawares. If a knight's personal beauty was praised, even the most prudish dames in the military court of England would make an exception in favour of the Scottish Kenneth; and it oftentimes happened, that notwithstanding the large largesses which princes and peers bestowed on the minstrels, an impartial spirit of independence would seize the poet, and the harp was swept to the heroism of one who had neither palfries nor garments to bestow in guerdon of his applause.

The moments when she listened to the praises of her lover became gradually more dear to the high-born Edith, relieving the flattery with which her ear was weary, and presenting to her a subject of secret contemplation more worthy, as he seemed by general report, than those who surpassed him in rank and in the gifts of fortune. As her attention became constantly, though cautiously, fixed on Sir Kenneth, she grew more and more convinced of his personal devotion to herself, and more and more certain in her mind, that in Kenneth of Scotland she beheld the fated knight doomed to share with her through weal and woe—and the prospect looked gloomy and dangerous—the passionate attachment to which the poets of the age ascribed such universal dominion, and which its manners and morals placed nearly on the same rank with devotion itself.

The lady Edith is amongst the train who have accompanied the Queen of England, to this holy shrine, from the camp of her royal consort, he of the lion heart, who is there lying consuming in a fever. We

must again make use of one word, and our readers will acknowledge its power by finding themselves in the royal camp, by the side of the British Achilles. Here Kenneth, though by a longer route, has arrived before us in company with a Moorish physician, sent expressly by Saladin, the great enemy of the Crusaders, for the magnanimous and heroic purpose of restoring to health his formidable rival. The cure is to be wrought by means of a TALISMAN, in possession of the physician; and here the tale begins to assume an appearance of interest. After some doubt and suspicion, Richard consents to make use of the medicine, though conveyed from the hands of an enemy. It has a successful effect; and while the king is in the enjoyment of a refreshing slumber, two members of his court, the Master of the Knights Templars, a proud and arrogant soldier and priest, and Conrade the Marquis of Montserrat, mutually confide in each other their ambitious and treasonable views. They agree to inflame Leopold the Duke of Austria, who is one of the princes that join the Crusade, to shake off the subjection he has hitherto paid to Richard, and plant his own standard above that of England. Their design is carried into execution. Scarcely has the banner of Austria supplanted that of England, when Richard, who has just past the crisis of his disorder, heedless of the supplication of his courtiers and El Hakim, the physician, rushes with tremendous rage to the spot, tears down the banner, tramples on it, and hurls the German headlong down the mound, where the standard had been waving. Philip, king of France, who has also joined the Crusade, arrives and restores tranquillity; the royal standard of England is reinstated; and Sir Kenneth, as a reward for his zeal in bringing the physician, is left to guard the sacred trophy, which he vows to protect and answer for with his life. He is true to the post until midnight, when he is summoned by a little dwarf, whom he had seen in his adventure at Engeddi, to attend for a few minutes in the queen's tent, by command of the lady Edith. The knight doubts the truth of his mission; but the dwarf shows him the ruby ring which he had seen on the fair finger of Edith, in the rocky chapel. Sir Kenneth, distracted between the dictates of honour and the intensity of his love,—the commands of his royal leader and the commands of his mistress, reluctantly consents at last—on seeing that the queen's tent is but little removed from the base of the mount—to repair thither. And by the side of the banner he leaves, as his substitute, his faithful stag greyhound, considering, that if any attempt should be made upon the frontier in his absence, the barking of the hound will announce it to his ear, and he shall be able to return in time. Arrived at the queen's tent, he has the mortification of discovering, that he has been withdrawn from his post and his duty, merely to gratify the desire of Berengaria, of Sicily, (Richard's queen,) to ascertain whether the ring of the lady Edith, which had been taken from her without her knowledge for this purpose, would tempt him to such an excessive proof of his attachment. Edith herself becomes apprised of what has happened: her indignation, and sorrow, and alarm are unbounded; she is alive to all the consequences of a discovery by the king of such remissness of duty on the part of Sir Kenneth; and Edith, with mingled firmness and delicacy, sees him, excuses herself from all participation in the trick which had been so inconsiderately put upon him, and dismisses

him. On his return, musing on the almost confessions of partial attachment which he had heard the queen impute to Edith, and Edith, in effect, protest for him,—he is aroused from his abstraction by the groans of his dog. He runs onward, and finds, that the standard is vanished, the spear to which it was attached broken on the ground, and his gallant hound apparently in the agonies of death. The distracted knight vainly seeks in every direction the lost standard, and giving vent to the execrations of despair, takes the desperate resolution of presenting himself before Richard, and, acknowledging his offence, to declare himself ready to undergo the punishment. This terrible interview is excellently given:—after several times determining to immolate him on the spot, the amazed and fiery Richard, scarcely crediting Kenneth's own acknowledgments, (for he offers no explanation, and carefully conceals a defence that might, to the jealous monarch, appear to impugn Edith his niece's honour,) gives order for his execution. When he has been led to his prison, and is with his confessor, Berengaria, accompanied by the loftier-minded Edith and their ladies, present themselves before the lion-hearted, and with many entreaties supplicate for the knight's life. Richard solemnly protests that he shall die. Edith then remonstrates with him as a Plantagenet may be supposed to have remonstrated—fearlessly, undauntedly, despite of the frowns and anger of the most impetuous monarch in the world. She makes an ingenuous confession of the queen's folly, but proudly exempts herself from all imputation; and finding appeals to Richard's justice or mercy to be equally fruitless, she leaves him in despair. The hermit of Engeddi then presents herself before the king with a similar purpose, and similar bad success. But El Hakim, the noble and learned, who had refused all the treasure in the camp for his services, extorts from Richard's gratitude, that which he had denied to all other considerations, and even to his affection for his queen. He remits Sir Kenneth to El Hakim; and the Arab and his bondsman, the degraded knight, set out on their journey to the camp of the soldan Saladin. In a magnificent oriental palace, we find Sir Kenneth and the Moorish physician, whom he not only discovers to be the Saracen Emir, Ilderim, whom, at the commencement of the tale, it will be remembered, he fought and conquered, but also the magnanimous and heroic Saladin; who, although an emperor, and his rival in love, (he having also made proposals for the hand of Edith,) treats him with the most princely hospitality and fraternal affection. During this time, an occurrence has taken place, which promises to clear the odium that is shed on the name of the Scottish knight. The life of Richard is attempted, and, he conjectures, by the same hand as stole his standard, which lost Sir Kenneth his honourable name. At the suggestion of a confidential adviser, he ordered a grand review, where the whole army march in procession under the flag of England, where Kenneth's hound, which was wounded in its defence, is placed. The knights and soldiers pass under, without any notice from the animal, till Conrade, the ambitious and intriguing Marquis of Montserrat approaches, when the dog seizes and nearly destroys him. Great consternation and suspicion is excited; and in order that the Marquis may have every opportunity afforded him, a tournament is appointed, and the Scottish knight is named as the

challenger; he being the individual, whom the loss of the standard ha. most injured. In order to give one of the most splendid scene ever described by the poet or painter, we must be very brief in our "summing up." The eventful morning arrives, and Sir Kenneth the brave, though, the indigent and dishonoured knight, feels once again elate with hope. Edith, "the lady of his love," is to be a witness of the scene. Richard the king is to look on; and by the event of the day, he either redeems his honour, or sinks deeper into disgrace. An hour after sunrise, the lists are opened, and the combatants appear. The Marquis, trembling with conscious guilt, is encouraged and menaced by his confederate in vice, the Grand Master. Thus opposed

The priests, after a solemn prayer, that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists. The trumpets of the challenger then rung a flourish, and a herald-at-arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists,—"Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonour done to the said King."

When the words Kenneth of Scotland announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of King Richard, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. He, of course, avouched his innocence, and offered his body for battle. The esquires of the combatants now approached, and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang the former around his neck, that his two hands might remain free,—one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance.

The shield of the Scot displayed his old bearing, the leopard, but with the addition of a collar and broken chain, in allusion to his late captivity. The shield of the Marquis bore, in reference to his title, a serrated and rocky mountain. Each shook his lance aloft, as if to ascertain the weight and toughness of the unwieldy weapon, and then laid it in the rest. The sponsors, heralds, and squires now retired to the barriers, and the barriers, and the combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed visor, the human form so completely inclosed, that they looked more like statues of molten iron, than beings of flesh and blood. The silence of suspense was now general—men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when, at a signal given by the Soldan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamours, and each champion striking his horse with his spurs, and slacking the rein, the horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt—no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practised warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true, that it shivered into splinters up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corslet of Milan steel, through a *secret*, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corslet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied,—"What would you more?—God hath decided justly—I am guilty—but there are worse traitors in the camp than I.—In pity to my soul, let me have a confessor!"

He revived as he uttered these words.

* * * * * * *

Drum, clarion, trumpet, and cymbal, rung forth at once, and the deep and regular shout, which for ages has been the English acclamation, sounded amidst the shrill and irregular yells of the Arabs, like the diapason of the organ amid the howling of a storm. There was silence at length.

"Brave Knight of the Leopard," resumed Cœur de Lion, "thou hast shown that the Ethiopian *may* change his skin, and the leopard his spots, though clerks quote Scripture for the impossibility. Yet I have more to say to you when I have conducted you to the presence of the ladies, the best judges, and best rewarders, of deeds of chivalry."

The Knight of the leopard bowed assent.

"And thou, princely Saladin, wilt also attend them. I promise thee our Queen will not think herself welcome, if she lacks the opportunity to thank her royal host for her most princely reception."

Saladin bent his head gracefully, but declined the invitation.

"I must attend the wounded man," he said. "The leech leaves not his patient more than the champion the lists, even if he be summoned to a bower like those of Paradise. And farther, Royal Richard, know that the blood of the East flows not so temperately in the presence of beauty as that of your land. What saith the book itself —Her eye is as the edge of the sword of the Prophet, who shall look upon it? He that would not be burnt avoideth to tread on hot embers—wise men spread not the flax before a bickering torch—He, saith the sage, who hath forfeited the treasure, doth not wisely to turn back his head to gaze at it."

Richard, it may be believed, respected the motive of delicacy which flowed from manners so different from his own, and urged his request no farther.

"At noon," said the Soldan, as he departed, "I trust ye will all accept a collation under the black camel-skin tent of a chief of Curdistan."

The same invitation was circulated among the Christians, comprehending all those of sufficient importance to be admitted to sit at a feast made for princes.

"Hark," said Richard, "the timbrels announce that our Queen and her attendants are leaving their gallery—and see, the turbans sink on the ground, as if struck down by a destroying angel. All lie prostrate, as if the glance of an Arab's eye could sully the lustre of a lady's cheek! Come, we will to the pavilion, and lead our conqueror thither in triumph.—How I pity that noble Soldan, who knows but of love as it is known to those of inferior nature!"

Blondel tuned his harp to its boldest measure, to welcome the introduction of the victor into the pavilion of Queen Berengaria. He entered, supported on either side by his sponsors, Richard and Thomas Longsword, and knelt gracefully down before the Queen, where more than half the homage was silently rendered to Edith, who sat on her right hand.

"Unarm him, my mistresses," said the King, whose delight was in the execution of such Chivalrous usages—"Let Beauty honour Chivalry! Undo his spurs, Berengaria; Queen though thou be, thou owest him what marks of favour thou canst give.—Unlace his helmet, Edith—by this hand thou shalt, wert thou the proudest Plantagenet of the line, and he the poorest knight on the earth!"

Both ladies obeyed the royal commands, Berengaria with bustling assiduity, as anxious to gratify her husband's humour, and Edith blushing and growing pale alternately, as slowly and awkwardly she undid, with Longsword's assistance, the fastenings, which secured the helmet to the gorget.

"And what expect you from beneath this iron shell?" said Richard, as the removal of the casque gave to view the noble countenance of Sir Kenneth, his face glowing with recent exertion, and not less so with the present emotion. "What think ye of him, gallants and beauties?" said Richard. "Doth he resemble an Ethiopian slave, or doth he present the face of an obscure and nameless adventurer? No, by my good sword!—Here terminate his various disguises. He hath knelt down before you, unknown save by his worth—he arises, equally distinguished by birth and by fortune. The adventurous knight, Kenneth, arises David Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise, and Edith dropped from her hand the helmet, which she had just received.

The conclusion may be anticipated. The Grand Master is detected in his treachery, and receives condign punishment from the hands of the Moorish Emperor. Kenneth on the following morning weds the fair daughter of Plantagenet, Saladin bestowing the TALISMAN as the bridal portion: a dowry which if we may judge of the effect it has produced on ourselves, is the most likely to dispel the clouds, and add brilliancy to the sunshine of existence.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THERE are few things that England takes greater pleasure in boasting of than her patronage of the Fine Arts. That John Bull is proud of supporting the reputation of his country, be the object cattle, timber, or pictures, we believe to be the case; but as long as he spends his money freely he is satisfied with his liberality, and feels no inclination to inquire after its use or abuse. Among objects that are pointed out to foreigners as trophies of our nation's munificence, that of the "Royal Academy" stands foremost. On this subject we have heard some CICESBEO, who, talking high of his country, seems to consider himself as a sleeping partner in the concern, and therefore conferring a sly adulation on himself, exclaim, "Here is an institution founded by the voluntary subscription of the nation, by which it is regularly supported. This is the nursery of the arts, where the seeds of genius are cherished and encouraged to expand; where emulation is excited, and talent meets with its reward," &c. All this sounds exceedingly fine, and at first sight exceedingly true. But let us look into the matter a little more closely, and we shall find that generosity is not the only qualification necessary to constitute a patron. A mere amateur, enjoying his lounge in the Academy, is surprised to find how nicely the pictures are dovetailed within each other, as neatly as the parallelograms of a mosaic pavement. He perhaps hears of the vast number of pictures that are rejected, and seeing so many wretched productions disgracing the walls of the room, he very naturally inquires whether the works are refused exhibition on account of their size, or quality; as the primary object of the hangmen appear to be, that every inch of the walls should be covered. What feeling the censors may be influenced by, we neither know nor care; we would not give them credit for an unworthy one, and yet, when we are aware of one well established fact, we hardly know how to act otherwise. From artists of our own connexion, we know of more than one instance where pictures of real and undoubted talent, have been returned on the artist's hands as INADMISSIBLE. What explanation can the worthy council favour us for this exclusion? Is it because that you have experienced such an overflow of good pictures that you have been unable to find room for them all? No, your very walls rise in judgment against you, for they bear such evidence as the meanest mechanic would be able to detect, in the form of works which one would think that the owners would never have parted with, had they not been ashamed of keeping such "damning proofs" too near their own persons. Bad as this is,

"Yet worse remains behind."

We know of instances of young men who have been brought up to the profession of artists, who have been educated in the Royal Academy—who have made the fine arts their only pursuit, and their only expectation of gaining a livelihood, whose early specimens of talent have been admired, and even praised, by the professors of that Institution themselves, but who, when they offered their works, have been REFUSED EXIBITION,

without any reason being assigned further than the implied insinuation, that they are unworthy of that distinction. Within this last twelvemonth we know of a young man, the specimens of whose abilities are of considerable promise, (a student of the Academy) who, *year after year*, endeavoured to obtain exhibition there, but without success; till sickened with his fruitless attempts in his own country, he has been forced to leave it for one in which he may hope to gain a livelihood, leaving behind him works which, while they are satisfactory proofs of his own talents, are unequivocal demonstrations of the encouragement and support a young man, of indubitable genius and application, is likely to meet with in a country accustomed to be extolled for the munificence of its patronage.

We will not stem the current of our remarks to comment on the conduct of those who have been guilty of this act of cruelty, which has driven a young man from his family, his prospects, and his country—and which we believe not to be a solitary instance. We merely point out the disease, the public know how to apply the remedy. Our strictures have merely gone to this extent, that those whose office is to decide on the merits of the pictures offered for public patronage, are either totally UNFIT for that office, or guided by something which is WORSE THAN PARTIALITY.

Censure is not our *forte*, and we therefore proceed to a subject more consonant to our feelings. The present Exhibition is by far the best we have witnessed for some years; if it does not possess any remarkable specimen of the art in its highest degree, it has many which approach very nearly to perfection. We are happy to perceive that that superabundance of portraits which has of late years been the prevailing feature of these exhibitions, does not characterize the present. We are glad to see that the public taste on this head is improving. It is indeed a discredit to an enlightened and refined nation to want the disposition of supporting historical painters, and we were beginning to fear that our own was hastening with rapid strides to gain that imputation, in consequence of many of our first artists having abandoned that noble pursuit, and confined their talents exclusively to portraiture. That these individuals have never attained the highest celebrity in the pursuit they have abandoned, is no excuse for their want of patronage; as were all poets and painters to throw down their lyres and pencils in despair of becoming Homers and Raphaels, the world would be poor in its proudest wealth. Among those who have come forward to redeem the sinking character of the art, we rank HILTON as the first. Had we wanted any evidence of his abilities to place him at the head of our historical painters, his *Christ crowned with Thorns* (105) would have been sufficient. It is undoubtedly a triumph of the art; and a convincing proof that the march of human intellect has not retrograded, for it may be placed by the side of the finest specimens of the ancients. To enter into a detail on the merit of this single picture, would require more space than we dedicate to the whole of the subject, of which it forms part. The figure of our Saviour, had we seen it accompanied by any other objects, we should have decided to have come from the pencil of Guido; it has all the majesty, the infinite sweetness and grace, all the awe-inspiring pathos of that immortal man. The subordinate figures identify Hilton as an avowed disciple of the Raphaelic school. *The Combat* by ETTY,

(1) is another proof that historical painting in this country, so far from being on the decline, is rapidly advancing towards, and requires but the impetus of well directed patronage to bring it, to the zenith of its glory. The anatomical knowledge displayed in the three figures; their bold and nervous drawing; and the harmonious grouping and colouring of the whole, place Mr. Etty very high in the roll of our first rate painters. Within a few yards of the picture is an extremely clever performance of ALLAN'S; *The Regent Murray, shot by Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh* (8). The principal objects are disposed with that judgment for which the artist is so eminently distinguished; while the diversified character they display is very remarkable; though, we think, had a little more power been thrown into the centre groupe, the effect would have been considerably heightened. *The Trial of Lord William Russell at the Old Bailey*, 1683, (127) may be ranked as one of HAYTER'S best pictures. Exceedingly happy in his choice of subject, he has rendered it still more attractive. The figures are extremely numerous, and executed with the most elaborate finish. The dignified composure of the noble prisoner, the mild, but suffering countenance of his wife, who, looking up to her husband, seems quivering with hope and fear, and yet, as if under the influence of a most powerful impulse, is by far the most interesting groupe in the piece. The appearance of the sky through the window, is a most agreeable relief to the sober sadness, and somewhat heavy effect, of the predominate colouring. Of all the pictures we have yet noticed, none are superior in point of grandeur of conception, or vividness of imagination, to DANBY'S *Delivery out of Egypt* (287). It is an extraordinary effort of genius; which had the author been assisted by a few more years of experience in developing, it would we have no doubt formed a splendid era in the annals of the Fine Arts. There is an evident falling off between the conception and the execution. The first is terribly grand, but the other is indicative of a want of power at which the author evidently grasps. The colouring is somewhat monotonous, and had the supernatural light shed its rays over the surrounding objects, and not confined itself, the effect would have been considerably relieved. *Bosworth Field* (70), by COOPER, will considerably advance that artist's reputation.

In landscape TURNER has given two fine specimens; the first, *Harbour of Dieppe* (152), has all the magnificence of imagery, and gorgeousness of effect of this master. On the whole the effect is to dazzle rather than to enchant: we wonder, yet cannot help feeling fatigued. The sky reminds us of the soft brilliancy of Claude Lorrain, but wants his classic repose. In portraits the PRESIDENT, in his *Portrait of Mrs. Peel* (28), has given us a delightful specimen of his power of portraying feminine loveliness. His head of *Mr. Canning* (83) we think one of the first evidences of the remarkable height to which portraiture is arrived. The countenance is an exquisite picture in itself, and highly comprehensive and expressive of the intellectual qualities of the original. The placing of the head is graceful and imposing, and the flesh has all the ripeness of tint that peculiarizes the pencil of the artist. *The Duke of Wellington* (71) is another exceedingly fine portrait; the attitude of the figure is dignified without the

appearance of constraint, while the sober sadness of the dress is in excellent keeping with the grave and meditative aspect of the wearer. PICKERSGILL has a fine portrait of *Miss L. E. Landon* (176) the charming Improvisatrice. The absence of all affectation in the portrait of a successful author is by no means an usual circumstance. We had expected something that would remind us of the "love-lost Sappho," or the fancifully vivid looks of Mrs. Tighe, but were agreeably disappointed. In humorous subjects, LESLIE—*Slender courting Anne Page* (101)—is uncommonly rich: though we think the face of the half-witted innamorato, somewhat caricatured. The *Barber Politician* by SHARP (185) is worthy of particular notice. We do not think that NEWTON is so happy in *The dull Lecture* (212) as we could have expected. The sleeping girl is vulgar and deficient of that sly humour, which in general characterizes this artist's productions. The Anti-room has not one picture that can redeem it from the appellation, the 'brethren of the craft' have from time immemorial assigned it, "the condemned cell." In imaginative subjects, we cannot think that it is out of respect to the memory of FUSELI, that his *Comus* (163) is exhibited. It is one huge mass of monotonous colouring; with all the extravagance of thought, the straining after effect of its highly gifted master, but without the redeeming splendour of his conception, and masterly execution. We had rather his posthumous relics had been confined to *Psyche* (216) which is in every respect worthy of the name of Fuseli. Want of room compels us to omit many other names who have contributed to the excellence of the present exhibition. In SCULPTURE we grieve to say, the specimens there have not given us any cause to lament our inability to extend our remarks on this subject.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Conveyed exclusively for the Literary Magnet, by James Grey Jackson, Esq. author of an 'Account of the Empire of Morrocco,' &c.

SIXTY stone monuments are arrived in France from Egypt; one of which weighs 250 hundred weight. One arrived at Paris lately: it is of grey granite; and its weight is 300 hundred weight, or 15 tons: two waggons, built expressly for the purpose, at Lyons, transported it from Marseilles to Paris. The lid is covered within and without with symbolical signs and hieroglyphic inscriptions. The cover or lid is convex externally, and is also covered in the same manner. It has been discovered by M. Chapollion-Figeac, that this magnificent sculpture is that of Ousirphthaer, son of Tavusorpethekis and of the lady Takisis; that the deceased was priest of the gods *Ammon* and *Anubis*, scribe of the grand temple of Phtha at Memphis, and charged with the direction of Psammeticus's worship! he was also priest of the god *Apis*, during three years. The name of king Psammeticus of the 26th Egyptian dynasty, frequently repeated in the inscriptions, discovers the date of the monument, and determines it to be about the 650th year before Christ.

The Society of Sciences, Letters and Arts of *Boulogne-sur-Mer*, have ordered excavations to be made in a territory, situated west of the port, which place is thought to have been a burying place for the Romans, when they had possession of this part of Gaul. A commission from the body of the society is charged with the superintendance of this work, which has already procured the discovery of several tombs containing human bones, fragments of armour, vases of burned clay of antique fashion, and others in very thin glass. From consular-medals found here, it is thought that they were buried during the occupation of this country by *Julius Cæsar*.

Reflections on the State of the Church in France, during the 18th century, and on its present state, followed by religious and philosophical discourses, by the *Abbé Lamennais*, fourth edition, in 8vo. Paris, 1825. 32 francs.

Observations of Jerome Torres, on the Law of Affranchisement, published by the Sovereign Congress of Columbia, in 4to. 42 pages. Bogota.

This work is a kind of commentary on the justice and wisdom of the law of the Sovereign Congress, which, by progressive but certain steps, conducts slaves to liberty, providing them by instruction against the eventual abuses of an emancipation, for which they might not have been prepared.

The Teylorian Society at Harlem, proposes the following question: "What were the doctrines of the oriental philosophers during the period that elapsed between the leading of the Jews into captivity, and the coming of Jesus Christ? Has philosophy had any, and what influence on the spirit and form of the sacred writings, as some of the learned have supposed? and if so, by what is that influence known, and to what extent should the commentator regard it?"

The prize is a gold medal of 400 florins. The answers are to be sent in before the 1st January, 1826, and may be written in Dutch, Latin, French, English, or German.

One of the most ancient, rich, and perfect languages of the East, is the *Sanscrit*. The literature of this language is immense, and consists of an extensive variety of works, particularly on theology, politics, history, geography, and astronomy; the poets who have written in this language, were endowed with a sublime genius, a brilliant imagination, a light and airy grace, &c. A dictionary of this celebrated language, as well as a grammar, are preparing for publication, by General Boisserolle, Member of the *Societé Asiatique* of Paris.

The Reading Magazine, for the amateurs of German and American literature, published at Reading, in Pennsylvania, January, 1824.

The first number of this work, which is the only one we have seen, answers the end proposed by the editor, that is to say, to amuse and instruct. The encouragement of the monthly continuation of this work, augurs favourably of the spirit of improvement, which influences the inhabitants of the other side of the Atlantic.

Caen, Normandy, June 11, 1825.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

THIS is the term for Oxford fun: gownsmen lionizing their friends; townsmen looking after number one, bent upon making enough to pay for the long vacation dulness. The boat races, Commemoration Day, distribution of the prizes, hissing the proctors and other obnoxious animals, to say nothing of *in*-college parties, render this month at Oxford a delightful scene of bustle and mirth. The term commenced with the fight of Reid and Jubb, and, with that exception, there has not been any extraordinary novelty. After several hard struggles among the racing boats, for holding the head of the river, Christchurch came in victorious.

In a convocation holden on the 2d of June, the University seal was affixed to a letter of thanks to Henry Drummond, Esq. of Aldbury Park, Surrey, for his munificent foundation of a Professorship in Political Economy; and, on Wednesday the 8th, Nassau William, sen. M. A. late Fellow of Magdalen, and barrister at law, was unanimously elected. Also, on the 2d of June, the House of Convocation accepted a proposal from the Rev. Dr. Ellerton, Fellow of Magdalen, to found an annual prize of 20 guineas, for the best English Essay, on some doctrine or duty of the Christian religion, or on some of the points on which we differ from the Romish church; or on any other subject of theology which shall be deemed meet and useful. June the 4th, Mr. Henry Davison, scholar of Trinity, on Mr. Blount's foundation. Mr. Herman Merrivale, commoner of Oriel, and Mr. Thomas Luvin, commoner of Worcester, having been previously nominated on Trinity Monday, were admitted scholars of Trinity, on the original foundation. On Trinity Monday, Mr. George Cotes, commoner of Brasen-nose, was admitted scholar of Trinity, on Mr. Blount's foundation. June the 10th, in full convocation, the University seal was affixed to petitions to the House of Commons, for leave to bring in a bill authorizing the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the several colleges and halls therein, to raise money, by mortgage of their possessions, for defraying the expense of buildings for the accommodation of an increased number of students.

The prizes have this year fallen to Edward Powlett Blunt, scholar of Corpus, for the Latin Verse; Frederic Oakley, B.A. Christchurch, for the Latin Essay; James William Mylne, B.A. Baliol, the English Essay; the Newdigate, to Richard Clerk Sewell, Demy of Magdalen. The latter gentleman has been making sure of the prize for the last four years, and must be happy indeed at obtaining it, because no one supposed him to have the least chance. A gentleman of Pembroke has published *his* rejected Newdigate, which very much resembles the admonitory verses at the end of an account of an Old Bailey execution. The novelty of the style ought to have entitled him to somewhat more than flat rejection. We are glad to see he is conscious of his own merit, by his appeal to the judgment of the world. Several of the 225, that put down their names for examination in the *little go* schools, have withdrawn them, the new examiners appearing to have taken lessons of

the Oxford tradesmen in the art of *plucking*. Two men, about to take their degrees as B. A., expelled from Queen's, for demolishing the images that adorned the college walls. June 15th, Men with exceeding long bills on the look out; the gownsmen's doors wearing a *dun* colour; scouts packing up; the togati packing off; and thus ends the term.

The Classmen for the Easter Term are as follows:—

Literæ Humaniores.

FIRST CLASS.

Arthur Jas. Beaumont, Queen's col.
Peter Stafford Carey, St. John's col.
Wm. Hayward Cox, Pembroke col.
George Moberly, Baliol college
Charles Palairet, Queen's college.
William Smythe, Christchurch.

SECOND CLASS.

H. K. Cornish, Corpus Christi college
Henry Hayman Dod, Worcester col.
James Ind, Queen's college
Archibald Macdonald, Oriel college
Sir George Prevost, bart. Oriel col.
C. Collins Walkey, Worcester college
William Welch, St. John's college
Henry Bristow Wilson, St. John's col.

THIRD CLASS.

George Baker, Wadham college
R. Maurice Bonner, Christchurch
John Lewis Capper, Pembroke col.
Wm. Smith Dean, Wadham college
John Dixon, Christchurch
George Edward Eyre, Oriel college
John Foley, Wadham college
William Heberden, Oriel college
John Hill, Brasen-nose college
Frederick Hone, University college
Henry William Hull, Oriel college
Joseph Fraser Lightbourne, Jesus col.
James Rhodes, Wadham college
Edward John Stanley, Christchurch
Samuel Bushe Toller, Trinity college
Marwood Tucker, Baliol college
Joseph Neate Walsh, St. John's col.
Henry Winter, Worcester college

Edward Cardurce
William Mills
Charles Atmore Ogilvie
Charles Thomas Lingley
Arthur Johnson
Richard William Jelf
} Examiners.

Scholæ Mathematicæ et Physicæ.

FIRST CLASS.

Arthur Jas. Beaumont, Queen's col.
Richard Calvert Jones, Oriel col.
Sir George Prevost, bart. Oriel col.
B. W. Salmon Wallack, Exeter col.
Joseph Neate Walsh, St. John's col.

SECOND CLASS.

R. Maurice Bonner, Christchurch.
Wm. Hayward Cox, Brasen-nose col.
Hon. Thomas Vesey, Christchurch.

James Adey Ogle
Stephen Peter Rigaud
George Leigh Cooke
} Examiners.

CAMBRIDGE.

June 17th.—At the Congregation on Saturday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.

Rev. T. Shelford, Fellow of Corpus Christi college
Rev. T. Archdall, Fellow of Emanuel college
Rev. A. Stapleton, Queen's college, compounder.

Master of Arts.

Rev. A. Stapleton, Queen's college, compounder.

Bachelors in Civil Law.

C. B. Broadley, Esq. Trinity college, compounder.
Rev. C. Leicester, Trinity hall, compounder.

BIRTH-DAY KEEPING.

We very commonly look upon our birth-day festivals as so many triumphs over Time, and to a certain period reckon up the years we have lived as pure gain on the account of existence. But after that freshness of feeling has gone, the tables seem turned—we begin to look shy upon father Chronos, and each succeeding year mark his footsteps with additional anxiety, as he comes shaking his sullen beard over the little domain of our lives. At all times indeed, when we have passed the period of childhood, there is a dash of melancholy in our birth-day pleasures; for, although we may feel that in ourselves the spring of life continues in unabated flow, we cannot but observe how different it is with those whose breasts the ebbing tide of autumn has left bare to the strides of advancing Winter. There are doubtless many whom no consideration of this kind touches. They are your people for feasts and festivals. The approaching shadow of death lurking behind the backs of the jocund hours, they are happy enough never to see, and thus dance about full joyously in spite of the monster who eyes them with scorn and mockery.

I, who happened very early to see him draw near, am now accustomed to greet him with a nod of extreme familiarity on my birth-day; which falling in the autumnal season, about the close of harvest, is generally devoted to mirth by my rural neighbours. I have a great respect for autumn with its fruits and golden sheaves, and love to see the revelry of a harvest-home; but think, notwithstanding, that my *dies natalis* ought to have fallen in the young year, as early at least as spring: for the consciousness of existence has a peculiarly sweet relish in that season, when a birth-day seems in place; and Nature, with ourselves, takes a new lease of existence.

The Pagans must have certainly had a pleasant notion of life, if we may judge by their joyful celebration of the natal day: "Numera," says Persius, "meliore lapillo;" and Tibullus addresses to it this passionate apostrophe:

> At tu natalis, multos celebrande per annos;
> Candidior semper, candidiorque veni!

Censorinus observes from Varro, that no sacrifices were offered to the Genius of the Natal Day, because the ancients held it impious to deprive any creature of life on the very day wherein they themselves had received it. From the same notion they abstained from killing animals on the altar of *Apollo Genitor* at Delos. Pleasant feasts, lively companies, and plenteous libations, usurped the place of sanguinary offerings; and, according to Arnobius and St. Augustin, the birth-days of Gods and Cities were celebrated in the same manner as those of individuals.

But no rite that ever prevailed among the ancients, appears more amiable in my eyes than the Epicurean practice of keeping the birth-day of their founder. It bore some resemblance to a religious ceremony, and tended to strengthen the bonds of amity between the members of a sect remarkable for the spirit of friendship. Epicurus foresaw the effect, and in his will recommended it to his followers as a

kind of philosophical rite. We can scarcely form any conception of the pleasures the old philosophers enjoyed on such occasions; for, being altogether free from the jealousy of authorship, which is apt to mingle with all kinds of study in our days, they gave themselves up wholly to the enthusiasm of the moment. The happy days of their first introduction to "the Gardens" were recalled to memory, and presents exchanged over sparkling goblets of the *Tenedos* or *Chian* vintage.

We are told also, that Silius Italicus used to celebrate the birth-day of Virgil with much more pomp than his own; and we know what a merry day was the *dies natalis* of Mæcenas to his friend Horace. For my part I am partial to this old Pagan custom, and should like to see the birth-days of our great authors converted into public festivals. It would throw a lustre and an air of joyousness over the Calendar: "such or such an event," might we then say to each other, "occurred about the time of the celebration of Shakspeare's or Milton's birth-day." They would be a kind of intellectual *Saturnalia;* and thousands would in such case be found with Lear, or Hamlet, or Paridise Lost in their hands, who now only worship those great names at a distance, thinking, apparently, that to make themselves familiar with them would be a kind of irreligious presumption.

There are some, however, who cannot understand the reason why our birth-days should not rather be distinguished by sorrow than joy. It seems, they say, a tacit confession that we secretly consider life to be an evil, to rejoice as we toss from us its lopt and worn out members. Birth-day festivals are rational only when thus considered. For what can be more insane than to celebrate with feasts the departure, piecemeal, of what we love and prize as the ground of all our delights? Among the many riddles of human nature, this, to them, is the greatest. Observe the Persian roasting his whole oxen, asses, horses, and camels, on his natal day, merely to testify his delight that the term of his enjoyment is abridged by another year! Shave his long beard, and put him in a madhouse!—The Greeks were more rational. On that day they despatched their meals with peculiar rapidity, neither speaking, nor staying if spoken to; in order to signify how necessary it is to take time by the forelock, and seize the pleasures as they fleet.*

We have chosen, however, to imitate the Persian; and, although we do not roast whole camels, and by no means relish asses' flesh, it seems an odd thing that we have no other way of expressing our joy than by eating. It is, nevertheless, very certain, that mirth has some strong relation to food; for if at any time we would be cheerful, the first thing thought of is victuals; if a victory is to be celebrated, we again have recourse to eating; and in case we have the happiness to have a new king, or lord mayor, still we express it by a feast. Is the first stone to be laid for building a church, it would be contrary to the orthodox principles, if the ceremony was not wound up by a dinner. A man cannot be married till his friends have shown their congratulations by eating and drinking; and the first step that proclaims him a Christian would pass as incompleted, were it not to be sanctioned by a similar

* Herodot. Clio.

ceremony: nor can he rest safely in his grave till a requiem has been sung over it, and a dinner has been solemnized to his manes:—the two grandest epochs of mortality, his coming in and his going out of the world, being thus commemorated—eating and drinking is, without doubt, the most venerable and solemn of all earthly rejoicings, and Man is, therefore, pre-eminently a feastful animal. But he never eats for grief or sorrow. When either of these touches him, from almost a cannibal he becomes abstemious at once, and his feasting is fled with his mirth. Love, also, in spite of the old maxim, *Sine Cereri*, &c. is a great enemy to eating: and we may, therefore, see by this, that he is much more akin to grief than joy.

All our passions and affections may, in fact, be arranged in two classes; viz. those which are favourable to eating, and those which are not. Ambition is not, any more than envy, a great eater, although a vulgar desire to be talked of may have no great effect upon the capacity of the stomach. Your true poet never sits three hours at dinner; and although a very weighty reason has sometimes been given for this forbearance, I should think poetry is naturally abstemious. Content, self-satisfaction, vanity, and all the *accedents* of the mind that range naturally in this class, are given to voluptuousness and high feeding. And this brings me back to birth-days; for it is persons in whom the latter passions predominate who are most addicted to the celebration of these domestic festivals. People who are proud of their intellect keep it framed like a mirror, and suspend it high, that the breath of voluptuousness may not dim its brightness. Such persons are seldom what are termed *good company*, and are especially out at a convivial meeting or a feast; for this reason all *bons vivants* have a particular antipathy for them, and could hardly be persuaded to honour their birth-days by partaking of their *légumes* and cold water. I can understand this hatred: it is the natural repugnance of the feastful for the fasting principle.

As savages never know when they were born, the birth-day anniversary forms no festival of theirs. Indeed, were we to judge by the ancient Thracians, we might conclude that if they did distinguish the day, it would be rather by lamentations than mirth; for the howling of those ancient savages over the new-born infant, and joy over the dead, sufficiently indicated their opinion of human life.

Old maids never keep their birth-days; old men seldom; the custom is reserved for early and middle life. It might, however, be made a source of pleasure to all: for, although there is not in childhood much positive pleasure, there is a sweet consciousness of innocence, mingled with vivid hope and indescribable expectation, which makes the recollections of that period soothing and delightful; and by a little management these might be peculiarly enjoyed on the *dies natalis*. The man of the world might be put off with great advantage on such a day, while the mind reverted through the avenues of months and years, to that fresh and bright period of our lives, when we were all innocent if not happy. Many early friends, also, now become mere shadows stalking at wide intervals over the field of our memory, or still living, but estranged by the ways of the world, might on that day be called

up, in all the original beauty of their young habits, and make worshipful company for our imaginations.

For this purpose I love to spend my birth-day alone in the fields; for my imagination is as young as ever, and when no one of my own age is near, a living memento of the march of Time, I can fancy myself still a child, and gaze upon nature's beautiful clouds and landscapes, with the same intense rapture I used formerly to feel on the banks of Avon, the Ladon of my Arcadia. Every thing about us seems actually imperishable. The clouds and rivers know no birth-day, and seem lulled by the imperturbable consciousness of eternity. They have no identity but with the great whole, and are content to undergo everlasting mutations, returning perpetually to the spring from whence they came. But we, poor caitiffs! have our waxings and our wanings in a smaller circle. Considering the extent of his stores, we may indeed say, that Time has been a niggard to us. What are three or fourscore birth-days? An age in this world, like a day at the Museum, barely allows us to take a hasty glance at the curiosities, peeping now and then into the catalogue drawn up by a few hasty visitors like ourselves. Passing on with the shoals of spectators who float out incessantly, we go away at last with a confused, jarring, imperfect remembrance of what we have seen. Is this the way to acquire knowledge?

Short, however, as is the time of our stay in this world, and little as we gain by it, there are few who think or speak so harshly of their birth-days as Job: he wished it to be hidden in darkness, to be blotted out of the great register of time, to be loathed and abominated by man and woman. The most impatient of us all are more moderate: we only occasionally wish it blotted out from the memory of our friends, but are otherwise content that the sun should shine on that day as brightly as on any other. Those, it is true, who celebrate it according to the fashion, are little concerned to know whether the sun shines or not; their immediate business is with shining faces, well-covered tables, and sparkling goblets; and if these are present, care little about the predicament of the sun. But to me, and such as me, it is of much consequence that the day should be fine; for then, although it may be autumn, we rejoice like grasshoppers in spring, and eye the ragged coats and tarnished mitres of the flowers with as unspeakable a satisfaction, as if they still wore the gloss and splendour of summer.

May the reader, if life be pleasant to him, enjoy as many birth-day festivals as the Sage of Pylos! who, he will recollect, informs us in the Iliad, that for acquiring wisdom length of days is a main requisite.

F. A.

APOPHTHEGM.

What an odd world is this of ours! How full
Of paradox! So varied, that no two things,
Or persons, are alike; and yet so dull,
Men shoot themselves to make a change! and few things
Effect a greater than the ball which levels
The living with the dead—perchance the devils.

SUMMER EVENINGS.

No. II.

Accourez avec moi, vous, peintres, vous, poëtes;
Palès réclame ici vos luths et vos palettes;
Sçavants, abandonnez vos asyles secrets;
Vous, belles, vos réduits; et vous, grands, vos palais;
Venez tous avec moi sur ces monts de verdure
Rendre hommage au printemps, et bénir la Nature.

LEMIERE, *Les Fastes.*

THERE are some men, who permit certain passages of certain books to have curious influences on their future fortunes; and I am one of them. The subjoined passage, from an epistle of Bunnel of Thoulouse, for instance, so commanded my admiration, that, from the period of reading it, up to the time in which I became the father of a family, I never ceased to indulge the hope of putting his plan into practice.—"When my mind shall be restored to its former tranquillity, I will retire to some deep solitude; where with my books, and, perhaps, one friend, I will spend my years, and with a free uncontrolled mind, survey from the safe shore the tempests raging upon the ocean. Then I shall not envy monarchs their power and their pleasures; usurers their wealth; nor Montaur the glory of governing the state."*

Petrarch, too:—can any thing be more delightful to the imagination, than the subjoined passages from Petrarch's letters?—We almost seem to have Seneca and the younger Pliny before us.—I love, or I hate these passages the more, since to them I trace many of the events, and a great portion of that peculiar ambition, by which, from early life, I have felt myself to be actuated.—"These friends of mine regard the pleasures of the world as the supreme good; they do not comprehend that it is possible to renounce these pleasures. They are ignorant of my resources. I have friends whose society is delightful to me; they are persons of all countries and of all ages,—distinguished in war, in council, and in letters. Easy to live with, always at my command, they come at my call, and return when I desire them: they are never out of humour, and they answer all my questions with readiness. Some present in review before me the events of past ages; others reveal to me the secrets of Nature: these teach me how to live, and those how to die: these dispel my melancholy by their mirth, and amuse me by their sallies of wit; and some there are, who prepare my soul to suffer every thing, to desire nothing, and to become thoroughly acquainted with myself. In a word, they open a door to all the arts and sciences. As a reward of such services, they require only a corner of my little house, where they may be safely sheltered from the depredations of their enemies."

Men are known by their letters; and Petrarch was in the habit of recording his thoughts, feelings, and actions, so freely and so agreeably, that I know not in what manner an elegant reader may know him to the very bottom of his heart, better than by perusing them. As to his

* Recuperata animi Tranquillitate mihi, &c.—Ep. xlvi.

Latin works, Paul Cortese* seems to have thought, that a new edition of them would redound but little to the profit of the bookseller, or the amusement of the public; and yet I cannot but think, that his *De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*,—his *De Vera Sapientia*,—his *De Vita Solitaria*,—his *De Contemptu Mundi*,—his *De seis ipsius et multorum Ignorantia*, and especially his *Epistolæ Familiares*, are not only well worthy translation, but of a very frequent perusal.

Augustus had several moles on his body; among which were seven disposed after the manner of Ursa Major. Petrarch, in the same manner, had moles on his bosom, in no small degree resembling the eight principal stars of Orion; except that the peculiar one in the belt, which is immediately on the ecliptic, was in Petrarch larger, instead of being smaller than the rest. What the Prophets of those days said of these remarkable signs, I do not know; but they certainly never induced the poet to sing after the manner of a Spanish poet.

> In the green season of my flowering years,
> I liv'd, O Love! a captive in thy chains;
> Sang of delusive hopes and idle fears,
> And wept thy follies in my wisest strains.
> Sad sport of time!—when under thy controul,
> So wild was grown my wit;—so blind my soul.
>
> LOPE DE VEGA.—LORD HOLLAND.

No!—Petrarch was a lover to the last moment of his life.

Gabriel is supposed, according to the Gospel of Barnabas, to be occupied in revealing the secrets of God; Michael to engage his enemies; Raphael to receive the souls of the dying; and Uriel to call up every one before the Seat of Judgment. Petrarch seems to have thought, at various periods of life, that Laura was commissioned with all these offices: for sometimes she appeared to him in dreams; sometimes she screened him (at least in his imagination) from enemies; sometimes she seemed ready to receive his parting breath; and at other times to lead him to the Seat of Judgment, in order to plead his cause.

Petrarch was one of the earliest revivers of Letters; and one of the first who signalized any desire of procuring and preserving the celebrated remains of ancient authors. He delighted to wander among the ruins of that celebrated city, which, for so many centuries, had commanded the destinies of so many illustrious and barbarous nations. He lamented with his friend Poggio Bracciolini,† that, in his time, only six statues, five in marble and one in brass, remained in the palaces of Rome; and that in no quarter of Europe was the City, built for eternity, less known, than in that city itself.‡

Passionately attached to letters, he became the friend of many illustrious characters; and even Sovereigns delighted to know and to befriend him. He was, indeed, more extensively known, than any of the petty princes of his age. The Prince of Parma,§ the Princes of

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* De Hominibus doctis, p. 7. Ed. Flor. 1734.

† De Varietate Fortunæ, p. 20.

‡ Qui enim hodie ignari rerum Romanorum sunt, quàm Romani cives? Invitus dico, nusquam minus Roma cognoscitur quam Romæ. Epist. Fam. vi. Ep. 2.

§ Azzo di Corregio.

Milan,* and the Prince of Padua† were heard of scarcely fifty leagues from their own cities; but Petrarch was known every where. His youth was devoted to love; his age to ambition: and the poet of Vaucluse became an ambassador to the Princes of Italy, the Senate of Venice, the Pope, and the Emperor.

Centuries have now elapsed since this elegant man illumined the southern hemisphere of Europe, and his influence is still prevailing not only in those delightful regions, but in the less celebrated countries of the North. "His passions," as a judicious critic has justly observed, "were tinctured with a sense of religion, which induced him to worship all the glorious works of the Deity, with which the earth abounds; and he believed, that in the woman whom he loved, he saw the messenger of that heaven, which thus revealed to him its beauty. He enabled his contemporaries to estimate the full value of the purity of a passion, so modest and so religious as his own; while to his countrymen he gave a language worthy of rivalling those of Greece and Rome, with which, by his means, they had become familiar. Softening and ornamenting his own language by the expression of every feeling, he changed, in some degree, its essence. He inspired his age with that enthusiastic love for the beauty, and that veneration for the study of antiquity, which gave it a new character, and which determined that of succeeding times."

No one was ever more charmed with Petrarch than I was in early youth. I respected his genius; but it was his mode of life at Vaucluse, his hatred of Avignon, his disdain of the world, that captivated me so much.

My estimable friend Lorenzo, one day inquired of me, "Why do you exhaust yourself in gazing on the moon, and the planets; and meditating on the fame of Gassendi, Kepler, and Galileo? why do you not rather endeavour to ride in a chariot, as well as your acquaintances?"—"All rainbow!" returned I. "To be born only for this!—To rise up early in the morning; that I may eat; that I may drink; that I may sleep; that I may propagate my species, and die! It seems almost an insult to the human understanding. Much sooner would I lead the life of the hermit, and become a subject for some future Goldsmith.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.
But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip, with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring."

"All this is very well," returned Lorenzo, "but will it last? Philosophy is an excellent dessert: but it is only a dessert. We must not only eat; but we must drink. Depend upon it, my dear friend, if this humour is indulged, you will soon resemble the character so emphatically described by my learned friend Dr. Good; or those more general ones described by Esquirol in his masterly work on the Medi-

* Luchino, and Galeazzo Visconti.
† Francesco di Carrara.

cal Sciences."—"And what are these?" returned I with some degree of asperity. "Read, and, as the critical term is, judge for yourself." "I have at this moment under my care, says Dr. Good, a hypochondriac of about fifty years of age, who affords sufficient proof, that Moliere drew his Malade Imaginaire from nature, and hardly added an exaggerating touch. His profession is that of the law; his life has been uniformly regular, but far too sedentary and studious; without having any one clearly marked corporeal affection, he is constantly dreading every disease in the bills of mortality, and complaining, one after another, of every organ in his body; to each of which he points in succession as its seat; especially the head, the heart, and the testes. His imaginary symptoms, however, soon disappear, provided they are listened to with gravity, and pretended to be prescribed for, but not otherwise. Yet, in disappearing, they only yield to others, that can only be surmounted in like manner."

"Now that I have read your reference," said I, "I must take the liberty of assuring you, that you are yourself much more likely to become afflicted with a disorder of that kind, than I am. Because,"——"Because what?" inquired Lorenzo, with no small share of alarm. "Because, of all men living, those are most subject to phantasies of this kind, who never permit their imaginations to take root, till they are beyond the period of sixty-five. Now for the other picture you alluded to." "It is here.—Mons. Esquirol seems to have known something of those most addicted to the spleen. 'They dislike to move out, and love to loll on a sofa. They are irritated if you advise them to take exercise. They abandon their ordinary occupations; neglect their domestic concerns; become indifferent to their nearest connexions: in short, they will neither converse, nor study, nor read, nor write, shunning society, and being impatient of the inquiries or importunities of friends.'" "Monstrous!—No! when I become weary of my friends, they must have long ceased to be friends. I agree with you, that I am sometimes, in no small degree, disgusted with the world. But I can never be so far alien to the common feelings of human nature, as not to respect a good man, and to admire a wise one." I closed this with a bow; upon which Lorenzo stretched out his hand; and we walked arm and arm into the garden.

The moon was at the full, gilding the hemisphere; and as soon as my friend beheld it through the trees, he burst into an exclamation, that reminded me of a beautiful passage in Scott's Lord of the Isles. and I desired him to repeat it.

"It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
DEMAYET smiled beneath her ray;
Old STIRLING'S towers arose in light,
And twin'd in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah, gentle Planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And many a wounded wretch shall plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain."

"Ah, now," said I, "you have changed character all of a sudden. Not ten minutes since, you were inquiring, why I loved to look upon the planets; and now you are delighting me with a quotation, which, if you had not previously been charmed with it, you could not have repeated so immediately at my request."

"It is true," said he, "I have in this acted the hypocrite. I have been long weary of the world, since I find it so full of vapour, vituperation, and vulgarity: and I have detected myself, not very unseldom, delighting my imagination with a passage from an agreeable French poet.

Désert, aimable solitude,
Sejour du calme et de la paix,
Asyle où n'entrèment jamais
Le tumulte et l'inquietude.

CHAULIEU.

"There is no such place in the world," said I, "at least none in Europe, Africa, or Asia: what America may produce, I cannot presume to say. There is solitude, but no permanent repose for any one: Men's own passions will never let them rest. Montaigne relates, that when he retired to his own house to enjoy the remainder of his life in privacy and repose, he fancied he could not do better than leave his mind at full liberty to follow its own direction. But no sooner had he done this, according to his own account, than, like a horse broke loose, which runs faster than his master desires him to go, he found his mind giving birth to so many chimeras and fantastic monsters, that at length he began to make a catalogue of them, in the hope that by such means, he might get rid of their absurdity. No! my friend, there is solitude for every one who chooses to enter the portico of her temple; but as to repose—there is no permanent repose for any one, on this side the grave.

A nutshell is a gilded barge;
A humble cot, a palace large:
Where youth seems age; and age seems youth;
All is delusion! nought is truth."

A few words more, in respect to my favourite Petrarch.—How much was I charmed with that elegant and accomplished poet, and his three friends, Socrates, Lelius, and the Bishop of Lombes. With what rapture did I, in imagination, climb the rocks, and behold the fountain of Vaucluse below; the Mediterranean in the distance; and among the shrubs surrounding his cottage, the faithful old fisherman and his bronzed wife. I was present, as it were, at the moment in which he first saw Laura step out of the church at the monastery of St. Claire. I went with him through Languedoc to Lombes; and, in company with his friend, the Bishop, beheld the Pyrenees rising over that little town. I travelled with him, also, through France; sympathized with him at Liege, when he could scarcely find ink enough to copy two of Cicero's Orations; and beheld the women of the Rhine washing their arms in the river, in order to drive away their sins and anxieties. I sympathized with him in all his wanderings, disappointments, pleasures, and prospects. Enchanted with his genius, and the elegance of his taste; his scorn of wealth; his neglect of promotion; his admiration of the

Rhone, the Mincio, and the Apennines; his dislike of trusting himself to the sea; and his hatred of Avignon.—I even partook of his admiration of Rienzi! Then I followed him in his introduction to the various Italian courts; felt the earthquake as he sat in his library in the city of Verona; beheld his visions, his dreams, and the death of Laura. Then commenced a new era in his existence:—his admiration of Virgil and Cicero; his reception at Naples; his friendship with the king; and his coronation in the capitol of Rome. Then followed the loss of his friends, and the plague; at which visitation I was in great agitation, lest he should die.

When I had mixed, however, more largely in the world, and found care and ambition surround me on every side, I felt no small resentment towards Plato, Cicero, Petrarch, Fenelon, and other eminent writers; because their works had seduced me, through the medium of their sentiments, and led me through the mazes of vicissitude almost to the brink of destruction. This resentment lasted some time. Being, however, at a small inn among the wilds of Merioneth, an odd volume of Petrarch's Life lay in the window, and, opening it at a passage which described his dialogue with St. Augustine,* I came back, like the prodigal son, with shame and repentance.

In the former number of SUMMER EVENINGS, I alluded to a Temple, to which the late Sir GREY COOPER used frequently to retire. Upon passing through the village, three or four years since, I was anxious to pay a visit to this Temple; but was chagrined to find that it had been removed; most of the trees cut down; the water sullied; and in part filled up; and the whole presenting a comparatively wretched appearance! I was, however, in part recompensed, by perusing an ODE, written by the same elegant hand, that traced one of the Odes to the NYMPH of the FOUNTAIN of TEARS.† It is, assuredly, a fine and truly classical production.

ODE.

(By the late Sir Grey Cooper, Bart.)

[The subject of the first part of the following lines, is taken from an unfinished Latin Poem, written by Mr. Gray: "De principiis cogitandi."]

——— Propter Amorem
Quod te imitari Aveo.

SAGE Locke! thy spirit I invoke,
Deep searcher of the human mind;
The last best oracle, that spoke
Reason and Truth to all mankind:
Teach me to understand thy laws,
Which form and keep in just controul,
(Directed by the Great First Cause,)
The body's union with the soul.

Through Nature's complicated frame,
Tell how the thrilling Nerves convey

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* See Life of Petrarch, I. 316. † See MAGNET, No. XXII. p. 21.

Perception's animating flame,
To light the tenement of clay;*
How the five Ministers of Sense,
With power distinct, and separate train,
Approach the mind's high residence,
Within the fortress of the brain.
How, when the least alarm they feel,
Quick notice passes to the throne;
How to the Judgment they appeal,†
Each by an influence of his own.

The TOUCH, all tremblingly awake,
Pervades and agitates the whole;
The EAR sends eloquence to shake,
And harmony to sooth, the soul.
VISION, great commanding power,
Beauty presents, and grace displays:
SMELL incense draws from every flower;
TASTE its delicious homage pays.

As from far distant mountains' sides
Rivers descend; and through the plain
Winding their way, with different tides
All rush into the mighty main:
The once obsequious, courtly Seine,
Mournful and sullen, passes by
The walls, where wildest factions reign,
And hold their powers by anarchy.
The Vistula indignant runs;
Her foaming cataracts, as they fall,
Deplore the fate of Poland's sons,‡
And loud on Heaven for Justice call.
From regions near the rising day,
Ganges, no longer Indian, rolls;§
Proud of Cornwallis,‖ and the sway
Of British laws and British souls.
Thames, rising from the purest spring,
To rule the commerce of the sea,
Views, as he flows, a patriot King,
A happy realm, a people free.
The Sovereign, who the trident bears,
Receives them all with gracious mien,
Each tribute takes, each murmur hears,
Reclined in majesty serene.

So the Ideas, from their source,
By different ways and channels, find
The destined object of their course—
THE GREAT SENSORIUM OF THE MIND.

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* "—— O'er-informed the tenement of clay."
Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel.

† The Senses, improvable by the Judgment.

‡ Alluding to the last division of Poland.

§ Where Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Proud of Italian arts, Italian souls.
Dunciad. Book 4.

‖ Lord Cornwallis was, at the time this Ode was written, Governor-General of India.

THE AUTHOR.

You have heard me speak of Will Gradus? Poor Will! I loved him! for he was the companion of my youth: his eccentricity was amply compensated by the real goodness of his heart; and I estimated his virtues the more, because they were little noticed by the world. Alas, we die in our friends and associates long before we ourselves sleep in the dust.* I have this morning followed to the grave the remains of my old playmate: it is an obscure grave, and few will weep over it, for he died unregretted, as he lived unknown. Yet he was no common man, and under more fortunate circumstances he might have been the benefactor of his species.

We met a few months since, (and it was for the last time in this world,) to talk, as was our wont, of "auld lang syne." It was a melancholy meeting; for the disease of which he died, consumption, had already marked him for its victim: there was a hectic tinge on his pale cheek, and his always bright eye had acquired a morbid brilliancy which too clearly foreboded his approaching fate. I pressed his hand warmly as we met; he returned the pressure in silence. "Will," said I, "have you forgot the mad freaks of our boyhood?" "How should I forget them," was his reply, "when I have so little else to remember that is agreeable?"

"You cannot want pleasing subjects for reflection, since your life has been as innocent as an infant's dream."

"If it has been void of positive guilt, it has been barren in virtue; my days have passed away like shadows, and have left no trace behind them. My comfort is, that this vapid existence will soon be over; I shall at least be spared the misery of groaning under the burden of life, to a comfortless, unhonoured old age."

"Pr'ythee now, Will, be cheerful; it is not so long since you were all frolic and gaiety."

"You say true, but then I was all hope; and when that fairy of the heart smiles upon us, the wilderness of the world becomes an Eden. When I was a lad, you knew me at school, but not at home, nor were you acquainted with the visions which then haunted me. Of my mere childhood I recollect nothing so vividly, as the unwearying kindness of my dear mother, and the playful love of my two elder sisters. My mother—may God bless her, and smooth the pillow of her gray hairs!—was, perhaps, too indulgent: I was a spoiled child, but I loved her almost to adoration; and when she kissed me to repose at night, it seemed as if an angel watched over my slumbers! My sisters they were my inseparable companions; we played, laughed, wept together. They made my childish wants and wishes their own; and our hearts seemed united by a chain of sympathy, which nothing could break.—But what are these domestic details to you?"

"Oh, much; I enter fully into your feelings."

"So soon as I could read, books became my passion. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Hervey's Meditations, I remember, wrought

* Whom the Gods love die young, was said of yore;
And *many deaths* do they escape by this,—
The death of friends.———— BYRON.

powerfully on my imagination. When I was about eight years old, a volume of Shakspeare fell into my hands. I read it with avidity: I was Hamlet, Othello, Romeo, in my dreams; and from that moment I felt that I must be a poet. Even at this early period I blotted many a sheet of paper with my crude thoughts; and, as years rolled on, I fancied, in the folly of my heart, that I was destined to achieve great things."

"Why, man, and so you may; you have yet a long race of honour to run."

"It is kindly said, but you do not think so; I am drawing nigh to the goal of all my hopes and fears. In my twelfth year I left the paternal roof, to pursue a bustling and uncongenial occupation. The ruling passion, however, continued strong. I had access to a tolerably good library; and opening Pope's Homer by chance, it immediately engrossed all my leisure. I used to declaim from it with eager delight; and the character of Hector affected me so much, that I was at the pains of slaying him again in a Tragedy, which filled a whole quire of outside demy. I now grew of consequence, in my own esteem: I was an author, and plenteous was my harvest of visionary laurels. My anxiety to appear in print became quite unappeasable—it was the fever of my soul; for, why, I thought, should such genius be concealed? I had written some bombastical lines in praise of Shakspeare; I thought them sublime, and copying them as legibly as possible, dropped them with a trembling hand into the receiving box of a Magazine. Judge with what impatience I waited for the first of the next month: it came at last;—I was at the publisher's door before his shop was open; but oh, in what words can I describe my delight, when I found that W.'s poem was really in print! I seemed to move on air—This was the earnest of future renown; nothing could be too arduous for me—eternity appeared within my grasp. My mother, too, in her kind simplicity, praised and blessed me, while my sisters shed tears, and rejoiced over their aspiring brother! My life has not been happy, but I would live it over again, were it possible to enjoy the rapture of that moment once more."

"I can easily appreciate your feelings; the first triumphs of our youth are too exquisitely delightful ever to be forgotten."

"My fate was decided, I became a confirmed scribbler. Many an editor did I pester with anonymous communications; many a theatrical manager did I persecute with bulky manuscripts: and when my applications were attended with slight or rejection, I retired within the fortress of self-conceit, and solaced myself in the consciousness of my own merit. I wrote something daily, and the labours of the week were well paid even in my opinion, with the pleasure they procured me on the Sunday. I used then to return home laden with my literary lumber, and never failed to find applauding auditors in the family circle. They were tender critics, you may be sure; and what can be dearer than the approbation of those we love? My sisters—with untiring patience, with smiles of encouragement and affection, would those dear beings listen to my idle rhymes; and when I ceased to read, thank me in tones of tenderness and sincerity which made all other praise worthless. I shall hear such applause no more. One of them, the eldest,

who loved me as never sister loved brother, has been called from this world of sin and sorrow before me. Thank God! she is spared the knowledge of my present afflictions; and yet, if disembodied souls can revisit the earth, I am confident that her gentle spirit still hovers around me, suffers with me, or is soothed by the joyful anticipation of our eternal re-union."

"Nay, but my friend, this is too painful a subject: pursue your narrative, you have yet much to tell me."

"Of what should I speak? my history is told in one word—disappointment. Sometimes, indeed, the golden fruit of hope seemed within my grasp; but like the dead sea apples, however beautiful to the eye, it has turned to ashes on my lips. I am worn out with wishing. Fame has lost its value; for they are gone to whose ears it would have been pleasing."

Here our conversation ended. I would have talked on ordinary topics, but I saw it would be cruelty, and with a hurried but earnest "farewell," we parted for ever. From this moment poor Will's disorder grew rapidly worse: the mind began to sink with the body; his books were neglected, even his pen was relinquished. He took the medicines prescribed for him with the docility of a child; but it was merely to satisfy others! He never complained: the present was annihilated to him; for if he ever spoke, it was of the past, of the changed, or of the dead. This could not last long: he expired as peacefully as a babe sinks to slumber on the maternal bosom; and I have performed the last duty of a friend, at the grave of my old school-fellow, Will Gradus.

H.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

THE folded flowers in shade are sleeping;
The trees are over them sighing and weeping:
Slowly the curtain of night descends,
And another day's pageant ends.

Twilight is hov'ring o'er yon round hill,
It lingers, and lingers, and lingers still,
Like an eye that is fondly gazing its fill
At some face beloved in death.
The light may linger, but earth 's still dark;
And the eye may beam, but it kindles no spark
In that which lies quench'd beneath.

I know of few cheeks unblanch'd by sorrow,
Few lids that have oped not on some black morrow,
Few brows but some evil has dimm'd their shine,
Few ties but misfortune has rent their twine,—
And among those are not mine.

Then if Day, whose silvery train I see
Sweeping after her fast as fast may be,
Should return in her smiles, and not to me,
Why should my soul complain?
Laugh long as we may, there will come a tear;
For each joy earth cradles there waits a bier;
And from all we meet in our wanderings here
We must part, and quickly, again.

A COMBINATION OF DISJOINTED THINGS.

THE fetters which a tyrant throws over his subjects will generally bind them together; and a people united among themselves, are not easily estranged from their government, however despotic. An officer, conducting his prisoners through the street, requires no other chain to prevent their escaping, than that which links them to each other.

The prospect of death can to no one be more dreadful than to him whose last hour is determined by an equitable sentence of the law. For, in addition to that natural horror of dissolution which embitters the dying moments of all erring mortals, the condemned malefactor has to languish in a gloom of despair more hopeless and unbroken than even the extremity of disease can produce; for *that*, however certain its effects, cannot fix the precise period of their occurrence, and may, in some measure, alleviate the sufferings of the mind, by diverting it to those of the body.

The present is the keystone of an arch formed by the past and future.

The most lively of our thoughts have no relation to any words: at certain times, we think as if there were no such thing as language.

A generous man will, in his treatment of an enemy, resemble the sun, which pours light all around it,—even upon the clouds that strive to dim its lustre.

Thoughts are in the brain like flowers in their native soil, not, on paper, like exotics in a green-house,—probably maintaining a hothouse existence, but oftener killed by the transplanting.

Let the body have nothing to wish for, and the mind will be all you can desire.

How unjust is it, that fame is ever louder in the praise of those who recount or imagine great actions, than of those who perform them! Witness the comparative reputation of the hero and of the poet.

When the spirits run high, a very slight emotion will make them overflow into poetry.

An actor who has long been overcome by timidity, will not find it easy to relinquish that neutrality of tone which was the result of so heterogeneous a combination as that of histrionic spirit with bewildered bashfulness.

The assertion that love is but an intensity of friendship, reminds one of the Irishman who, being charged with the theft of a *gun*, declared it had been his *ever since it was a pistol.*

Beware of confiding in distant prospects of happiness, lest they be suddenly intercepted by the most trivial present vexation. A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest on the far horizon.

The meaning which is commonly attached to the epithet *cherub-faced*, is rather inconsistent with the distinguishing attribute of the cherubic host. Wisdom is their peculiar characteristic, and is, of course, most likely to form the prevailing expression of their countenances; but our compound, *cherub-faced*, is nearly synonymous with *chubby*, meaning *round*, *healthy*, *frank*, and *good-natured.*

Time, as he runs his annual course, like a high-mettled racer, never stops at the winning-post.

Pain soonest vanishes, when participated:—Water, which when confined in one reservoir, will continue a long time without evaporating, soon dries up on being dispersed.

There can be no sensation without impression; no impression without motion; and no motion without decomposition. Decomposition is all that can be done towards annihilation.

To perpetuate by meditation the remembrance of woe, is to embalm a viper that has stung you.

Time, like a tread-mill, goes the quickest,
With those whose toil is laid on thickest.

For a woman to strike a man is even more cowardly than for a man to strike a woman; since, in the latter case all possible resistance, however weak it may be, is expected; but in the *former*, the aggressor takes advantage of the probable forbearance of him who receives the blow.

It is not difficult to content one's self with solitude, when it is known, that society may be had, if wished for.

Hardly any thing is more necessary to a poet than a thorough knowledge of his native vocabulary; for, however lucid may be his primitive ideas, yet the inversion of phrase, to which any but a perfect master of language must resort, will infallibly give them an air of obscurity and affectation, if not of absolute dulness.

Not every fog is prejudicial to health; for the city of Xalappa, though situated on a mountain declivity at a height at which the clouds there generally rest, and hence, enveloped in almost perpetual mist, is (if the *Quarterly Review*, No. 59, may be credited) the place to which the wealthier citizens of Vera Cruz resort, to escape the pestiferous climate of that port, or to recover from diseases contracted in it.

A man's honesty is the only commodity whose true value is exactly the price at which the owner rates it.

The elevation of a mind in its maturity is valuable, most especially from the discriminative retrospect it commands over the fairy scenes of childhood.

Throughout the intricacies of logical deduction, the meaning of an author must be closely and constantly followed; for, if once out of sight, it is lost irrecoverably.

The possession of superior talent creates more wishes than it gratifies.

Unnatural customs are to be eradicated only by artificial means. What has once been thrown out of the straight-forward track, requires an oblique impulse to replace it there.

It seems to be the opinion of those who are eternally plying their children with songs and affected tones of endearment, that life is, from its commencement, a burden, to lighten the weight of which, there is needed some amusement. Whereas, on the contrary, the very sense of existing, before its novelty has worn off, is a pleasure not often, indeed, surpassed by the factitious enjoyments of riper years. To accustom a child to receive attentions and indulgences from all who approach it, is to deprive it of any confidence in its own resources, and, consequently, to lessen them,—it might almost be said, to prevent its ever possessing such.

The sensations of joy felt on approaching the home of a beloved one, are like the twilight of morning before the sun has become visible.

He who would write a poem, must read the poetry of others; but, if his aim is originality, he ought, after reading any work, to let a considerable time elapse without his ever putting pen to paper; for, otherwise, he is in imminent danger of being led, though imperceptibly, into close imitation. The general style and effect of a piece are much longer remembered than its particular sentiments, images, and phrases; and these last must be forgot-

ten ere the mind which has been imbued with them, can, without risk of plagiarism, be trusted to compose: but the *first* may safely be adopted; as they, however peculiar, determine but the *order* of the structure, and leave ample scope for invention in the minor particulars. The ideas acquired by reading form the sustenance of the mind; and they are like the food of the body, unserviceable or injurious, until thoroughly digested, or decomposed and neutralised.

' Early joys are most perfectly borne in mind, when the interval succeeding them has been cheerless; as a distant prospect meets the eye most distinctly when not a tree shoots up between.

A consonant itself is not a sound; but an obstruction of the sound of a vowel.

It is astonishing that Sturm, who wrote long after the discovery of our earth's central attraction, could so waste his time as to compose an essay on the laws of *inertia*,—a principle which is nothing but one of the obvious consequences of gravitation.

It is a grovelling taste to delight in distinguishing great characters by their faults alone,—in tracing an eagle's flight by its earthly shadow!

It has often been wondered that to read with proper emphasis is so difficult, as almost every one has found it, unless after long and attentive practice. The truth is, that the moment we take up a book, we endeavour to partake of ideas which have not, in the regular course of conception, been excited in us by any predisposing circumstances. The struggle thus produced between such thoughts as already have taken their place in the mind, and such as the author under perusal is thrusting forward for admittance, makes it long before the latter can attain (if ever) that ascendency requisite for bringing the tone of voice under their control.

The most elegant species of metaphor, is that of which the author seems hardly to be conscious; and which often consists of merely an epithet applied to one word, and alluding to another.

It is not alone by the object of his affections that a lover is enslaved; it is in a great measure, by the refinement of his own heart; by that alchemy of the imagination which transmutes a frail mortal to a faultless deity, and which raises the value of one kind look, above all the wealth and honours of the world.

REDUPLICATION.

Twice twice twice twice
Twice twice twice two,
Are more years than would suffice
For both the lives of me and you.

Every thing, whether physical or metaphysical, has a tendency to return to its primitive state of being, and again to quit it for some other kind of existence;—thus maintaining a perpetual undulation. When this fact is demonstrated, it will afford a most convincing proof of the inefficiency of human endeavours, and of the moral impossibility of attaining perfection by improvement, or discovering truth by argument. All things are subject to an ebb and flow, without ultimately having changed their first position; and thus, like the pendulum in a clock-case, this world, with whatsoever in it is, appears to be restricted by certain limits between which it continually vacillates, though perhaps without once exactly reaching the utmost scope afforded it. The whole system of nature and art, or, in brief, the whole order of things existent, has, as it were, a rotary motion on a fixed axis, that leaves nothing at rest, yet advances nothing. The web is woven by day, and unravelled at night. The simplest example is often the best cal-

culated to illustrate the profoundest of hypotheses. The central attraction cannot be more aptly exemplified than in the fall of an apple. So, probably the unaltering alterations (if so seemingly paradoxical an expression be allowable) of terrestrial things, can hardly be better instanced than in the following every-day case. A thief inexperienced in crime will carelessly remain where his depredations are committed. When wiser, he will fly to elude discovery; but when still more habituated to his calling, he will continue in the neighbourhood he has infested; for the likelihood is that no one will suspect him for such apparent rashness as to trust himself in a place which *common* discretion would induce him to avoid. Every one who reads this, will be able to add some fresh example.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

DWINDLING away is my little life;
  Departing and leaving no track behind:
Wasting itself with an inward strife—
  The strife of passion with mind.
My love was in blossom betimes, and fell
  As soon, for its budding was far too early;
It dropt like false fruit under the swell
  Of a May wind, cold and surly.

Some that were cross'd in love have found
  In the lute a relief from their silent pain;
But my rude harpstring has only bound
  My soul with a heavier chain.
I see the path unto Pindus' top,
  And I feel how vain is my toil to gain it,
I know the race idle, yet do not stop;
  For the prize—I cannot disdain it.

My brain may be wrought of a texture fine,
  But its threads are the quicklier soil'd and broken:
When brightest it fades; like a rich gold mine,
  That fails without any token.
My friends are cold; for they know my heart
  Was warmer than theirs could ever be,
And they would not brook to sustain a part
  Inferior in aught to me.

And thus I am left without one kind eye
  To smile on me living, or weep o'er me dead;
From the path of my wand'ring all pleasures fly,
  And all peace from my lonely bed.
The praises which often are deem'd more precious
  Than those from *within*, I have seldom known;
And *these*,—which are ever the most delicious,—
  Still less have been my own.

Some unkind power of the world above,
  Denies me the joy that might here be given:
Some cloud, which haply despair first wove,
  O'ershadows my view of Heaven.
What can he do that is thus forlorn;
  Whose breast is a tomb, and his life mere breath;
Who is tired of night and yet loathes the morn;
  And who looks for no dawn upon death?

JOURNAL OF A RASH ACT, COMMITTED BY A SINCERE PENITENT.

[N.B. The following Journal of a Honeymoon was written by an old gentleman, named Samuel Snacks, in the moments of tribulation which it so affectingly describes. He married (as it would seem) for love, and, for the first week, appears to have had a surfeit of that exemplary ingredient. Since that time, however, he has separated from his wife (a young thoughtless girl), and now lives, sensible and solitary, on the Continent. He sent the following Journal, or Jeremiad, to a mutual friend, with a request that it might be published, as a warning to the world.]

Monday, April 1st.—All Fool's Day. Quite otherwise with me, who, on this auspicious day, have done the only wise thing I ever yet did, viz.—taken unto myself a wife. After the ceremony, the happy couple (Mrs. Snacks and myself) set off in a chaise and four for Ramsgate. Journey throughout delightful; but how, indeed, could it be otherwise? Thought I never saw Amanda look so divine: Canova's Venus seems modelled from her; the same deep languishing eye, the same clustering ringlets, the same snowy voluptuous bosom, the same chastened exuberance of form, the same—Oh! what a lucky dog I am.

Tuesday, 2d.—Evening.—Overwhelmed by the tumultuous giddiness of my thoughts. Felt quite young again, (by the bye, I am only forty-nine, after all,) and indited the following letter to my friend Tomkins, of the Temple:—"Dear Tom,—Burn your books and marry. Marry immediately, my old boy; nothing like matrimony; it is Paradise itself, pure, genuine, and unsophisticated.——" Read my note to Amanda; imprinted on her soft cheek a husband's tenderest kiss, and sat down to a hot supper.

Wednesday, 3d.—Indulged in a pensive stroll along the sea-shore, filled with connubial ecstacy. Thought of Thomson's exquisite lines on domestic bliss—"Oh happy they," &c. N.B. I need scarcely add, that Amanda accompanied me in this ramble, with her ringlets waving like gossamer to the wind, and a smile of the most bewitching softness illumining her celestial countenance. Enchanting girl! she wants nothing of an angel but the wings.

Thursday, 4th.—How genuine, how lasting are the delights of domestic life! Study has its peculiar advantages; but, compared with the impassioned ecstacies of Hymen, it is nothing—absolutely nothing. Middleton and Milton, I remember, both speak with enthusiam of "wedded love;" Gibbon frequently alludes to it, as "the most tender of human connexions;" Johnson says, that "there is no happiness without it;" and, indeed, all authors who are good for any thing are loud in its praise. By the Roman law, however, a wife was expressly called "a thing"—a part of the domestic furniture, which might be sold at the caprice of her husband; so that, on making a catalogue of his goods, he might thus enumerate them:—Lot 1. Four sophas, two tables, three pillow-cases, one wash-tub, a wife, and a bed candlestick. Only conceive! a wife—my Amanda, for instance—placed side-by-side with a wash-tub!

Friday, 5th.—Of all jokes, the most absurd are those launched against women, and wives in particular. For this reason, I am resolved, should my darling Amanda ever bless me with children, to prevent them learning the Eton Latin Grammar, from its observing, in one of the rules of syntax, that "the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine," &c. Monstrous violation, both of grammar and gratitude!

Saturday, 6th.—There is nothing in nature so engaging as a sprightly disposition. My adorable Amanda is precisely of this stamp, and mimics my oddities (so she calls them) with the prettiest sportiveness in the world. I have already, at her request, doffed my old black coat with the broad flaps,—discarded my brown gaiters, and mounted Wellington boots instead. I would even order the clocks to be taken out of my pearl-coloured cotton stockings, to oblige her.

Sunday, 7th.—Read "Pleasures of Hope," and doubled down the page that describes the miseries of a bachelor. Man, indeed, is by nature sociable; he droops in solitude, and needs some fond support on which he may lean in his old—I mean, in his riper age. Woman—lovely woman is this prop. When cares oppress him, her smiles lighten the load; when fortune——but, heavens and earth! I hear the sweet voice of Amanda on the stairs. Beloved girl! I fly on the wings of Hymen to meet thee.

Monday, 8th.—Walked with my own—yes, my own celestial Amanda, along the sea-shore. Promised, at the dear girl's request, to take her to Margate, in a few days. N.B. It is impossible to deny her any thing. Returned home, at 10 o'clock, to supper. Opened our cottage window, which looks out on the sea, and watched the different vessels, tipped with moonlight, and gliding like light shadows along the water. Made a remark to Amanda upon the charming power of sentiment. She said "yes;" and asked me, in reply, which was the most sentimental book, "Peter Pindar's Works" or Colman's "Broad Grins." Good Lord! how tastes differ.

Tuesday, 9th.—Rose at 11 o'clock, and dressed myself, for the first time, in a bran new suit, which, at my dear wife's request, has been built after the latest fashion. Showed myself in conscious pride to her at breakfast; but, instead of the approbation I expected, she burst out laughing in my face. Charming little gipsey! I love to see her happy, but there was no reason to laugh so, for all that.

Wednesday, 10th.—Took a walk to Shoreham. Amanda unable to accompany me, by virtue of a severe head-ache. *Mem.* To ask Dr. Myrrha whether head-aches are dangerous. Went by way of the sands, and met, on my return, an old college acquaintance, Jem Baggs. Thought he looked inconceivably wretched, but no wonder, he is a bachelor. Condoled with me on my marriage, an exceedingly rude thing, and what makes it worse, utterly false.

Thursday, 11th.—Remained at home with Amanda the whole day. Read to her parts of an epic poem, upon love, in which I compared her (my heroine) to a beautiful young Phœnix. Finished reading the first book, and turned round to her for her opinion: she was fast asleep; but no wonder, yesterday's head-ache has been too much for her; she is naturally delicate.

Friday, 12th.—Dull rainy day. Jem Baggs called, and invited him-

self to dine with me. Afflicted as usual with the blue devils of a bachelor, and waxed pathetic over his port wine. Told us, among other minutiæ, of his having formed an unfortunate attachment in his youth. Drank a bumper in joy (as he called it, with a sigh) of his escape, and requested me to lend him some lively book, to restore his spirits. Recommended "Rejected Addresses," at which I thought Amanda would have died with laughing.

Saturday, 13*th*.—Rain, incessant rain. Walked up and down the room, twirling my watch-chain for exercise. Made some alterations in my epic upon love, and thought of my snug little study in Lincoln's-inn. Proposed, by way of amusement, that Amanda and myself should read together Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis;" she to enact Venus, and I Adonis. Declined, on plea of severe head-ache. *Quære*. Are head-aches catching? Fancy I have got one myself.

Sunday, 14*th*.—Continued rain. What a bore is a wet Sunday in the country. Amanda, by the bye, said pleasantly enough, that wet weather was at least characteristic in a watering-place. Attended morning church, and inquired of a fat clerk, whether there was any evening service. Had luncheon, by way of amusement. Looked out of window, and busied myself in counting the eaves-drops. Amanda up stairs, arranging her dress for to-morrow. Thought of my books in Lincoln's-inn. Untied my shoe-strings, in order to tie them up again. *Mem*. It seems a long while to dinner; my watch must surely be wrong.

Monday, 15*th*.—Drove over to Margate. Amanda dressed in the extreme of fashion, and full, as usual, of vivacity. Walked together on the Steyne. Met one Captain Dermot O'Doherty, of Ballyshannon, a former suitor of my wife, (till he found that she had nothing,) and an Irishman. Formally introduced to him, and shaken on the spot by a hand as hard as a deal board. *Mem*. Amanda seems much taken with him; but this of course, for the fellow is full of cravat and compliment, and stands six feet high, by about three broad. Can't say I think much of him.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—Received a visit from the long Irishman. Offered Amanda and myself tickets for the Margate assembly. Kicked her, under the table, as a hint to decline them. No use, one might as well kick a post. Fellow staid a full hour, during which Mrs. Samuel Snacks never ceased talking. Very strange she can't talk as much with me.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—Had a tiff with Mrs. Samuel Snacks, about the long Irishman. In return, she called me jealous; shows how little she knows of human nature. How can I be jealous of such a damned uncouth, rawboned, disjointed jack-a-napes? Called him so before her face, and got nick-named an "old frump" in return. *Mem*. That's all one gets for one's good nature. "Old frump," indeed! think of that now. I should not mind her calling me a "frump," but old—besides, 'tis no such thing, I shall not be fifty till Michaelmas-day. Went to bed in a rage, and dreamed of the long Irishman.

Thursday, 18*th*.—Walked out before breakfast, and met the long Irishman. I detest swearing, but, damn him, what does he mean by it? Returned home exceedingly kippish. Dined at three o'clock, and

helped twice to cheese, by way of something to do. Went half-price to the theatre, and encored the passage—"What lost Mark Antony the world? a woman!" Nudged Mrs. Samuel Snacks, and whispered in her ear, that even a woman was better than a wife—Or a husband either, said she.—One never knows the value of an object until it be lost, said I;—Then, I hope you will soon give me an opportunity of knowing yours, said she. *Mem.* That's what I call gratitude!

Friday, 19th.—Received three letters of congratulation on my marriage. Fancy they were meant as sneers, and wrote, in reply, that I was as well as could be expected. Lounged at the Library, and met, on my return, the long Irishman in earnest conversation with my wife. How could Mrs. Samuel Snacks imagine that it was possible to be jealous of such a wretch? Had a quarrel with her about him, (not that I think him worth quarrelling about,) and rushed in a rage to the theatre. *Mem.* I forgot to mention that Mrs. Samuel Snacks went with me.

Saturday, 20th.—Another quarrel, as usual. Astonishing Mrs. Samuel Snacks can't keep her temper. Threatened to fling the blue sugar-basin at my head. What a vixen;—but it's no use, I see clearly how it is; I'm a wretch for life. Received, in this alarming state, a letter of condolence from Tomkins. Replied, by return, as follows:—"Dear Tom,—If you have not already done a marriage, avoid it like the Devil: hanging is a mere joke to it." Put my note in the post, and went to bed literally distracted. *Mem.* The cursed sea makes such a row under one's windows, there's no sleeping for it.

Sunday, 28th.—Went to church, by way of penance. Returned home, filled (thank God) with Christian meekness, and met the long Irishman chatting, as usual, with Mrs. Samuel Snacks. Cursed like a coal-heaver, and told her to pack up, as I intended to pack off for London. Quite sick of Ramsgate, of myself, and even of life. *Quære.* Is there no gentleman who would be good enough to blow out another unhappy gentleman's brains? Received two more letters of congratulation on my marriage, and had serious thoughts of sending a challenge in reply. Walked along the sea-shore, and saw a man who looked as miserable as myself. Concluded that he was just married.

N.B. Is it not a shocking thing, that a gentleman of my years should be thus tortured? But I'll not stand it; damme, I'll run off to the Continent—shoot—drown—poison, or hang myself in my garters, as an awful warning to bachelors. Said so to Mrs. Samuel Snacks, and was thanked in reply, for my kind intentions. What a brute! but the Eton Latin Grammar is right, after all,—and thus ends the Honeymoon of that superlative wretch,

SAMUEL SNACKS.

WRITTEN UNDER AN EPITAPH IN D—D CHURCH.

GOOD reader, in spite of this lying,
The man, whether living or dying,
Show'd no single feature of heart or of mind,
That could make his departure a loss to mankind,
Or could lessen the chance of his frying.

AMUSEMENTS IN WINTER AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF WALES.

No. II.

THE INTERPRETER OF DREAMS.

CARDANUS declared, that he learnt the Latin language in a dream! Dogs, cats, pigs, hens and horses, are well known to dream. In reference to this circumstance, LUCRETIUS—

> Quippe videbis equos fortes, cum membra jacebunt
> In somnis, sudâre tamen, spirareque sæpe,
> Et quasi de Palma summas contendere vires.—Lib. iv.

I once met an INTERPRETER of DREAMS—all of which

> ——— without a gloss or comment,
> He could unriddle in a moment.—*Butler.*

He had published a Treatise on the subject; and to judge from his manners and conversation, he really believed what he wrote. A few of his general rules he did me the honour to select.

"To dream you see an Angel is good; but if you dream that you converse with one, it is an evil."

"To dream you bathe in a clear fountain, denotes joy; but if in a muddy one, a false accusation."

"To dream you have a long bushy beard, proves you will one day be a lawyer, an orator, an ambassador, or a philosopher."

"To dream you have a black face, is a sure sign of living to a great age."

"To dream of being ridden by a night-mare, indicates that you will be domineered over by a fool."

"To dream of seeing an execution, signifies a clear conscience."

"To dream of gathering up silver, denotes loss and deceit."

"To dream that we carry wood upon our backs, denotes servitude if we be rich; and honour if we be poor."

Such were some of the settled opinions of this eminent successor of the ancient Magi. "Now," said I, "if you can interpret the following dream, I shall be infinitely obliged to you.—I thought I was standing on a precipice, overlooking the waterfall in the neighbourhood of Ffestiniog. The Irish Sea stretched itself to the west, and barren mountains to the east, with Snowdon rising in the north, presenting altogether a magnificent scene. The moon rose gloriously over Cader Idris. Soon I was struck with wonder and admiration, to see the transparent part of the moon separate itself from the dark part; one fell gradually towards the lake of Bala, the other towards the Irish Sea. At length the bright part assumed a rising attitude, and remounted the meridian, while the dark portion fell beyond the earth into space, and was seen no more. The disk now increased in brilliancy every moment, and rose higher and higher; when obscuring the constellation of Orion, a multitude of smaller moons emanated from the larger one, like stars, in circular divisions, when they all rose into the regions of space, till they became too small for the eye to discern them!

"Now," said I, "tell me the force and meaning of this dream."—"It is, of all dreams I have interpreted," returned he with solemnity, "the most extraordinary—it is even sublime; but I cannot choose to tell you what it means"—and with this I was obliged to be satisfied. Some short time afterwards, however, he made bold to tell me that I should lose all my children, one by one; and their mother with the last; with whom they would ascend to heaven, at the same moment. But the learned disciple of JUNIANUS MAJUS carefully suppressed all knowledge he might possess, in respect to the hope I expressed, that I might be permitted to attend them. "All this, sir," concluded he, "will happen to you in the course of two years." Five years have elapsed, however, since this awful prognostication; and, thank heaven! we are all alive; and, as far as I can judge, likely to live. Some wise man, fully equal in point of ability to my worthy friend above alluded to, assured Voltaire, that he would die at the age of thirty-five; but that poet, critic and historian, if I mistake not, reached the age of ninety-one!

One reason, why dreams are so little understood, arises out of their being permitted to be fugitive. Give them body, by reducing them to record, and something, after a long series of years might, possibly, be elicited relative to the construction of the human mind. It would be well, therefore, were eminent men, of different ages, to record their dreams, as well as their remarks, relative to the impressions which those dreams make upon their nerves, as well as their results.

Hitherto dreams have been left to the industry and chicanery of the most insidious of all mercenary impostors. The most voluminous writer on this subject in ancient times, was ARTEMIDORUS of Ephesus, who lived in the reign of Antoninus Pius; ALEXANDER *(ab Alexandro)* too relates many remarkable particulars relative to the art which JUNIANUS MAJUS of Naples pretended to possess. SANNAZARIUS was a pupil of his; and that poet declares, in respect to him, that he surpassed all the augurs of ancient Rome. But the most curious book, on this subject, is that rendered into Latin from the Greek, whence it had been translated from the Arabic, on the art of interpreting dreams, according to the doctrine of the Indians, Persians, and Egyptians.

LOCKE assures us,* that he once knew a man, who was bred a scholar, and had no bad memory, who told him that he never dreamed in his life, till he had a fever in the 26th year of his age. HERODOTUS and PLINY speak of a whole people in Africa, who never knew what dreaming meant. They never dreamed; nor could they be persuaded to believe, that others did. How many do we meet, in all conditions of life, who reason in the same manner upon other subjects, and upon the same foundation!—Both Herodotus and Pliny, were given a little to the marvellous; and I can scarcely believe it possible, that Nature should have denied to a whole people, what she has given to "dogs, cats, pigs, hens, and horses."

Since I am upon the subject of dreams, I shall make a reference, or two, to the dreams of the poets. That of Romeo has amused me more than a thousand times.

* Vol. II. cap. 1.

I dreamt my lady came, and found me dead;
(Strange dreams, that give a dead man leave to think!)
And breathed such life, with kisses on my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.

The dream of Eneas, in the second book of Virgil, is a masterpiece; so, also, is that of Shakspeare, where he describes the "false, fleeting, perjured" Clarence:—but they are too familiar to be quoted. That recorded in FERREIRA's "Inez de Castro," however, is so little known, and is, besides, so finely told, that I shall close this paper with a translation of it.

O fearful night!—how heavy hast thou been;
How full of phantoms, of strange grief and terror!
Methought, so hateful were my dreams, the object
Of my soul's love for ever disappeared
From these fond eyes.—Methought, I left for ever.
And you, my babes, in whose sweet countenances,
I see the eyes and features of your father;
There you remained, abandoned by your mother.

Oh fatal dream, how hast thou moved my soul!
Even yet I tremble at the direful vision,
And lowly thus beseech the eye of Heaven
To turn such portents from me.

FERREIRA, *Inez de Castro.*—ROSCOE.

THE MEETING AT TWILIGHT.

THE dews are falling fast and the day is off the sky,
And the western clouds like shadows have assumed a deeper die;
The flocks have sought the fold, there is silence on the lea,
Then Alice, sweetest Alice—why come you not to me?

I look around o'er heath and hill, but no one is in sight,
I hear the village clock announce the coming hour of night,
Gloom gathers fast around, the wind blows chilly o'er the lea,
Then Alice, sweetest Alice—why come you not to me?

You know, you feel how well I love, you see it in my eyes,
You hear it in my faltering voice, you breathe it in my sighs,
You tell it by my nightly stroll along this silent lea—
Then Alice, sweetest Alice—why come you not to me?

Doth sorrow—that despotic lord of all beneath the sky—
Hang out his raven banner in thy dim and darkened eye?
Doth illness weigh thy gentle heart?—then come not o'er this lea—
Or creep into my bosom, love: its warmth shall shelter thee.

If I thought I e'er must see the hour when we should meet no more,
When death should pale that pretty face I've kissed so oft before,
The world—the laughing world, that now is sunniness and glee,
When thou wert gone, sweet Alice, would be all a blank to me.

For dearer than her first-born to the mother's beating breast,
When with looks of perfect happiness she watches o'er his rest,
And dearer than their native home to exiles on the sea,
'Mid the uproar of the mighty waves—art thou, sweet girl, to me.

Then come, my love; beneath yon elms your presence I await,
Already, hark! the village clock has struck the hour of eight;
Already—but methinks I hear light footsteps o'er the lea,
And yonder gleams a fairy form—she comes, she comes to me!

OLD SCENES REVISITED.

No. I.

How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run—a visionary boy.—H. K. White.

While a veil is cast over the future, and the present is unregarded, the hallowed recollections of the past are capable of furnishing us with matter for the most delightful meditations. The hurry and bustle of real life will not allow many to indulge in the visionary retrospections of yore, the concerns of the present obliterate the features of the past, and before the combined influence of time and interest, they wither and decay. Here and there, however, we meet with one who lingers pensively over the years that are gone, and in fond lookings back on the past, re-enjoys the pleasures of his childhood. Such persons are poets, though they may be altogether unacquainted even with the commonest laws of versification—a confirmation that

Many are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspirations, and perchance the best.

We know that a powerful imagination, like the wishing-cap of Fortunatus, can transport its possessor to the most remote regions of the earth; or, like the wand of a magician, people the present with the shadows of the past, and make the dead shake hands with the living. But without being endowed with this strong "plastic power" (to use a favourite term of a favourite author), the generality of mankind are capable of being affected by some peculiar circumstance, which is to them what imagination is to the bard, or the talisman to the enchanter—since the effects produced are the same. Something of this power is felt by the mind, upon a visit to the scenes of our childhood, after a many years absence, and when perhaps we had been to all appearance "parted for ever;" at least, it is so, if the youthful recollections which, upon a solitary ramble among those hallowed spots, came over my mind, like the returning tide,

Telling of twenty years that I had spent,
Far from my native home!

"I hate the man," said Sterne, "who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and say it is all barren!" This was not my case; on turning from the high-road, the first field I entered presented to my mind a rich harvest of recollections. The years of careless youth came back with a vividness baffling all efforts of my descriptive pen. Every thing around me spoke of mirth and joyous revelry. I heard the boisterous shouts of my earliest playmates, as they urged each other on in the noisy but innocent sports:—yonder is the brook over which they strove to hurl the flying ball. Those hedges too, famed for their linnet and their goldfinch nests! alas, many a scolding have they occasioned

me for forcing my way through the thickly interwoven branches of the hazel and the thorn, when I was fortunate enough to descry among their luxuriant foliage the promise of an augmentation to my string of eggs, but which when reached has proved to be the pillaged fragment of a former year. But wherefore linger round these childish scenes? Yonder shy urchin quitting the beaten path to let me pass, tells me that I am a stranger here, and have no fellowship in any of his sports. Farewell then, happy scenes of youth! I owe you much—there—take the tribute of my gratitude—a tear!

"The sea! the sea!" exclaimed the wearied but invincible ten thousand when they beheld the broad waters of the Euxine burst upon their ravished sight—such too was my exclamation, on turning an abrupt angle in my road, and seeing before me the bright surface of the Bristol Channel, and feeling once again my feet sinking in the soft sand of the shore. He that can gaze upon the ocean unmoved, cannot conceive my feelings, as I strolled along, repeating "for ever and anon," the couplet of a late noble bard—

> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea; and silence in the roar.

No one save a poet could have felt such a sentiment—no one save a poet could have so forcibly expressed it.

A short distance from me some peasants were engaged in gathering a large black weed, out of which the poor of this part of the coast make an article of food, called Laver Bread. They were too busy to notice me; and continuing my walk I soon lost sight of them. The sun had already disappeared when I came in sight of the ruins of Ogmore Castle, in days of old, the princely residence of the brave De Londres. A broken arch, a mouldering wall, and "ivy mantled tower," are at present all that remain of one of the strongest fortresses ever erected to curb a restless people. The revenue officers have turned the only apartment at all tenantable into the most anti-chivalrous of purposes; and heedless of the Norman's fame, and the antiquarian's maledictions, have miserably mutilated a choice specimen of Saxon architecture.

The darkening shades of twilight prevented my surveying very minutely this relic of former times, and I continued my walk homeward. The tide being out, I crossed the Ewenny without any difficulty, with the exception of getting a wet foot by the turning of one of the stepping stones. A few minutes more brought me to the "Smuggler's Causeway." A huge unhewn stone, overgrown with long coarse grass, dockleaves and nettles, pointed out the spot where one of those lawless roamers of the salt sea had found a grave unhonoured. No one ever passed, at least in former days, his rude unchiselled tombstone without dropping thereon a pin!—a custom, the origin of which I leave to the discovery of Messrs. Urban and Fosbroke. For myself, having been unable for the first time in my life, to pay the tribute demanded by the strongest of all laws—superstition,—I will endeavour to make some amends by relating, as well as my memory will serve, what I have often listened to with mingled feelings of delight and terror, the story of—

THE SMUGGLER.

About half a mile from the ruins above alluded to, a small cottage, completely concealed by the surrounding barren hills from the observation of the passing traveller, was some years ago the dwelling of one of those adventurous beings, who in defiance of guard-ships and revenue officers, contrive to gain a livelihood by the importation of contraband commodities, principally brandy and hollands, for which articles they are never at a loss in any part of the country to find ready purchasers. Will Morgan was, however, in one of his nocturnal expeditions taken prisoner, and fell a victim to one of the most arbitrary, not to say cruel, laws which disgrace the Statute Book of Old England.—He left behind him a wife and daughter. The latter was by no means formed for the sentimental heroine of a romance:—rude and uncultivated as the scene around her, yet possessed of a greater degree of physical courage than generally goes to the formation of the female character, Janet Morgan was such as we might expect a smuggler's daughter to be, and fitted only for a smuggler's wife.

The execution of old Morgan did not deter his companions from continuing their illicit calling, and they were still permitted to make use of his cottage as a depôt for their forbidden cargo. This privilege was obtained mainly through the influence which one of them possessed over Janet—it was that of a lover. Dick Jones, the person in question, was a bold, reckless being, and had from the time he had been able to handle an oar, followed the dangerous life of a smuggler, concealed however, beneath the honest disguise of a fisherman. There was not a creek or turning along this rocky and indented coast that he was not acquainted with, and he could have threaded blindfold the intricate and hazardous pathway which led from the beach to the cottage of his late companion, under whom he had been principally brought up, and instructed in all that was most essential for a smuggler to know; and hence, though the youngest among his associates, he was looked upon as a sort of leader, whose opinion and advice was to be adopted in preference to any others.

One dark October night, Jones and his companions, landing with a rich cargo of brandy, proceeded to stow it away in the cottage, in order to facilitate its removal at a more convenient season. The widow Morgan had retired to rest, though her daughter stayed to assist the smugglers in the work of concealment. This was not entirely accomplished until the night was on the wane, and Dick began to fear the dawn, as also the presence of more unwelcome visitors, and not indeed, as it appeared, without reason. "Come my lads," cried the young smuggler, "bear a hand, bear a hand; we must be off before day, or else the King's hawks may pounce upon us, and make us swing to the Starlingdown yard-arm." "Curse the King's hawks, let them come!" was the reply, "and we'll clip their gallant wings for them—it's hard if we go before we have another cup and a song."—"Soho my boys, here goes then," cried a linsey-woolsey shirted veteran, and he immediately began the following—

SONG.

Here's to the lads that plough the deep,
  Where winds and waters roar,
Who spread the sail when others sleep,
  And ply the midnight oar:
Brave souls that fear nor rock nor shoal,
  And wind and tide despise,
Who drain the flask, and quaff the bowl,
  Despite the King's Excise!

In vain they prowl from cliff to cliff,
  And watch for evermore,
The gallant smuggler's bonny skiff
  Comes safe and sound to shore.
For never did the broadest keel
  That drew a wat'ry line,
His dark and secret path reveal,
  Across old Ocean's brine.

At the close of the second verse, a shrill whistle was heard without; the noisy vocalist broke off his song, and all was silent instantly; the cottage was deserted by its lawless tenants, who knowing the danger which threatened them, made a rapid retreat towards the beach. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, or rather morning, they were discovered by the officers, who followed close upon their heels. Finding they were rapidly gaining upon him, young Jones turned round upon the foremost of his pursuers, and drawing a pistol from his belt, fired it with such fatal precision, that its victim fell.

The pause this movement necessarily occasioned on the part of the smuggler, though scarcely occupying a moment, was, however, sufficient to enable the other officers to gain a sensible advantage over him, and unluckily stumbling as he turned to continue his retreat, he was instantly captured. Resistance, he was well aware, would have served no purpose, and he therefore suffered himself to be pinioned without making the least opposition, congratulating himself upon the escape of his companions, and his having been before-hand in taking a full revenge for the doom which he knew awaited him.

In less than half an hour, the officers had lodged their prisoner in the guard room, already alluded to, in the ruins of Ogmore Castle; and, when day dawned, the bold smuggler found himself, instead of roaming in freedom over the salt seas, the sole inhabitant of a strongly barricaded apartment, with a pair of clumsy manacles upon his hands, and a still clumsier pair upon his feet.

In the meantime, the officers were occupied in the removal of their lifeless companion, and in securing the lately disembarked cargo, which had been securely lodged in the cottage. Janet was soon made acquainted with the situation of her unfortunate lover, and contrived to escape, despite the vigilance of her uninvited guests. In a few minutes, she was at the grated window of the smuggler's prison, where her lamentations bespoke the woman. "Jenny—Jenny," said the imprisoned Jones, "it's no use making a noise about the thing.—Curse the King's hawks! I must go, girl, and swing to a gibbet on Starling-down, to keep thy old father company, unless thou help me to cut my cable, and cheat these cursed knaves." Janet expressed her willing-

ness to do any thing for him within her power. "Go, then," continued he, "get me a pistol, and if thou art quick about it, thou mayest save me from the gallows yet, girl: go, quick!—quick!"

Janet returned to the cottage, and soon possessed herself of what she wanted; but on leaving it the second time, she was observed by one of the officers, who followed her towards the old castle, near which, as they approached, he perceived her intention, and called aloud upon her to stop, which, as might be expected, produced a contrary effect. Janet quickened her pace, and called, in her turn, to her lover, who, perceiving the officer, put his hands to the bars of the window, to receive the pistol which was held up to his view, and exclaimed "Quick, Jenny—quick! and curse the King's hawks, but they shall lose the best half of their prize." He seized the weapon of destruction as well as his fetters would let him, while the bearer of it turned towards her fast-advancing pursuer, expecting at every step to see him fall. The loud report which instantly followed, without any such effect being produced, caused her to alter her opinion, for she had heard much of the sure aim of the smuggler Jones. The thought of self-murder now rushed across her mind; she sprung to the grating, and beheld the bleeding corse of her lover stretched at full length upon his prison floor.

What became of Janet Morgan I have now forgotten, if, indeed, I ever knew. As for Jones, my reader is already aware that he was buried on the cross-way. A huge shapeless stone now marks the spot, and claims from the passenger the tribute of a pin; or in default of payment, he may expect a visit from the smuggler's ghost, if there is any faith to be placed in the solemn assertions of the venerable matrons of the surrounding neighbourhood.

HAL.

THE SWEETS OF SOLITUDE.

THERE is a grace in the fall of a willow,
In the rise of a lily's green stem;
There are charms on the breast of a billow;
There's a spell in the eye of a gem.

There are winds, making music in Heaven,
And woods that sing to them on earth;
There is love in the sighings of Even,
And gladness at Morn's golden birth.

And whate'er, whether beauty or bliss,
Of the world to come after, is known,
May be seen and partaken in this,
If a man will but seek it alone.

But Pleasure, though liberal she be
In enriching the lonely one's heart,
Grows chary when crowds all can see
The delight she to each may impart.

Who knows not how narrow the joys
Are, of sense, and how boundless, of soul?
Step aside from the world's jarring noise,
And you've Heav'n and its harps at controul.

SHELLEY'S EPIPSYCHIDION.

Good poetry is a plant not of every day's growth—it is a blossom more rare than the aloe-flower. So great and manifold are the advantages of soil and culture which are required for bringing it to perfection, and so much more numerous still are the untoward circumstances which tend to keep it in obscurity, that to discover and exhibit any specimen of such a rarity, is to advance a more than ordinary claim to the admiration of the world.

It is reported that the "Posthumous Poems" of Shelley have been assiduously bought up by his father, Sir John. Some say, the object of this proceeding was to escape the painful thoughts that would be awakened by any severity of criticism towards a departed son; others, that it was to stifle all remembrance of one whom there was more wish to forget than to forgive; while others, who view the measure less favourably, seem inclined to think it dictated by the same implacable resentment that drove the unhappy poet, in his lifetime, out of the hallowing circle of family affection—out of the protecting arms of a father. Whatever may be the fact, it appears far from improbable, that not only with respect to the Posthumous volume, but in regard to every other production of the same pen, every effort will be made to keep the name of Shelley for ever buried under the odium which the prejudiced and the bigoted have thrown upon it. No doubt there must be men, and of the soundest principles, both political and religious, who, notwithstanding their own dissent from this wonderful author's *more* wondrous theories, do still indignantly reprobate the spirit with which those theories have been assailed, and their projector or supporter condemned as a wilful sinner, when the utmost that can justly be charged against him, is the perseverance with which he followed an *ignis fatuus* as the true light, and endeavoured to engage others in the pursuit of a phantom by which he himself was to the last misled. But, unhappily, it is also beyond doubt, that there are persons who are possessed by no such charitable sentiment; and since it appears from the report above cited, that the purpose of these hyper-orthodox politicians and theologists, is to destroy, with all possible expedition, whatever good opinion Shelley's writings have raised for him in the minds of his countrymen, to whom, surely, as a poet, at least, he ought ever to be dear, we—who aim at preserving ourselves unshackled by any intolerant prejudices, and who, whatever we think of a poet's Utopian hallucinations, can freely give ourselves up to the guidance of his fine fancy, and even of his feelings, when under the restraint of virtue—have great anxiety to preserve from the devastations of our modern Goths, as much of this exquisite writer's poetry as we can meet with, and to let the readers of The Literary Magnet judge for themselves how truly ought England to be proud of him.

"The Epipsychidion,"* the poem, which more immediately claims our attention, whose learned name the ladies will please to pronounce as

* Epipsychidion: verses addressed to the noble and unfortunate Lady Emelia V—, now imprisoned in the Convent of ——.

"Episychidion," is (as the advertisement of the Editor rather haughtily expresses it) "sufficiently intelligible to a *certain* class of readers, and to a certain *other* class, it must ever remain incomprehensible." This is a character somewhat repulsive, or at best, astounding; but the most guiltless of Greek need not frighten himself: the poem is no satire upon ignorance, and there are passages in it which all but ignorance itself may both comprehend and enjoy. This shall at once be shown by an extract. We cannot promise more than one; for, when once our hand is in at transcribing such verse as poor Shelley's, we are sure to outstrip our first intention; but here our readers' patience, and even delight, will keep pace with us.

The islands of Tasso, Camoens, and Fenelon, are barren, gloomy, silent, and scentless deserts, compared with this "Eden of the purple east."

It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide:
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air; and far beyond
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer,
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year,)
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumine, and with sound that never fails,
Accompany the noonday nightingales:
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon their eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain;
And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
With that deep music is in unison:
Which is a soul within the soul—they seem
Like echoes of an ante-natal dream.—
It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,
Cradled and hung in clear tranquillity;
Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
Wash'd by the soft blue oceans of young air.
It is a favour'd place. Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way:
The winged storms, chaunting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,

Which sun, or moon, or zephyr, draws aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride,
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess.

Contrary to our intention, we must proceed from this general survey of the island, to inspect the "lone dwelling" which the poet has prepared for the "lady of the solitude."

It scarce seems now a wreck of human art,
But, as it were, Titanic; in the heart
Of earth having assumed its form, then grown
Out of the mountains, from the living stone,
Lifting itself in caverns light and high:
For all the antique and learned imagery
Has been erased, and, in the place of it,
The ivy and the wild vine interknit
The volumes of their many twining stems;
Parasite flowers illume with dewy gems
The lampless halls; and when they fade, the sky
Peeps through their winter woof of tracery
With moonlight patches, or star atoms keen,
Or fragments of the day's intense serene,—
Working Mosaic on their Parian floors.
And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers
And terraces, the earth and ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

Is poetry like this to be lost, because its author was disinherited? or even because, finding the world still wicked and miserable, notwithstanding all the schemes for its amelioration to which ages had given birth, he boldly suggested another plan, and indefatigably recommended it to practice? Our neglect of this writer entails a heavy debt on our posterity: but we may venture to predict, that they will discharge it with cheerfulness, and with interest.

THE RETROSPECT.

Alas! for him, that in the lonely hour,
Hath never of sweet Science made a friend!
Hath never won the Muses to his bower,
Nor, by the magic lore, their favourites penn'd
Of old, been e'er enspirited to blend
His burning soul with theirs, and taking wing
From the advantage height of those proud thoughts,
Which long ago made heaven their home, to spring
Still upward, where the virgin mind consorts
With beings angelical, and, like itself,
Mateless till now!—Alas! for the vain elf,
Who leaves fair Wisdom's records on the shelf,
And gropes through life with an unlighted lamp,
Vile as an unwrought gem,—a metal without stamp!

ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

Among the numerous authors who have, during the last ten years, distinguished themselves in Germany, Hoffmann may be ranked as the most remarkable. He was a man of so extraordinary a kind, that even if he had never written a line, he might still be justly regarded as one of the most striking characters of his age. No doubt can be attached to this fact, when it is known that Hoffmann shone in the following opposite, and in some instances apparently conflicting, characters.—He was allowed to be one of the first lawyers of his time; an elegant scholar, deeply read both in ancient and modern literature; a profound natural philosopher; an eminent musical composer; the first pianoforte player in Europe; a caricaturist of incomparable humour and talent; a man possessed of an enchanting gift of conversation; a wit whose power was at once admired and dreaded; and, to sum up all, the leading author of his day.

The man who in this manner concentrates within himself as it were a society of distinguished men, is, beyond doubt, a character of the extraordinary cast, calculated to awaken the liveliest interest, and worthy of the minutest investigation.

Ernestus Theodore Amadeus Hoffmann was born in the year 1778, in Koeningsberg, in Prussia, a place which already boasted of having produced a Kant, a Hippel, and that deep and mysterious writer Haman, surnamed the Magus of the north. Of the earlier years and education of Hoffmann but few particulars are known. He studied the law at the university of his native town, and devoted the greater part of his leisure hours to the study of music. In the year 1806, we find him at Warsaw, which at that period belonged to Prussia, filling the situation of a Prussian counsellor. The arrival of the French suddenly interrupted his professional career; and when he returned to Prussia, he found himself in his own country, without either fortune or the prospect of obtaining one. Thus situated, he had recourse to his great musical talents. He now began a rambling musical career, successively figuring as teacher, composer, and director, frequently shifting his residence from place to place. It was at this time, that his talent as a writer first began to unfold itself. He wfote a variety of articles for the Leipzig Gazette of Music; but these did not usher him into public notice so favourably as when he had formed them into a collection of three volumes, which he published in the year 1813, under the title of *Phantasiestuecke ueber die Kunst von einem reisenden Enthusiasten, in Jean Callot's Manier* (Rhapsodies on Art, by an itinerant Enthusiast, in the style of Jean Callot).

The effect of this book was felt like an electric shock throughout the whole of Germany; and it is more than probable, that the high fame Hoffmann acquired by this work, induced the Prussian government to invite him from Dresden, where he then filled the situation of leader of the Opera, to Berlin, in order that he might re-assume his former official career. He accepted of this flattering invitation in the year 1815, and filled the office of Counsellor of the Court of the Chamber until his death, which occurred in the summer of 1822.

During the whole of this period, his fame continued increasing from year to year, nay from month to month; for being now secured against temporary cares, his genius found leisure to unfold all its powers, and his works followed each other with greater rapidity than even those of the "great unknown."

A prominent feature in the character of the Germans is a strong propensity to works of imagination. The love of the wonderful, of the awful, and the mysterious, is the consequence of this inclination; which is not extraordinary among a nation who, from being excluded from political activity, feel the want of one of the most powerful conductors of the restless activity of the mental powers. When the mind is denied sufficient scope in the existing world for the display of its energies, it creates for itself a visionary sphere, which it peoples with the aerial beings of its own fancy. When this propensity is indulged, under the control of a matured judgment and a refined taste, it is capable of producing the most extraordinary specimens of human genius. This union of qualities has characterized many of the Germans, more particularly Goethe, Fouqué, and Tieck, of which the celebrated Tales of the latter bear abundant evidence.

This also is the province in which the genius of Hoffmann developed itself with the greatest power. There are few, if any, writers who possess so strongly the gift of captivating equally by the power of imagination and the charm of style; and there are none who possess so strong a faculty of disclosing the most secret recesses of the human heart,—of making the mind recoil with horror from itself,—of transporting the reader into a new and magical world, of which he feels himself at once an inhabitant and yet a stranger. Yet, when he has erected this fabric of the imagination, he delights in the power of destroying the whole creation by one stroke of his magic wand, and that wand is the keenest and boldest irony.

This, perhaps, may seem obscure. But Hoffmann was a dark and fantastical being, and himself obscure and mystical; if we represent him in his true light, we can only represent him as a mysterious and fantastical being.

In his first work, Hoffmann presented to the world his ideas on music. Our limits will not allow us to enter into details; but the essays entitled *Gluck*, *Don Juan*, and *Creisleriana* are of great importance. The latter is an admirable satire on female dilettanteism in its most ridiculous form, where an affected love of art is merely assumed for a vehicle of coquetry. Shortly after this, appeared his extraordinary novel entitled "The Devil's Elixir."* The mystical principles of Catholicism are here represented under the veil of a fiction. Though the charm of Hoffmann's style is particularly displayed in this work, and chiefly in the beginning, where its effect is quite enchanting, yet Hoffmann's faults, which we shall have occasion to criticise, are chiefly contained in this novel.

Soon after appeared, at short intervals, two volumes of tales, entitled *Nachtstuecke* (Night Pieces), which were inferior to his former

* This work has been recently translated into English; but we have had no opportunity of forming a judgment as to the merits of this translation.

productions; *Leiden eines Theater-Directors* (The Sufferings of a Manager), a most spirited dialogue, a species of composition in which Hoffmann was particularly happy; *Klein Zaches* (Little Zaches), a tale which had immense success; *Die Serapions Brueder* (The Serapion Brothers), in four large volumes. This latter work, which contains some of the best specimens of Hoffmann's genius, resembles in its form the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, and the "Phantasus" of Tieck, consisting of a number of tales, connected by a most beautiful dialogue.

Whilst Hoffmann was engaged in these literary pursuits, he fulfilled all the duties of his charge, which was by no means a sinecure, and found leisure to compose an opera called *Undine*, which Fouqué had expressly written for him, founded on his own charming tale of that name. The music of this opera met with high success, and is still a favourite with the public of Berlin. In private life, the brilliancy of Hoffmann's wit afforded a daily entertainment to his friends, while the power of his humorous pencil equally delighted the public. His pianoforte playing will never be forgotten by those who were happy enough to hear him. He rarely played by note; but, following the wild impulse of his extraordinary genius, he seemed capable of renewing the wonders related of the Orpheus and Amphion of yore.

Besides some works of imagination which appeared after his death, he also wrote two tales; one called *Die Prinzessin Brambilla* (The Princess Brambilla), the other, *Meister Floh* (Master Flea); and a singular work entitled *Lebensansichten des Kater Murks* (Reflexions upon Life, by Murks, a Tom Cat). In these latter works, the writer appears more and more fantastical, and they are decidedly inferior to his earlier productions. Hoffmann also composed five or six operas, which met with the approbation of the critics, as well as a great many pieces of music, songs, &c.; among the latter of which, three Italian duets are distinguished for their extraordinary beauty.* To this must be added, his caricature drawings, which, we are sorry to state, are dispersed, as no collection of them was ever formed.

The splendid talents of Hoffmann procured him an immense number of readers; but we must confess, that his gifts are rather dazzling than satisfactory; and, excepting the charms of a wild imagination, and a style full of fire and energy, there remains but little to stand the test of sound and impartial criticism. In fact, his works are deficient in moral dignity; and his art has no objective power, or, in other words, it has not the capacity of representing external objects with internal fidelity. It is in vain that we search, in his writings, for that grandeur which elevates us above ourselves, or for that love which disposes us to resignation. They are the mere productions of an imagination, which, with all its power, is still faulty and unsound, and which is perpetually hurrying him away from his subject. Conscious of it, he tries in vain to appear the master of his talent, by employing the means of irony against himself.

The influence Hoffmann had on German literature was pernicious, as indeed is evident from what we have already observed. Nevertheless,

* Tre Duetti Italiani, per due voci, di soprano e di tenore, coll' accompagnamento di pianoforte. Berlino, da A. M. Schleninger, editore e mercante di musica.

he was the means of causing the novelists of his time to infuse more power and animation into their productions. We heartily wish that his imitators, while through a want of genius they copy his faults instead of his beauties, would avoid the abuse which Hoffmann sometimes made of his talents, by indulging in personalities, and even by availing himself of natural deformities, to ridicule unoffending individuals. They should at least bear in mind, that Hoffmann possessed some extraordinary gifts of nature, to compensate for his irregularities. Upon the whole, notwithstanding his blemishes, a more entertaining and original writer scarcely ever existed.

Walter Scott was his favourite English author; and among the Germans, he adored Tieck; and Jean Paul, the most original, perhaps, of all writers, seems to have had considerable influence over his style.

In conclusion, we shall endeavour to convey an idea of Hoffmann's external appearance, which was not less extraordinary than his mental conformation. If we wished to express in a single word what Hoffmann resembled, we should say, a diminutive imp. He was almost a dwarf, and withal very thin. His countenance was of a round form; but he had so constantly habituated himself to distort his features, that he seemed to have a long face. His eyes, which were of a singular form, were thought to be small, because he kept them half closed; but, as soon as some idea actuated him, they expanded like the wings of a vulture, and shining in their peculiar colour of steel blue, shed an awful lustre. When he laughed, they had a serious cast; and when his look beamed cheerfully, there was no smile round his lips. It cannot, therefore, be wondered, if ladies of delicacy shuddered at his approach. His voice was at once hoarse and piercing in its sound, and his whole appearance was like one of the magical beings in his own tales.

At the head of the edition of the "Rhapsodies," &c. of 1819, in two volumes, there is his portrait, drawn by himself, which, if not resembling in features, still conveys the true expression of his countenance. He died, as we have before stated, in the summer of the year 1822, in his 48th year, of an illness brought on by some vexations he had occasioned by his passionate temper.

Attacked by a lingering illness, his mind retained all its powerful faculties until his latest moments. He was dictating his last tale, called *Der Feind* (The Enemy), which he completed, two hours before his death. A few days before that event took place, a friend of his entered his room, and Hoffmann exclaimed cheerfully, "Don't you smell the roast meat?" alluding to the circumstance of his spine having just been seared, in order to re-animate the vital principle. Although his extremities had become lifeless by degrees, he still expressed a wish to live, even in this state, finding a sufficient enjoyment in the resources of his mind.

Hoffmann's life was wild, extravagant, and often blameable; but his death was grand and beautiful. He bore the cruel sufferings of a long and most painful illness with admirable composure of mind; and he showed, that if formerly he had been the slave of his senses, he was still able to master them like a hero. Now that he is gone, peace be to his ashes; and may his spirit have found that tranquillity above, which in vain he sought for below!

J. G—NS.

THE INFANT LYRA.

Our readers will, doubtless, feel the same regret with ourselves at the departure of this interesting prodigy from the metropolis; wherever she goes, she will carry with her the admiration, and good wishes of all who have had the pleasure of hearing her performances; for our own parts, we never so forcibly *felt* the power of music, as when produced by the fairy touch of this little seraph. We cannot better describe the delicacy of her playing than by comparing its tones to those soft sounds which issue from the Æolian Harp, supposing it were possible to arrange them in an artificial movement. We would not infer from the comparison, that the Infant Lyra excels only in the softer strains; far from it, her forté movements are both animated and powerful: the expression of her countenance fully convinces every impartial observer that she was born to feel the influence and distinguish the beauties of this heart-touching science.

Hers is in truth the soul for music—from the early age of twelve months she has given tokens of that genius, which has since insured her so deserving a celebrity; when in her nurse's arms, she evinced enthusiasm upon hearing any instrument played, at the same time that her rapture was restrained by a strict attention to the music, discovering aversion for particular tunes: this induced her parents, when she attained the age of two years, to place her under the tuition of a professor of the harp, she having displayed a decided predilection for that instrument; and in little more than a year after, she made her first appearance at the Rotunda Concerts in Dublin.

The father of this infant is an Irish gentleman of good property, who has served in the army for many years; and her mother, a lady of first-rate accomplishments, nearly related to an old and highly respectable baronet's family in the same country; they have, notwithstanding, thought it their duty to realize an independence for this child by making her abilities public. It may perhaps be as well to observe that her whole family are musically inclined, and that her elder sister is also a very superior performer on the harp, so that she possesses advantages that are rarely within the reach of any individual, and we may therefore augur well of her future excellence.

We must conclude our observations by saying, that a large print, lately published, does not do justice to her very expressive countenance: indeed, the only portrait we have yet seen at all like the beautiful original, appeared in one of the Magazines for May.

We cannot but regret that any of our contemporaries should have made such illiberal animadversions on this child as have been laid before the public; we can only suppose that they speak merely from hearsay, having never availed themselves of that kindness and attention, which her father wished to show to every member of the press: though, not having visited London for many years, he was ignorant of many periodical publications; and we certainly think that it is unworthy the press to exert its powers against a child of only five years of age, as many of our contemporaries have done. The Infant plays upwards of six hun-

dred pages of music from memory alone, having only just commenced learning her notes; and we hope to see her shortly return to town with increased attractions, presuming that the success she has already realized, will induce her father to visit the metropolis at the commencement of the succeeding season.

THE DUTY AND ADVANTAGE OF EARLY RISING, AS IT IS FAVOURABLE TO HEALTH, BUSINESS, AND DEVOTION.*

THIS is a very cleverly written little volume, on a subject of considerable importance, not only as it regards the young, but as addressed to the student, the man of business, and the lover of nature. The following simple calculation may have never occured to late risers, and yet what an obstinate truth it is!—

By sleeping two hours longer in bed each morning than the necessities of nature absolutely require, fourteen hours, or *one day, is lost in the week.* By sleeping two hours longer in bed, every morning, than the necessities of nature require, at this rate *three months* are lost out of *twelve.* By sleeping two hours longer in the morning, than the necessities of nature strictly require, *Ten Years out of Forty are cut off the short period of man's existence:* ten years, too, of the most useful, cheerful, healthy, and comfortable portion of our whole life. Now again the sleeper is startled and astonished. He never dreamed of such a thing. Even yet he thinks it impossible. He cannot believe it. There must be a mistake in the calculation. It is so wonderful, and so very different from the result he would have anticipated. In answer to this, we would advise the sleeper to try it himself, and the result will convince him of the awful truth. It is a simple process of arithmetic; and figures cannot lie.

At this rate, an early riser may be said to *live* nearly one third longer than an indulger in luxurious habits, although the duration of their lives may be the same. There has been for a certainty more than one Parr, and more than one Jenkins in the world, although only those two have numbered a century and a half of years. Early rising and longevity, however, are synonymous.

To many of our studious readers whose lucubrations are closely connected with the "midnight lamp," the following deserves to be carefully considered—

It has long been the complaint of men of science and of deep thinking, that the interruption of unwelcome visitors was the greatest enemy to study; and, accordingly, to escape from the foe, a thousand devices have been resorted to, such as shutting themselves up in a room, and desiring the servants to say they were not at home; lying and writing in bed, that they might not be tempted to accompany the idle intruder to the fields. And certainly it must be confessed, that few things more provoking can well fall out than to have our seclusion broken in upon when we happen to be in the mood for study: it dissipates our ideas, and breaks the chain of thought. When the study is resumed, the mind, which formerly overflowed with forcible ideas and appropriate expressions, has become a complete blank. Now, the peculiar advantage of studying in the morning, independent of its being favourable to health, is, that no unwelcome visitor intrudes,—no unexpected engagements infringe,—no unlooked-for employment trespasses.

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* Second Edition, 1825. James Robertson and Co. Edinburgh; Basil Steuart, 139, Cheapside, London.

Another great enemy to successful study is discontent. To study to any advantage, or with lasting benefit, the mind should be perfectly calm, collected, and tranquil; there must be no corroding reflections, or dismal forebodings. Yet it often happens that peevishness and discontent creep upon us apace. When at our books, these frequently draw a deceitful veil before our fairest prospects: they start doubts and fears as to the success of our labours,—they depress the animal spirits, weaken the spring of action, and annihilate hope. Now, this fiend of the mind seldom or never makes its appearance before breakfast. In the morning the temper has not yet been ruffled by the opposition occasioned by business of the day. In the morning the inclination has not been thwarted by the obstinacy or the ignorance of those who ought to have complied with it. In the morning the will has not yet been denied what it was eager to obtain. On the contrary, there is then felt an inward pleasure, the result of self-conquest, and its sensual indulgence of sleep produces a complacency of feeling, which invests every object with the most agreeable colours, and lessens every difficulty which would, at any other period, assume a formidable aspect.

The morning is also the time most conducive to study, in as far as it is a well-attested fact that the memory is then capable of exercising most extraordinary powers. None of us need be reminded of the circumstance that, when at school, in the evening, we have conned over our appointed task again and again, and to no purpose,—but, when read the last thing at night, it was correctly committed to memory by a single repetition in the morning. We have all, at later periods, often endeavoured at night, with earnest but fruitless care, to recollect some particular authority, to recal some apposite case, to strengthen our opinion by the authority of some great and learned writer, whose works we had formerly perused. At night we have tried it once and again, till, in the end, we were obliged finally to relinquish the attempt, completely foiled and disappointed. Whereas, on the succeeding morning, without a mental effort, the wished-for passage, the name or the authority flashed across the mind, and afforded the required assistance. Nor does the morning merely recal with ease past acquisitions of knowledge: it impresses on the understanding and fixes in the mind the facts and truths which form the object of attention at the time; and, in doing so, adds to that store of information from which we are to draw our future supplies, and to which we are to look as the source of our future attainments. If recollection thus exerts its full and uninterrupted vigour in the morning, surely that is the time most favourable to study. Since, then, we have thus shown that the mind is entirely dependent on the body, and that both enjoy the greatest vigour in the morning,—since we have stated that there are no dismal forebodings or imaginary fears to haunt the mental faculties, and that the student is not exposed to the same interruption from intruders,—and since we have shown that the memory is stronger and much more ready in its application, it is surely altogether unnecessary to say more.

We shall conclude our remarks on this volume by earnestly recommending it to the general perusal of our readers, who whatever their habits of life may be, will find in it something exclusively addressed to their situation; while for the younger branches of the community it is so eminently calculated, that we most earnestly assert, no parent should hesitate in putting it into his children's hands. An additional recommendation to the work presents itself, in the lowness of its price, and the neatness of its appearance.

NICHOLSON AND ROWBOTHAM'S ALGEBRA.

Though from the peculiar nature of our publication, we are seldom in the habit of noticing works of the above description; yet the superior merit of the present one would justify a more extended notice than our limits will allow us. It is, in fact, a treatise on science exclusively,—and that portion of it which demands severe thought and application—we mean Algebra. From the nature of the subject, therefore, it must

be confined; but whoever wishes to obtain a more wide and diffused knowledge of science, will do well to make the Algebra of *Messieurs Nicholson and Rowbotham* his first step towards its attainment. There is one peculiar advantage attending it, that it contains a greater and more varied number of practical examples than any similar publication extant. In fact, there are more than eight or nine hundred problems of different species, the solutions of which, in the key lately published, are also given at full length. This must be attended with inestimable advantage to schoolmasters, as it not only saves the time and labour that would be wasted in solving them, but facilitates to an eminent degree the progress of the scholar, who would otherwise lose much in the attention that must be necessarily divided in a school. A work of this description, must we conceive, from the very nature of the subject, be popular in France; an opinion in which we are supported by the late very flattering testimony to its merit, inserted in a French periodical publication.

SONNETS.

THE LUTE UNTOUCHED.

It is in vain, that I forsake my lute,
Then clasp it, as a child his long-left mother;
'Tis vainer still, that I would have it mute
On this one maddening theme—it knows no other.
'Twere easier the day-fire of heaven to smother,
Than quench the burning thoughts that wake my song.
In all love's fever, easier when along
Summer's dry woods the conflagration drives,—
And rains are none, brooks few, and breezes strong,—
To chain the spiry monster, while he strives
In his full might, unto some single tree,
And bid him rage no farther, than for me,—
When once the Muse hath burst forth on her flight,—
To guide its wayward course, or limit its bold height.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

When day-time 's over, the bright sun must fade;
The moon, when she hath past her full, must wane;
And, when the year hath all its bloom display'd,
We look to see a wintry waste again:
Short, at the longest, is enjoyment's reign.
But thou! poor child, on whom the dawn of life
Hath but just broken, and with a veil'd beam
That shows thee earth's joy, sorrow, peace, and strife,
As the faint phantasms of a feverish dream;
And all things round, belying what they seem,—
Must thou, so soon from the fresh feast be torn?
Just feel the craving, and depart unfed?
Ah! Spring hath pierced thee with her earliest thorn;
And, ere the rose could blossom,—thou art dead!

THE TROUBADOUR.*

THIS elegant volume is from the pen of the charming Improvisatrice, a young lady who has acquired, and, what is more creditable to her talents, retained a high and deserving reputation, despite of the extravagant and injudicious flattery which her first effusions were doomed to meet. Coming from the pen of a young and talented female, they required no other recommendation to a British public, to insure a successful reception. However, such of her friends, to whose *surveillance* (as the fair author herself expresses her sense of their kindness) the volume was ushered into the world, in their anxiety to promote its success, were nearly the means of effectually depriving it of what it so richly deserved, by exciting expectations which, with all its beauties, it could not realize.

Were we not aware of the contrary being the case, we should have suspected the following delicate and touching description of a youthful poet's disappointment to have been indebted to a higher origin than the mere fancy of its depicter :—

I know not whether Love can fling
A deeper witchery from his wing
Than falls, sweet Power of Song, from thine.
Yet, ah! the wreath that binds thy shrine,
Though seemingly all bloom and light,
Hides thorn and canker, worm and blight.
Planet of wayward destinies,
Thy victims are thy votaries!
Alas! for him whose youthful fire
Is vowed and wasted on the lyre,—
Alas! for him who shall essay
The laurel's long and dreary way!
Mocking will greet, neglect will chill
His spirit's gush, his bosom's thrill;
And, worst of all, that heartless praise
Echoed from what another says.
He dreams a dream of life and light,
  And grasps the rainbow that appears
Afar all beautiful and bright,
  And finds it only formed of tears.
Ay, let him reach the goal,—let fame
Pour glory's sunlight on his name,—
Let his songs be on every tongue,
And wealth and honours round him flung:
Then let him show his secret thought,
Will it not own them dearly bought?
See him, in weariness, fling down
The golden harp, the violet crown;
And sigh for all the toil, the care,
The wrong that he has had to bear;
Then wish the treasures of his lute
Had been, like his own feelings, mute;
And curse the hour when that he gave
To sight that wealth, his lord and slave.

It is not our intention to go through a systematic analysis of this captivating poem: we shall prefer laying before our readers the flowers

* The Troubadour, and other Poems, by L. E. L., author of "The Improvisatrice." London: Hurst, Robinson, and Co., 1825.—pp. 326.

that most have pleased us, to the task of dissecting the whole nosegay. It may be necessary, however, to mention, that "The Troubadour" relates to the life of a young hero, and is descriptive of the deeds in which all heroes excel—love and war, as well as being characteristic of the chivalrous period (the fourteenth) in which the incidents occur. The prefatory advertisement informs us, that the poem is founded "on an ancient custom of Provence, according to which a festival was held, and the minstrel who bore away the prize from his competitors was rewarded, by the lady who presided, with a *golden violet.*" The following beautiful picture forms the opening.

Call to mind your loveliest dream,—
When your sleep is lull'd by a mountain stream,
When your pillow is made of the violet,
And over your head the branches are met
Of a lime-tree cover'd with bloom and bees,
When the roses' breath is on the breeze,
When odours and light on your eyelids press
With summer's delicious idleness;
And upon you some shadowy likeness may glance
Of the faery banks of the bright Durance;
Just where at first its current flows
'Mid willows and its own white rose,—
Its clear and early tide, or ere
A shade, save trees, its waters bear.
The sun, like an Indian king, has left
To that fair river a royal gift
Of gold and purple; no longer shines
His broad red disk o'er that forest of pines,
Sweeping beneath the burning sky,
Like a death-black ocean, whose billows lie
Dreaming dark dreams of storm in their sleep
When the wings of the tempest shall over them sweep.
—And with its towers cleaving the red
Of the sunset clouds, and its shadow spread
Like a cloak before it, darkening the ranks
Of the light young trees on the river's banks,
And ending there, as the waters shone
Too bright for shadows to rest upon,
A castle stands; whose windows gleam
Like the golden flash of a noon-lit stream,
Seen through the lily and water-flag's screen:
Just so shine those panes through the ivy green,
A curtain to shut out sun and air,
Which the work of years has woven there.
—But not in the lighted pomp of the west,
Looks the evening its loveliest:
Enter yon turret, and round you gaze
On what the twilight east displays;
One star, pure, clear, as if it shed
The dew on each young flower's head;
And, like a beauty of southern clime,
Her veil thrown back for the first time,
Pale, timid as she feared to own
Her claim upon the midnight throne,
Shows the fair moon her crescent sign.
—Beneath, in many a serpentine,
The river wanders; chestnut trees
Spread their old boughs o'er cottages,
Where the low roofs and porticoes
Are covered with the Provence rose.

And there are vineyards, none might view
The fruit o'er which the foliage weaves;
And olive groves, pale as the dew
Crusted its silver o'er the leaves.
And there the castle garden lay,
With tints in beautiful array;
Its dark green walks, its fountains falling,
Its tame birds to each other calling;
The peacock with its orient rings,
The silver pheasant's gleaming wings;
And on the breeze rich odours sent
Sweet messages, as if they meant
To rouse each sleeping sense to all
The loveliness of evening's fall.—
That lonely turret, is it not
A minstrel's own peculiar spot?
Thus, with the light of shadowy gray,
To dream the pleasant hours away.

Our author has been accused of depicturing too exclusively the softer and more delicate feelings of the heart, in preference to its more powerful energies. How far this may be the truth, we will not decide; but will produce the following animated description of a youthful warrior's feelings, as evidence that it is not the want of the necessary power which has been the cause of the preference.

And waning stars, and brightening sky,
And on the clouds a crimson dye,
And fresher breeze, and opening flowers,
Tell the approach of morning hours.
Oh, how can breath, and light, and bloom,
Herald a day of death and doom!
With nightly pennons, which were spread
Like mirrors for the morning's red,
Gather the ranks, while shout and horn
Are o'er the distant mountains borne.
'Twas a fair sight, that arm'd array
Winding through the deep vale their way,
Helmet and breast-plate gleaming in gold,
Banners waving their crimson fold,
Like clouds of the day-break. Hark to the peal
Of the war-cry, answer'd by clanging steel!
The young chief strokes his courser's neck,
The ire himself had provoked to check,
Impatient for that battle plain
He may reach but never leave again;
And with flashing eye and sudden start,
He hears the trumpet's stately tone,
Like the echo of his beating heart,
And meant to rouse his ear alone.
And by his side the warrior gray,
With hair as white as the plumes that play
Over his head, yet spurs he as proud,
As keen as the youngest knight of the crowd:
And glad and glorious on they ride
In strength and beauty, power and pride.
And such the morning; but, let day
Close on that gallant fair array,
The moon will see another sight
Than that which met the dawning light.—
Look on that field,—'tis the battle field!
Look on what harvest victory will yield!

There the steed and his rider, o'erthrown,
Crouch together,—their warfare is done :
The bolt is undrawn, the bow is unbent,
And the archer lies, like his arrow, spent.
Deep is the banner of crimson dyed,
But not with red of its morning pride ;
Torn and trampled with soil and stain,
When will it float on the breeze again ?—
And over the ghastly plain are spread,
Pillow'd together, the dying and dead.
There lay one with an unclosed eye
Set in bright, cold vacancy,
While on its fix'd gaze the moonbeam shone,
Light mocking the eye whose light was gone ;
And by his side another lay,
The life-blood ebbing fast away,
But calm his cheek and calm his eye,
As if leant on his mother's bosom to die ;
Too weak to move, he feebly eyed
A wolf and a vulture close to his side,
Watching and waiting, himself the prey,
While each one kept the other away.
Little of this the young warrior deems
When, with heart and head all hopes and dreams,
He hastes for the battle.—The trumpet's call
Waken'd RAYMOND the first of all :
His the first step that to stirrup sprung,
His the first banner upwards flung ;
And brow and cheek with his spirit glow'd,
When first at DE VALENCE's side he rode.
The quiet glen is left behind,
The dark wood lost in the blue sky ;
When other sounds come on the wind,
And other pennons float on high.
With snow-white plumes and glancing crest,
And standard raised, and spear in rest,
On a small river's farther banks,
Wait their approach Sir HERBERT's ranks.—
One silent gaze, as if each band
Could slaughter both with eye and hand.
Then peals the war-cry ! then the dash
Amid the waters ! and the crash
Of spears,—the falchion's iron ring,—
The arrow hissing from the string,
Tell they have met. Thus from the height
The torrent rushes in its might ;
With the lightning's speed, the thunder's peal,
Flashes the lance, and strikes the steel.
Many a steed to the earth is borne,
Many a banner trampled and torn ;
Or ever its brand could strike a blow,
Many a gallant arm lies low ;—
Many a scarf, many a crest,
Float with the leaves on the river's breast.
And strange it is to see how around,
Buds and flowers strew the ground,
For the banks were cover'd with wild rose trees ;—
Oh ! what should they do amid scenes like these !
In the blue stream, as it hover'd o'er,
A hawk was mirror'd, and before
Its wings could reach yon pine, which stands
A bow-shot off from the struggling bands,
The stain of death was on the flood,
And the red waters roll'd dark with blood.—

RAYMOND's spear was the first that flew,
He the first who dash'd the deep river through;
His step the first on the hostile strand,
And the first that fell was borne down by his hand.
The fight is ended:—the same sun
Has seen the battle lost and won;
The field is covered with dying and dead,
With the valiant who stood, and the coward who fled.
And a gallant salute the trumpets sound,
As the warriors gather from victory around.

Had we any doubts, in our own minds, that feeling was the source of poetic inspiration, we think that they would be dissipated by the beautiful passage which closes "The Troubadour,"—a passage which, while we admire its exquisite pathos, we cannot help regretting the melancholy event through which it owes its origin.

My task is done, the tale is told,
The lute drops from my wearied hold.
Spreads no green earth, no summer sky,
To raise fresh visions for my eye?
The hour is dark, the winter rain
Beats cold and harsh against the pane,
Where, spendthrift like, the branches twine,
Worn, knotted, of a leafless vine;
And the wind howls in gusts around,
As omens were in each drear sound,—
Omens that bear upon their breath
Tidings of sorrow, pain, and death.
Thus should it be,—I could not bear
The breath of flowers, the sunny air
Upon that ending page should be,
Which ONE will never, never see.
Yet who will love it like that one,
Who cherish as he would have done,
My, father! albeit but in vain
This clasping of a broken chain;
And albeit, of all vainest things
That haunt with sad imaginings,
None has the sting of memory;
Yet still my spirit turns to thee,
Despite of long and lone regret,
Rejoicing it cannot forget.
I would not lose the lightest thought
With one remembrance of thine fraught,—
And my heart said, no name but thine
Shall be on this last page of mine.
My father, though no more thine ear
Censure or praise of mine can hear,
It soothes me to embalm thy name
With all my hope, my pride, my fame,—
Treasures of Fancy's fairy hall,—
Thy name most precious far of all.
My page is wet with bitter tears;
I cannot but think of those years,
When happiness and I would wait,
On summer evenings, by the gate;
And keep o'er the green fields our watch,
The first sound of thy step to catch;
Then run for the first kiss, and word,—
An unkind one I never heard.
But these are pleasant memories,
And later years have none like these:

They came with griefs, and pains, and cares,—
All that the heart breaks while it bears.
Desolate as I feel alone,
I should not weep that thou art gone.
Alas! the tears that still will fall
Are selfish in their fond recall:—
If ever tears could win from Heaven
A loved one, and yet be forgiven,
Mine surely might. I may not tell
The agony of my farewell!
A single tear I had not shed,—
'Twas the first time I mourned the dead;—
It was my heaviest loss, my worst,—
My father!—and was thine the first!
Farewell! In my heart is a spot,
Where other griefs and cares come not,
Hallow'd by love, by memory kept,
And deeply honour'd, deeply wept.
My own dead father! time may bring,
Chance, change, upon his rainbow wing,
But never will thy name depart
The household god of thy child's heart,
Until thy orphan girl may share
The grave where her best feelings are.
Never, dear father, love can be
Like the dear love I had for thee!

Independent of "The Troubadour," a few miscellaneous poems are added, which have all the chaste luxuriance, and delicacy of feeling, that distinguishes this truly fascinating minstrel.

After the extracts we have made, we should consider any recommendation of our own at the least presumptuous and ineffectual: if poetry like that with which we have adorned our pages cannot meet with its admirers, we shall throw down our pens in despair, rather than attempt to inculcate a better taste.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE.

On Tuesday the 5th of July, being Commencement Day, the following Doctors and Masters were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—The Rev. J. Walton, Trin. coll.; the Rev. R. Jefferson and the Rev. J. R. Buckland, Fellows of Sidney Sussex coll.; the Rev. J. Donne, of St. John's coll.; the Rev. W. J. Burford, Christ coll.; the Rev. R. S. Joynes, Catherine hall; the Rev. C. Tripp, Trin. coll.; the Rev. A. S. Wade, of St. John's coll.

Doctor in Civil Law.—The Rev. J. G. Wrench, of Trin. hall.

Doctors in Physic.—T. Watson, Fellow of St. John's coll.; G. L. Roupell, R. P. Smith, L. W. Lambe, and J. Spurgin, Caius coll.

Doctor in Music.—E. Hodges, Sidney Sussex coll.

Masters of Arts.—Trinity College.—C. A. Campbell, W. Thompson, P. T. Hicks, E. C. Kindersley, W. J. Alexander, W. Clavering, J. S. Egginton, G. M'Clear, J. H. Stephenson, H. Malden, E. Ware, G. Pitt, J. Evered, F. T. Pratt, T. Nash, G. Long, G. Farley, I. Robley, W. H. F. Talbot, S. P. White, J. H. Steward, J. W. Hamilton, J. H. Hamilton, R. Perry, C. H. Bennet, R. Richards, W. Presgrave, J. P. Wilmott, A. H. Duthie, R. C. W. Wilkinson, G. Taylor, T. R. Allan, E. J. Lloyd, J. M. Norman, W. G. Thomas, T. B. Macaulay, W. C. Leach, H. R. Reynolds, jun., J. Pratt, E. Miller, and H. S. Thornton.

St. Peter's College.—J. Hanbury, F. Synge, R. V. Law, J. C. Gordon, W. Davenport, G. B. Paley, J. Adcock, E. T. Alder, A. W. Scott, G. C. Cardale, and C. Gape.

Christ's College.—J. Newsam, E. R. Earle, R. Lascelles, G. S. Porter, W. Edwards, E. G. Blyth, P. Blackburn, E. Gould, C. S. Royds, W. Bellas, P. Heywood, T. Baker, and C. J. Taylor.

Catherine's College.—G. B. Russel, B. Dudding, M. Terrington, G. Fisher, J. Nussey, C. Birch, and J. Harris.

Queen's College.—T. Newcome, J. R. Hartley, A. Stapleton, E. Gray, T. Bates, H. Farish, W. Mousley, C. W. Henning, and F. de Veil Williams.

Clare College.—E. W. Oldacres, J. Haggitt, T. Heath, J. Harris, T. S. Cobbold, R. Ward, R. Leicester, S. S. S. B. Whalley, T. C. Thornton, J. Collyer, and R. M. White.

Corpus Christi College.—W. Hardwicke, E. B. Frere, C. H. Gooch, J. Driver, T. Philpott, C. H. Browne, T. Raven, G. Greaves, M. Peacock, G. H. Hughes, A. C. J. Wallace, E. H. Snoad, R. Wood, and J. R. Roper.

Pembroke College.—J. R. Allen, T. Harvey, J. Ion, J. Alderson, R. Williams, J. R. Campbell, J. Warburton, G. J. Brookes, C. P. Byde, C. H. Wybergh, J. P. Head, and A. Trollope.

St. John's College.—W. E. Chapman, E. Daniel, G. Best, N. R. Calvert, L. Jenyns, E. A. Girand, J. Birkett, J. Taylor, C. G. R. Festing, C. B. Clough, W. Turner, T. G. Parr, H. Locking, J. Clay, W. Lockett, W. C. Smith, J. W. Huntley, T. Dixon, P. Fenn, W. H. Bull, E. Smyth, R. Hutchinson, W. Williams, F. Ffolliott, E. Silvester, W. M. Pierce, J. H. M. Luxmore, V. Green, R. Jarratt, J. Jarratt, J. Winn, N. Colville, W. Vaughan, C. Collins, E. Sydney, W. J. Crole, J. B. Magenis, R. Earle, W. H. C. Grey, G. Gage, H. Thompson, H. Schneider, C. E. Kennaway, G. Heberden, T. H. Villiers, L. Peel, and R. Henderson.

Sidney College.—J. W. Butt, W. Williamson, S. Charlton, G. Stone, and W. Collett.

Emmanuel College.—T. Mason, H. Salmon, W. Hyde, A. T. Drake, W. C. Gore, D. Hoste, T. W. Whitaker, and R. Tinkler.

Jesus College.—W. J. Hutchinson, W. C. Walters, R. Gorton, J. Greenwood, and J. Fendall.

Caius College.—H. Holditch, J. T. Burt, G. H. H. Hutchinson, G. M. Fowke, J. P. Reynolds, and R. K. Dawson.

Magdalen College.—J. Gisborne, J. Husband, C. Turner, and J. H. J. Chichester.

King's College.—H. Hannington, R. S. Battiscombe, and R. Okes.

Trinity Hall.—H. L. Dillon.

On Saturday last, the following degrees were conferred :—

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. N. D. Sturt, Christ coll. and Rev. W. W. Greenway, Trinity hall.

Licentiate in Physic.—H. Atcheson, Esq. M. B. Jesus coll.

Bachelors in Physic.—J. Staunton, Esq. Caius coll.; H. J. H. Bond, Esq. Corpus Christi; and R. Hobson, Esq. Queen's coll.

On the same day, the Rev. J. Harris, M. A. and F. Casson, B. A. of Trinity college, Dublin, were admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

On Monday last, the Rev. C. R. Sumner, of Trinity college, Prebendary of Canterbury, was created D. D. by royal mandate.

On the same day, the Rev. T. J. T. Salusbury, of Trinity hall, was admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

At a congregation yesterday, the following degrees were conferred :—

Bachelors in Divinity.—The Rev. G. B. Tuson, Trinity hall.

Masters of Arts.—R. B. Radcliffe, Fellow of King's coll.; R. Edmonds, St. John's coll.; Rev. G. Norman, St. Peter's coll.

Bachelor of Arts.—A. J. L. Cavie, St. John's coll.

At the same congregation the following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem* :—

The Rev. E. J. Burrow, D. D. of Trinity coll. Oxford, C. Price, M. D. late Fellow of Wadham coll. Oxford, The Rev. T. R. Wrench, M. A. of Queen's coll. Oxford, and H. Smedley, Esq. M. A. Oxford.

VIEW of the FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATRE, *commonly called the* COLISEUM; *at* ROME.

Literary Magnet. p. 97.

THE WANDERING JEW.*

My punishment is greater than I can bear.——Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face shall I be hid: and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth.—GENESIS.

HUNDREDS of times has the earth been emptied of her people; hundreds of times has it been filled and emptied again. Thousands of times has Nature changed her countenance,—have her fields been exhausted and regenerated, and the children of her soil bloomed, fructified, and dropped from the tree of life,—and yet I remain, undecaying and imperishable:—"O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" Over me ye have none; the curse of God lies withering on my brow, and yet consumes me not. I have seen my children, and my children's children—generations upon generations of my own blood—come into life, spin through the measure of their years, and at last moulder in the dust. *I* remain as a pyramid in the desert, over which time has no power, and the breath of the whirlwind passes heedlessly away; yet, even that I am doomed to outlive. The past, the present, and the future, with me have no distinction—all are blended in one;—the strides of ages bring me not nearer eternity;—in a circle of misery I pace the wretched path of my existence, ever ending where I began. Cities crumble to dust, nations die away and are forgotten, empires pass away like meteors,—and yet I exist without change. With me, nature has no connecting link; I am a thing set apart from the world, and yet doomed to dwell within it. With all the vain wishes and uncontrollable desires of mortality,—with all the misery of humanity, I am neither mortal nor human. Oh, ye heavens! whose breath fells the forest, the light of whose eyes levels the monuments of ages with the dust! why am I exempt from your wrath? In vain do I court the forked lightning, as it wings its rapid flight through the air,—in vain do I mock the thunder; it growls not for me,—it will not crush me. All life has an end; the plants of the fields return to their creating dust, the flowers perish, the rivers dry up, even the very worms die; but I live,—yea, have I not lived to see all that is dear to me drop away, one by one; and at last leave me, childless, friendless, and loveless—the curse of God written on my forehead—a wanderer on the face of the earth? Oh, Earth! hide me. Oh, Hell! open wide your gates to receive me.

* * * *

A. M. 4480.

Rome is fallen! The grass grows over the mistress of the world; the temple of God is shattered, and the beasts of the field, the toad, and the things obscene are crawling over its columns. The wind murmurs its hollow notes among the ruins, as through the dark branches of the cypress I catch the dying evidence of all that was once noble in nature and art. I revel on the scene before me, and roam like a ghost through the scenes of by-gone splendour. The halls of the mighty are the homes of the croaking ravens; the bats flit through

* It hardly need be said, that the above sketch is entirely imaginative, and that it is founded on the well-known tradition of our Saviour dooming a Jew, who had refused him shelter, to wander over the earth until the end of the world.

the vistas of palaces, and the snail leaves its odious slime in the bower of beauty. The owl screeches in the banquet room which once resounded with the music of home-returned warriors. All nature is rapidly returning to itself, and leaves me as before! Is there no earthquake to swallow me,—no thunderbolt to crush me,—no meteoric flash that will blast me and my name from earth for ever?

Egypt, A. M. 4961.

On this day I enter into my THOUSANDTH YEAR. The links of my destiny are like the sands on the sea-shore, as countless and as inseparable! With me, the roll of a century is what the turn of an hour-glass is to others, and yet each moment lingers as slowly. On this frowning promontory will I gaze on the world at my feet,—that world of which I am the only thing that will exist as long as itself. Even thou, great Ocean! which I now barely discern at the verge of the horizon, five hundred years hence rolled at my feet, on the spot where I am now sitting,—thou, even thou, retreatest with the footsteps of Time: over me his scythe can plough no furrow. What! not one indication of age have a thousand years of toil, wretchedness, and torture brought? In the bloom of manhood I remain, with the canker of despair ever gnawing on my vitals. My soul is as a sepulchre, in which all corrupteth, but itself remaineth whole.

A. M. 5083.

Joy, joy! Vesuvius is in a roar! Already I hear the hoarse croakings of the wind,—already I draw in the close pestilential air,—already my ears drink the growling of the coming thunder! The head of the volcano is lost in the black clouds that surround it, which will break only to discover the horrors they are concealing. All Nature seems choked; her operations are suspended,—the vegetation is withered,—and, drooping, the leaves fall off in showers from the trees; the birds drop from their perches; the cattle lie panting in the scorched fields;—the peasantry fly in wild affright from their homes, without daring to look behind them; mothers forsake their babes, and lovers trample over the bodies of their betrothed! I alone stand unmoved, and with a savage glee behold the desolation around me, and wait the approaching triumph. The thunder ceases .... — the lightning no longer flashes .... the air becomes closer and hotter ..... the course of nature is stagnated ..... What means this fearful pause? The truth breaks in upon me! The volcano roars,—the clouds around it disperse in wild disorder,—showers of electric sparks light the earth to witness the deadly horrors. Huge masses of burning rocks—torrents of stones—rush from the crater, and make the air reverberate with their collision. As far as the eye can reach, all is of a bloody die. Louder becomes the thunder,—the air is filled with the crater's furious discharges, and yet something more dreadful seems approaching. The broad glare of the flames, to which the meridian splendour of the day is as midnight,—the shrieks of the living, and the howls of the dying tell that the climax of horrors has arrived. The lava bursts forth in a mighty stream, carrying before it trees, beasts, men, villages, towns—nay, even mountains in its course! How the fools fly from it. Ah! happy beings, to dread death! Oh, extatic thought! Oh, luxury never to be tasted by me! I will plunge into the stream—I will bathe in the

fiery flood; that cannot disgorge me. It does! and again I am baffled, unscathed—uninjured. Slippery as thou art, with the gore of the slain, I will climb thee, Vesuvius! Already I am on thy sides,—already the scorching heat of the furnace blisters my skin: my eyes seem starting from their sockets: the crater, crowned with blue and sulphurous flames, is vomiting its wrath on my head. I am on the brink; the abyss yawns to receive me. I gaze in vain down its burning depths—'tis bottomless. I am on its brim. Say, Death! wilt thou now refuse to receive me? I rise with open arms to embrace thee,—I cling towards thee: one moment more, I am in thy blasting regions. From crag to crag of burning marl I am tossed;—now thrown up with the scalding lava,—now striking against the flinty sides of the volcano; the fire entering into my veins, and yet all the energies of my mind in full play. Not even the consuming floods of Vesuvius can touch the curse that binds me to existence.

* * * * * *

Herculaneum, A. M. 5136.

For fifty years have I been incarcerated within the slumbering ashes of Vesuvius; till, cast up with its lava, I find myself seated over the remains of a once glorious city. Here, where an empire flourished, the rank weed presumptuously waves its head, and the loathsome toad croaks where beauty once lent her voice to the breeze. I alone am here to remember its faded splendour! Oh, ye savage flood! why did ye not annihilate me with the ruins? Ye overthrew the proudest city on earth, to perpetuate an atom! I look around me, and behold the vast limits of the hemisphere; yet, even they come not up to the uncontrollable boundaries of my thoughts. Throughout the illimitable globe, of which there is not a speck but what is productive, there is nothing that can claim affinity to me.

London, A. M. 5669.

Three hundred years have elapsed since I was last in England. When under the Roman yoke, I remember it bare and desolate,—its inhabitants wild and uncultivated, and but a few removes from savages. Now, what do I behold it? The mistress of the world! Its people, just recovered from the effects of a revolution, are enjoying the serenity of peace, their hearts brimming with loyalty and affection towards a beloved and accomplished monarch; its court filled with beauties that might contend with the collected triumphs of the world,—with sages, warriors, wits, poets, and philosophers. What a cycle of glory! But yesterday the anniversary of His Majesty's Restoration was celebrated. The bells filled the air with their merry notes; old and young perambulated the streets, in their gayest attire; the public walks were filled with the most brilliant company; music of the most joyous description lent its delicious powers to the general harmony;—one general feeling seemed to rule the hearts of all, to be happy and make happy.

But now, even now, when scarce four-and-twenty hours have elapsed, what an awful change has already taken place! The promenades are deserted, the shops are not decorated, and the revelries are abandoned. The streets are filled with whispering groupes, who seem drawn towards each other by some irresistible impulse, and yet shudder at the contact. Each face is overspread with gloom; every eye rolls with

suspicion and dread. Strange enigma! The secret is at last unfolded. A vague rumour is abroad, that the plague has made its appearance. How every nerve seems shaken,—how every pore seems opened with the dreadful intelligence! Doubt, fear, and mystery are the prevailing characteristics of every countenance.

The report has been authenticated! London is one vast scene of hideous alarm; the inhabitants fly about in wild dismay; and the dreadful thought, that each has not more than twenty-four hours to live, seems to be written on their countenances. No longer do the troubled fly into the bosoms of their friends for relief;—their misery must be solitary,—they must avoid their fellow creatures as they would a pestilence. Every man has become hateful to himself, and hateful to his brethren; children recoil at the touch of their parents; and mothers refuse suck to their babes, lest, instead of yielding nourishment, they should be administering poison.

Forty-eight hours have elapsed since the first symptoms of the plague appeared,—and already seven hundred human beings, who were then enjoying the revelry of the jubilee, are numbered with the dead! Feelings seem annihilated,—passions are suspended,—men no longer love, envy, or fear each other; death, death alone, stalks through the streets regarded! The roads are choked up with conveyances of every description, filled with individuals who are leaving the homes of their infancy with feelings of the most hateful abhorrence. Property is abandoned,—treasures are forsaken—all nature is returning to herself.

Orders are issued, that the dead are to be buried within one hour after their decease; and the red cross* appears in every street. Physicians fear to encounter their patients, the courts of justice are abandoned, the public places of amusement are closed,—all communication ceases between man and man. All efforts to stop the progress of the monster are fruitless; he rages with greater violence—the red cross is at almost every house, and the dead are hourly carried off in cartloads!

As soon as the first symptom has shown itself, the victim is abandoned, and permitted to rave through the agony of his few wretched hours alone, without a friendly hand to close his dying eyes,—without the satisfaction of knowing that a tear will be shed when his sufferings are ended; but, with the dreadful assurance, that as soon as they are, or even perhaps before the last spark of life is extinct, he will be heaped with a score of others, and thrown headlong into a pit, without the common ritual of the dead being repeated over his manes,—for, the infection still remaining with the corpse, no clergyman is to be found who will venture to perform the last offices of humanity.

Every churchyard is filled; large pits are dug at different distances from the metropolis, where the bodies of the deceased are thrown. The largest sums are offered to those who are willing to perform the office of burial, but even the very beggars shun the proffered gold. Trade, agriculture, and life itself, all seem at a stand-still. The appearance of London is that of a city that has been ransacked, and its inhabitants destroyed. Immediately that a house is infected, the fur-

* The red cross was the symbol placed on the outside of the houses, to signify that the dead were lying there for interment.

niture is taken and piled in a large heap, and set fire to in the street; some part escapes the conflagration, and adds to the general desolation of the scene. Every shop is closed, grass covers the pavement of the greatest thoroughfares, the sound of a footstep is heard at a considerable distance. I—I alone, wander about the streets unmolested. Through the dark rooms and pestilential air of the sick—amidst the howls of the dying, courting the arrow of death, which strikes every heart, but that which opens itself to it. How often have I mingled myself in the direst scenes of corruption—how often have I watched the robber of life fell his victims one after the other, yet leave me untouched and uninjured. * * * * *

A. M. 5771.

Another hundred years have flown—I am still existing; new ages of misery are forming for me. Oh, Man! who repinest at the sorrows of *one* life, oh, think ye of mine, which comprehends those of a thousand! Every sorrow, vexation, mortification, and misery of near eighteen hundred years, are still fresh in my mind, as on the moment in which they occurred. But they even, with all their horrors, are not equal to the clouds that hang over my destiny. New torments—fresh miseries are in store for me; and even when thou, who now readest the tale of my horrors, with thy children, and thy children's children shall be gathered with the dust, I shall be but commencing another era of wretchedness. Thrice have I ascended thrones as a monarch—innumerable times have I led armies to the field of battle, with no other hope or ambition than that some friendly sword would bring the gift of death along with it:—thrice have I been brought to the scaffold as a common criminal—thrice have I rushed into the abyss of an earthquake—innumerable times have I thrown myself on the vengeance of the ocean:—Each and every time have I been defeated. At this moment I am pining over my miseries! Will they never cease? May I never hope for death? No! life holds me in eternal bondage, and hell itself has no corner for me.

SONG OF THE SWISS EXILE.

AIR—*Les Ranzes des Vaches.*

FAR from his own fresh lakes and fountains,
Where shall the fever'd exile roam?
Where roam?
Here are neither vales nor mountains
Meet for hunter or his home.

Though, through our cavern'd hill-paths wending,
Soon my white cot would fade below,—
Far below,—
'Twas but the nearest peak ascending,—
There it lay, with its walls of snow.

Now, though bright plains lie full before me,
These have for me no long-loved home,—
No home!
Oh! ye wild winds, that hither bore me,
Waft me back o'er ocean's foam.

F.

THE LOVER'S LEXICON.

ABSENCE.—If a lover should say, "How much must my absence from you cost me! how tedious will the hours seem!" this signifies precisely: "If I was always with you, my stock of fine speeches would soon be exhausted, I should have nothing new to say to you; but as it is, when you see me again you will like me the better."

ADVANCES.—When these are made on a woman's side, they either indicate an excessive superiority or an excessive love. A woman who has made advances, never remembers them without rage, unless she has reason to remember them with pleasure.

ADMIRABLE.—Every thing spoken by a lover's mistress.

AFFLICT, AFFLICTION.—By these words is commonly understood the effect upon our mind of some disagreeable object. It is only in the mouth or letters of a lover, that they have little or no meaning.

AMIABLE.—Lovely. Formerly denoted a person whose beauty and *merit* captivated the heart. It is now in very common use, and applied indifferently to all whom we take for the objects of our fancy, vanity, or fulsome mawkish flattery.

ANGEL.—A woman with much beauty and few brains. No man would insult a woman of sense by calling her an angel, because she must feel that she cannot have any *real* charms, by his clothing her with imaginary ones.

BEAUTY.—Socrates calls it a short-lived tyranny; Plato, the privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation; Carneades, a queen without soldiers; Theocritus, a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's self beauty, or to preserve it. After this most learned display of quotations, all bristled with Greek names, may be added the definition of a more modern author, who calls it a bait that as often catches the fisher as the fish.

BEAU.—A common word, to express a medley character of coxcomb and fop: also, the term sometimes appropriated to a lady's lover; but in general, and with greater propriety, to a being infinitely more contemptible. See *Danglers*.

CHARMS.—An harmonious word, rather hacknied; indifferently lavished, and signifies no more than attractions. The solid substantial charms in these days are such as are vested in the funds, or in bags, bills, bonds, parchments, &c. &c.

COQUETTE.—One who wants to engage the men without engaging herself; whose chief aim is to be thought agreeable, handsome, and amiable, though a composition of levity and vanity. She resembles a fire-eater, who makes a show of handling and even chewing live coals, without sustaining any damage from the fire.

COUNTENANCE.—A gay, smiling one, in a coquette, signifies encouragement; that she would be glad to enlist as many lovers as possible; that she would wish to see men sacrifice their best friends to her; and that she keeps open a refuge for all deserters: that nothing but joy and mirth are to be found in her service; and that not to be in love with her, is to be one's own enemy, and defrauding one's self of the pleasures of gaiety and unreserve. A cold serious countenance in a mistress is an admirable expedient; when artfully employed it leads to every thing, either a reconciliation or a rupture, just as she shall see fit. After a quarrel, it signifies that she will keep up the dignity of her sex, and give herself the pleasure of hearing her lover make new protestations. If this does not succeed, she may put on a tender countenance: but in this, the occasion, the humour of her lover, or her own passion, generally determines the difference.

Cruelty.—This expression does not so much signify the insensibility of a mistress, as the impatience of a lover.

Cupid.—The god of love; born out of the poets' brains, who describe him as a child with wings, a quiver on his shoulder, a bow in one hand, a torch in the other, and a bandage over his eyes. All which emblematically signify, that he is figured like a child, because those who deliver themselves up to his power, part with their reason for the silliness of that age. His bow and arrows denote his power to wound and pierce; the bandage over his eyes, his blindness; the torch, a light he carries for others, and not himself; his wings, his inconstancy.

This allegorical personage is, however, entirely banished from prose, and is even scarce suffered in the modern Parnassus, in any thing above "an address to Mira," at the head of which one may still see a wooden cut of his figure.

Curiosity.—A desire of knowing whether one's wife or mistress is faithful. It is never a happy one. The author of Don Quixote has therein inserted a novel called "The Curious Impertinent," in confirmation of this assertion. He compares women in it to a glass, which no wise man will dash against the pavement to see whether it will break or not. Have you any doubts of a woman's faith, never seek to satisfy them; the least it will cost you, is the repentance of your curiosity. It is waking the sleeping lion. A woman may resent an unjust suspicion, and resent it by giving it a foundation in fact. Distrust absolves faith.

Danglers.—An insipid tribe of triflers, with whom women divert themselves in perfect innocence, when they have nothing better to do. They are in a class beneath monkeys, parrots, and lap-dogs.

Death.—This word is ever to be understood metaphorically, and carries no sort of terror with it; it is even so trite, that it now goes for nothing. The death of a lover is so much in course, that it is as inevitable as in nature: for if the fair one is kind, he is to die with joy; if otherwise, of grief;—and both with an equal degree of certainty.

Despair.—Driving to despair formerly signified reducing a person to the last extremity: sending him to hang or drown himself. It has now no such terrible signification.

Difficulties.—They are the zest of a passion that would often flatten, languish, and die without them; they are like hills and tufts of trees interspersed in a country, that interrupt the prospect only to make it the more agreeable.

Dying.—Loss of appetite.

Enchantment.—A term much used in the white-art magic of love. "An enchanting fair one," &c. This phrase, like that of "charms," "irresistible attractions," &c. is founded on the grand principle that praise always pleases: and that, however these expressions may at first be distrusted, they are soon received as obliging truths. In general, however, it is a word of much more sound than sense.

Faithful.—A faithful lover is a character greatly out of date, and rarely now used, but to adorn some romantic novel, or for a flourish on the stage. He passes for a man of little merit, or one who knows nothing of the world.

Fashion—Governs the world; it regulates the morals, the way of thinking, dressing, eating, writing, entertainments, pleasures, every thing. In love, it exercises a perfect despotism: heroic love is now out of fashion, and constancy an exploded virtue.

Fate, Destiny, Stars, &c.—Words of great help to young lovers, who catch at every thing to cover or excuse their weakness. Medea is not the last or only one who made use of such words, as a reason for doing a foolish thing. Many have, since her time, taken their "fate" or "stars" to task for the faults of their inclinations. Nothing is so frequent as predestinarians in love.

Faults.—The person one loves never has any: either the lover does not see them, or is as much reconciled to them as to his own. If they offend him, he is so far from being a true lover, that he is scarcely more than an acquaintance, and less than a friend.

Fortune.—"A man of fortune." When a wise worldly-minded mother makes use of this expression, in an emphatic tone, to a daughter whom she is going to sacrifice to a sordid consideration of interest and maintenance, it means, that the man is worth nothing but his fortune. It strictly implies, by the rule of never calling a man by an inferior title when he has a higher one, that he is not a man of worth, of honour, of virtue, of fine sense, but merely a man of fortune, a man of chance; one who would not in short have been a man at all, but as made such by fortune. A gambler may also, with great propriety be termed "a man of fortune."

Friend.—This character from a man to a lady, is often no other than a mask worn by a lover obliged to disguise himself; and who is the more to be feared, for his dissembling his designs, and watching the advantages of a critical moment. The women should admit no friend that may possibly become a lover. They love their danger who do not attend to this advice.

Falsehood.—Two thirds at least of lovers' professions and protestations.

Flattery.—An art much practised by enamoured swains, it being one, which, like the philosopher's stone, professes to change every thing it touches into gold. Thus, with the aid of flattery, a lady's worst defects may be transformed into her greatest beauties.

Girls.—Females under twelve years of age. After that period they are (in their own estimation) *women;* and accordingly devote their time solely to the consideration of love, and the practice of all its fopperies and follies: which they continue to do, until they cease to call themselves *young* women; that is, when they are half a century old; they *then* begin to think about religion.

Grove.—A lonely grove, "Time out of mind," the resort of lovers; at least, of those who have sense enough to conceal their folly from the observation of the world.

Hatred.—Frequently succeeds violent and romantic love, as a very sultry summer is often followed by an exceedingly severe winter.

Hypocrisy.—The whole system of making love," including of course men's vows, speeches, starts, &c.; and women's blushes, fainting-fits, hysterics, and so forth.

Heart.—The mansion fitted up in the earlier part of human existence for the occupation of Cupid, who, while he resides there, generally entertains as his principal guests, Hope, Jealousy, and Fear; and when he departs, leaves the premises rather "the worse for wear."

Ignis-fatuus.—An expectation of meeting with either constancy or purity in either men or women; and to pursue which, will inevitably lead to immersion in the bogs of disappointment.

Insane.—In love.

Intellect.—A quality quite superfluous in a lover.

King.—A king is like a beautiful woman who, in the opinion of her lover, "can do no wrong," except it be to slight or reject *him*.

Kissing.—A practice rendered specially agreeable by custom; for what else could persuade human beings that it is a source of gratification to press their lips against the lips, hands, &c. of others? In the course of time, this form will probably be changed; and our descendants may derive as much pleasure from pulling each other's ears or noses, as *we* do from the agreeable mummery at present the fashion.

Liar.—One who protests that his regard for his mistress exceeds that which he feels for himself.

(To be continued.)

SONG OF THE SYREN.

I KNOW thee—I know thee—thou fair-hair'd boy!
Thou art come to the land of light and joy—
To the home of each fair and lovely thing,
Where the bright flowers blow, and the sweet birds sing!
Where the founts are clear as the skies above,
And the soft wind speaks like whisper'd love!
Where the violet breathes on the dawn-lit air
Of a spring that never dies;
And the asphodel shines as marble fair,
And the stars, like woman's eyes!—
Where the sun-rise is bright as the sun-set is calm,
And the silent midnight from her couch of balm
Heareth nought but the far stream's ceaseless hum—
To this home of delight have thy footsteps come.

I know thee—I know thee—thou fair-hair'd boy!
Thou art made for this land of light and joy:
The shrill wild wind and the lashing sea,
And the foundering skiff—oh! it must not be—
Too bright are the treasured beams that lie
Hid in the depths of thy soft dark eye;
Too fair is thy cheek, and the soul too warm
That speaks through thy parted lips,—
That lives in and looks from thy graceful form;
And the spirit of calm that sleeps
On the pearly white of thy wreathed brow—
Too lovely are these,—and too beautiful thou,
To brave the chill gale, and the salt sea-foam:
No, no;—thou art made for this island-home.

I love thee—I love thee—thou fair-hair'd boy!
And have waited thee long in this home of joy;
I have lean'd on the bare rock day by day,
From the purple-plumed dawn until gloaming gray;
And have wept when the far-seen sail grew dim,
Fading away from the water's rim:
Ah me! I could tell of the sleepless night;
Of the still deserted bower,
And the sea-ward gaze in the pale moonlight,
From yon lone and lighted tower!—
But enough—thou art come; and my task shall be
To gather the honey-bee's gold for thee,
With sweets from the mountain and sweets from the well,
And others I could, but I may not tell.

I love thee—I love thee—thou fair-hair'd boy!
My home shall be thine in this land of joy:—
I knew thou wert worn; and thy couch have made
Of violet-wreaths 'neath the musk-rose shade,
Where the citron's scent, and the sound of the spring
Are borne on the faint wind's fitful wing.
And oh! far other delights than these:—
Heaven's music to lull thee to rest,
When thy form shall be lapp'd on a maiden's knees,
And thy head on her warm white breast;
Bright glances to meet, soft kisses to close
Thine eyes, when a moment they break their repose;
With none to disturb, and nought to alloy,
This home shall be thine, thou fair-hair'd boy!

C.D.M.

THE VEILED BRIDE.

*By the Author of the "Dance of the Dead."**

THE deed was done—Louis XVI. was no more! A veil of secret horror and awe had spread over all France; nay, over the whole of Europe. Tyranny had assumed the colour of Liberty, whose divine rays, smiling and roseate as the dawn of a May-day morning, had vanished and left in its place the bloody scarlet of the Jacobins. At length Robespierre fell, and a new order of things arose. With a fearful heart had I watched the course of events; ten years had I been absent from my country, and with joy, therefore, did I embrace the mission, however dangerous, with which the court of ——— honoured me.—I set out for Paris; I passed the Rhine; my way led through the village of Montremy. I had already learnt that my venerable friend, (its minister) who had been intrusted with my education, when I passed my happy youth in the charming valleys of the province,—but who, for the last twenty years, had fulfilled the duties of a servant of God in this place,—had escaped the horrors of the reign of terror; and that he still lived, beloved and respected, in the midst of his spiritual children. The Marquis of Mongomery, however, the lord of the manor, had fallen its victim, and the magnificent chateau had been destroyed. When I approached the village, the beauty of the valley, joined to the stillness and calm of the evening, induced me to alight, and to pursue the course of a small rivulet which led to the village. I ordered my carriage to wait for me at the inn, and proceeded leisurely on my way.

Since I had passed the Rhine, my eyes had continually met with scenes of destruction, which spoke loudly of the days of terror, for the all-softening hand of time had only then begun to heal the wounds of this unhappy country, and to draw a veil over the desolation of these scenes. However afflicting the sight, I had by degrees become accustomed to it, added to which, the expedition with which I travelled, did not allow me to take a close inspection of the surrounding objects. But here, in the deep solitude of nature, the effect of which was heightened by the calm of a summer's evening, and where nothing met my view but some roofless huts, peeping through the trees; behind which towered the ruins of the chateau, huge and black, like a burnt out volcano; at the sight of these horrors, in the midst of a scenery glowing in all the beauty and richness of nature, the mercy of God and the barbarity of man formed too striking a contrast, not to awaken feelings of a gloomy and melancholy nature. Lost in my reveries, I scarcely perceived that I had taken a small, but little trodden path, which led through meadows and underwood, leaving the village to the right. After walking for some time, I found myself shut in by hedges of considerable height, and of a regular cut. The place had all the appearance of a complete wilderness; but nevertheless bore witness that the hand of man had once been busy there. The grass had grown to such a height as to impede the step, and at every advance I made, the birds flew fluttering from out their quiet nests; here and there were

* Vide Literary Magnet, Vol. ii. p. 177.

recesses in the hedges, and occasionally a broken statue was seen lying on the ground; and in other places, a fragment was observed still standing on its pedestal. All this bespoke a deserted garden in the old French style, and, indeed, I perceived the chateau at a small distance. The hedges I walked between formed narrow alleys, open spaces, and serpentine walks. There was something in all this more dreadful than the mere solitude of a wilderness. Where Nature reigns alone in her native majesty, she is ever smiling, grand, or soothing; but where she triumphs over the works of men, her aspect is fearful and appalling; the genius of humanity veils her face and flies, while men are lost in awful contemplation of their own transient condition.—I approached the ruined edifice; the fire had destroyed only a small portion of the immense building; it still frowned in gloomy grandeur—magnificent even in ruins. A small gate led me to a kind of court-yard: bushes obstructed my path, and it was not without some difficulty I gained an entrance into the chateau. After forcing my way over different heaps of ashes and rubbish, I at length found myself in a large apartment, which led into several others. All wore the strong marks of a splendour, which had been effaced more by the rude hand of force and rapine, than by the slowly destroying hand of time. Torn arras, broken windows, fragments of costly furniture, and the architectural ornaments, were the gloomy, but powerful and eloquent, interpreters of the past. At length I reached a small chapel, where the broken altar and mutilated statues spoke the same language. I was about to retire, when leaning against the wall, at the back of the altar, to take another view of the building, a door suddenly opened behind me. I started, turned round, and saw an aperture which led into a low, dark vaulted passage. It was evident I had unconsciously touched and opened a hidden spring in the wall. Curiosity urged me to enter. I proceeded slowly, and soon found myself in a kind of vaulted hall of considerable extent. It was some time before I became so far accustomed to the dim twilight of the scene, as to enable me to discern the surrounding objects. The atmosphere was not oppressive as I had expected to find it; a strong current of air caused me to direct my attention towards the roof, when I perceived that the only light of the hall came through a cupola, the windows of which were broken, and accounted for the fresh stream of air which flowed into the closed vault. The veil of darkness had gradually dissolved before my eyes, and I remarked that the walls were ornamented with gloomy images and emblems of death. Fronting the door stood, upon a high pedestal in a niche, a statue representing a veiled female figure. On the pedestal was the simple inscription:

Clara Mongomery.

While I stood contemplating the statue, which appeared of good workmanship, and was wondering at the singularity of placing a veiled figure as a monumental effigy, a ray of the parting sun glanced through the cupola and fell at my feet. It enabled me to see that I was standing upon a plate of metal covered with inscriptions. I stooped down, and read as follows: CLARA MONGOMERY, OF THE HOUSE OF LIMEUIL, BORN 1543, DIED 1559. Under this inscription were several others in smaller letters, and engraved by different hands. I attempted to

decipher them, expecting to find some of those common-place remarks, by which insignificant travellers vainly hope to commemorate themselves. But what was my astonishment when I read these words: "Was seen the 20th of July, 1589; was observed the 14th of May, 1610;" several others followed, the last of which was: "Appeared the 21st of January, 1793."—I remained for a considerable time lost in wonder and meditation upon the singularity of the object before me, when the shades of evening, which were rapidly closing around me, hastened my departure. I withdrew, and closing the secret door behind me, I crossed the chapel, and re-entered the apartments. When I had proceeded for some minutes, I found myself in a spacious hall leading to what had evidently been the grand avenue of the garden; at its extremity appeared the village, dimly seen through the twilight. It now first occurred to me that I must have taken another direction on quitting the chapel; but thinking this the nearest way, I proceeded at a quick rate, impelled by the desire to embrace my venerable tutor. As the village lay before me, I easily, by clearing a few hedges and ditches, succeeded in reaching it. On my entrance I observed different groupes of villagers, who appeared to be earnestly engaged in some interesting subject: they were whispering to each other, and seemed pensive and afflicted. I approached an elderly man, who was standing alone, and inquired for the residence of the minister. The man was evidently labouring under deep afflictions; but he replied in a mild and collected manner, pointing out my nearest way, and then added, "If you walk on slowly, Sir, you will just see him returned from a burial—the burial of my poor niece." The tone of suppressed grief, with which these last words were uttered, and the tear glistening in the old man's eyes, greatly moved me: I made some inquiry after his niece and her death, and whilst the honest peasant replied to my questions, several others collected around us. The substance of his answer was, that Rosa, his niece, a lovely and lively girl of seventeen, had two days since cheerfully joined in the evening's dance of the villagers under the trees; that she had quitted them for an instant, and stolen into the neighbouring thicket, in order to observe her lover secretly, when she was suddenly heard to utter a piercing shriek: they all ran to the spot, and found the poor girl stretched upon the ground, without any sign of life, and with her features dreadfully distorted by the marks of convulsive terror. "They say," added the villager, "that the heat and the exertion of dancing had caused an apoplectic fit."—"They may say what they please," interrupted a young girl, "but I am convinced she was in perfect health. I have no doubt but she saw the WHITE." "Don't talk of that, my daughter, you must not, indeed," said the old man, interrupting her. "Go, Lisette, conduct this gentleman to our good minister."—I wished to have spoken somewhat longer with him, but it was clear he sought to break off the discourse. The other peasants seemed to hold him in great respect; they dispersed; he wished me a good night, and turned away. I followed my pretty conductress, who was waiting for me. I attempted to resume my questions about the death of her young friend, but was silenced by her *naive* answer: "You heard, Sir, that my father commanded my silence on this subject, but whatever *else* I know, I will tell you with all my heart." I inquired after my old

friend. "This is his garden," answered she, opening the gate, "and there he sits in his bower." Before I could answer a word, my fair guide dropped me a courtesy, and disappeared among the bushes. At my first setting out upon my journey, I had strongly anticipated the pleasure of seeing my friend again; but now that I was near him, I found myself troubled and agitated. What I had seen in the vault of the ruined chateau,—what I had heard relating to the mysterious death of the young girl, so strongly occupied my mind, and absorbed all my faculties, that when I approached the bower, where the minister reposed, I scarcely recognized him. At the time I quitted him, he was an elderly, but hale and vigorous man; and I now beheld a venerable face of four score. When I entered the bower, the old gentleman rose to meet me. He took off his cap—his silver hair played in the evening breeze, and his clear blue eye gave me a friendly welcome: it was his old, well remembered, loving look. I took his hand and said, "Do you not know me?" He looked at me, shook his head, and pleaded old age as an excuse for his want of memory. "Dear Clairval," said I again, "do you not even know my voice?" There passed a ray of joy over the old man's face; with both his hands he parted my hair from my forehead, and gazed earnestly in my eyes:—"Count Ferdinand! my dear, dear son!" exclaimed he, and sunk upon my breast.—After a quarter of an hour's conversation, every trace, which time and care had impressed on his face, appeared to have vanished; he became animated by my presence, and I was again young in my memory. There were so many things to be inquired after, that time ran quickly away; and so strongly did the past occupy our minds, that the present was lost entirely.—At length, when we were about retiring to partake of a slight repast, he said, "I thank God doubly for having sent you to-day—for it has been a sad and heavy one, and I feel I shall not see many more. I have lost one child, and heaven blesses me with the sight of another before I close these eyes for ever."—This brought me, of course, upon the mysterious manner of the death of the young girl, and upon my visit to the vault.—"How strange!" replied he, "you have then been at the vault! For many years not a human being has been there except myself. The peasants avoid that part of the gardens—and the spring in the wall is a secret.—Indeed," added he, after a pause, "there is a mystery about the death of my poor Rosa! I loved her as my daughter, —she was innocent and beautiful, like Eve before her fall. Poor, poor girl! Fright was the cause of her death;—she had seen the WHITE LADY."—"The white Lady!" exclaimed I. "Is it possible that I can hear such a thing from your mouth? I heard something of that kind from the peasants, but I treated it as a mere superstition; and now I hear you gravely repeating the very same thing!" He smiled and said, "God is a mystery, and his works are not less so. Let this suffice you. Philosophy kindles her torch only to show us that we are really in darkness. The White Lady does appear. However, I strictly forbade the peasantry to talk about it, as it is a subject not fit for them.—Do you recollect the letter I wrote you ten years ago, in which I wished you joy on your quitting France?" "Certainly I do!" interrupted I, with vivacity; "I have often been astonished—more than astonished, in recollecting how clearly you unfolded the abyss of time before my eyes: all that was dark when I received your letter, became after-

wards but too clear." "What," observed he again, "if this White Lady, as people call her, and my knowledge of the future were connected? You look astonished and doubtful: but so it is. Did you not remark the dates of the inscriptions at the foot of the veiled figure in the vault?" "I recollect the first two and the last," said I, "and reflecting upon them, I was not a little struck to find that they marked the days of the death of Henry III., Henry IV., and Louis XVI. But what of this? The veiled figure"——"Is the white Lady!" interrupted my aged friend. "Your curiosity shall be satisfied. But let us take our supper,—we will speak of this hereafter." We entered the house and sat down to table. After a short pause he began of his own accord. "The sudden death of my dear Rosa, has extinguished the last lingering spark of life. I shall not see you again, although you will return in a few weeks. Your unexpected presence at this very juncture, and your extraordinary visit to the secret vault, seem an admonition of Providence, which I shall obey. I promised you an explanation of this mystery: you shall have it. It is contained in a packet of papers, which I will place in your hands, and which you are at liberty to copy. I found these papers in the family archives of the chateau, in the third year of my residence here. The existence of these records, as well as that of the vault, were unknown, even to the lords of the manor, till within this century. The Marquis of Mongomery is dead; and, before I die, I think it my duty to send these papers to the present Count of Limeuil.—I request a favour at your hands. I have some time since prepared a letter to the Count, and only waited for an opportunity to send it, together with the papers. He lives at a short distance from Paris; take these papers with you, and send them to him immediately after your arrival in the capital. However, do not go to see him," added he smiling; "he belongs to a party, whose politics are strongly opposite to those of your court." He rose at these words, went out of the room, and returned shortly after with the packet. One of the papers was inscribed: CLARA MONGOMERY, THE VEILED BRIDE. The others were sealed, and directed to Count Limeuil. "After you have read this," said he, "and used your discretion, with respect to copying it, you will enclose the whole in a sheet of paper, and forward the packet to the Count. I will order paper to be placed in your room; and a family seal of the Mongomerys, which is in my possession, will serve you to seal the packet." "But why," inquired I, "is this wonderful being represented veiled? Were her features not deemed worthy of being known to posterity? and if deemed unworthy, why represent her at all?" "You will not find an answer to your question in the papers," replied he; "but a tradition prevails, that it was known during her lifetime, that she would wander the earth after her death; and that, if an image of her was to be placed over her tomb, she would appear in the same shape: her countenance was deemed to be fatal to the beholder, and on this account she was represented veiled—and," added he, "it is under this form that she really appears." "Indeed!" exclaimed I, while a feeling of awe thrilled through my whole frame. "Yes, my son," replied he, "it is even so: twice have these eyes of mine beheld the veiled Lady.—As to the two last inscriptions which you read, they were engraved by my own hand." Did she ever speak?" inquired I. "No;" said he, "she was never known to speak, and I

did not address her. She does not appear on common occasions; and her appearance rarely fails to announce the death of a king of France." My curiosity was intensely excited. The moment of our bidding good night having arrived, my old friend embraced me with all the tenderness of a parent, and gave me his blessing. There was a solemnity in his manner, and yet a heavenly smile played on his countenance—I never shall forget his look at that moment.

On retiring to my room, I found a writing-desk, paper, and a large family seal on the table, just as my old friend had told me. I seated myself, opened the parcel inscribed CLARA MONGOMERY, and began to read. I was greatly surprised, and somewhat disappointed, to find that these papers consisted of the letters of a young lady of the court of Henry the Second. I thought there must have been some mistake respecting the papers, and was on the point of laying them aside, when I reflected that the name of LIMEUIL, in the first letter, could not possibly be a mistake. I therefore resumed my reading; and my interest and astonishment increased, when I came to those points which had enabled my friend to take such an insight into the future. I availed myself of the permission I had received, and began to copy the letters; but being obliged to set out again next morning, and finding that I should be straitened in time, I contented myself with taking extracts, and copied only those letters which appeared indispensable, in order to connect the main facts.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"YOU ASK A SONG—YOU BID ME SING."

You ask a song—you bid me sing
Of beauty and of wine;
But themes like these demand a string
More sweet and blest than mine.
When hearts are young,
And yet unwrung
By Sorrow's withering hand,
Then thoughts flow free,
And words of glee
Await the soul's command:
But ask not me, the charms to sing
Of beauty and of wine;
For themes like these demand a string
More sweet and blest than mine.

There may be some, whose waning years
Have all the light of youth,—
Who smile away the tender tears
They've shed for parted truth.
But ne'er would I
From Memory fly,
However sad she be;
Nor e'er forget
A sun, though set,
That once gave joy to me:
Then ask me not, the charms to sing
Of beauty and of wine;
For themes like these demand a string
More sweet and blest than mine.

HEAVEN'S IMAGE DEFACED.

To dress ill is to strip off loveliness,
And leave this vile clay worse than naked.
Old Play.

SINCE personal attractions, however decried by those who have not the good fortune of being endowed with them, are pretty generally considered to be not only innocent, but enviable; and, since, of all the external appearances by which one man is distinguished from another, there is none so quick and powerful a loadstone as DRESS, perhaps no other could come more readily within the sphere of the MAGNET'S attraction.

It would be superfluous to enter here into a set disquisition upon the origin and revolutions of human clothing; but it will be as well, before adverting to those modern fashions, which it is now our principal object to amend, to give a glance at the legitimate purpose of all raiment, and at the causes which have occasioned its being so diverted from that purpose as to render it, instead of a comfort and an ornament, an inconvenience, and even a deformity. An ornament, probably, dress could never be; for the beauty of man's natural frame is so exquisite, that what conceals it, however tasteful or splendid, takes away much more than it gives; but, since the corruptness of human thought, which immediately followed the introduction of sin into the world, has made it even morally requisite for us to depart, in some measure, from the primitive simplicity of nature, those ways of departure are most preferable, which most happily and modestly keep it in view: and they, therefore, *par excellence*, may be said to retain a comparative, though not a positive beauty.

It could hardly have been until the migration of man from the genial climes of the Equator into the inclement wilds of the north, that clothing was used otherwise than for ornament, so that this, as well as many of our most useful inventions, has had its origin in vanity, or some feeling still more culpable, and not in actual needfulness. But when man became an inhabitant of countries frequently visited by sudden and oppressive changes of temperature, and blessed at no time with that balmy and celestial atmosphere which made an earthly heaven of his first bright dwelling places, and when, moreover, his frame was weakened by the insidious or violent attacks of disease, he felt, or imagined himself unable to contend with the severity of the "skiey influences," and contrived, by preventing the external air from ever coming in sudden contact with his frame, to preserve that frame in something like an evenness of temperature. But his original aim in adding the embellishment of vesture to the natural charms of symmetry and gracefulness, has never, to this day, been forgotten; and, to say truth, there is little doubt of its being only from too great an anxiety for success that he has overshot the mark. This straining after theatrical effect is not half so much observable in the costumes of polar climates, as in those of the temperate and torrid zones. The reason of this is obviously that, in the former, absolute necessity requires all the attention to clothing, which fancy alone dictates in the latter; aud thus, that in the eager-

ness to ward off sharp physical evils, the pleasures of taste are forgotten. Among the southern, or rather the equatorial nations, great regard is still shown to one principle, which in Europe seems almost entirely lost sight of; namely, that the body, however little it be advantaged by its covering, ought never to be incommoded by it. This may be seen in the looseness and lightness of Egyptian, Arabian, Turkish, Persian, and all Indian dresses; and even the Italians and Spaniards, until the last few centuries, were more rational than at present in this respect. Yet in England, which is by no means so far towards the arctic regions as many countries where habiliments are less wintry, the enervating custom of shutting out fresh air from the skin, and encumbering the limbs in their commonest movements, is indeed most lamentably prevalent. Our countrymen give it as an excuse, that the weather in this island is so fluctuating, and at times so pestilential by reason of earthy marine vapours, as to render their self imprisonment, and semi-suffocation in a manner a thing of necessity. But let them know, that there is no great coat so impenetrable as a well hardened skin, and that the roughness of complexion which hardihood brings with it, and which the curled and perfumed gentleman might object to, would be amply compensated by the clearness and freshness which pure health diffuses over the whole cutaneous covering. The majority, however, of those various pretexts which are urged in favour of thick or tight apparel, may be looked on as false pleas put forth only to avoid confessing a blind submission to popular customs; which customs, as all know, are more often established by the caprice or selfishness of the high-born few, than by the judgment of the common-sensible many. To cite the numerous instances that have occurred of personal deformities in the upper ranks of society, suggesting modes of dress by which a whole country has been annoyed, and the national health seriously prejudiced, would be to repeat a twice-told tale. But there are some of these so fatally pernicious, and so widely prevalent, that it would be neglecting the main business of this short essay, to pass them over. The neckcloth, which may be computed to have killed, if not as many persons, at least as many guiltless ones (and that is saying a great deal) as the halter or the bowstring—the neckcloth, whose disgusting origin is so universally known, is at this day struggling hard with fermented liquors for precedence in the promotion of apoplexy. Some very pithy remarks on this flaxen foe (be it silken—no matter) to sound health, appeared lately in one of our first weekly Papers, and the writer of them seems fully to agree with us in the opinion that the abolition of it would not only be serviceable to the cause of Hygeia, but that Venus herself would esteem it as a worthy sacrifice to her. The pressure of a cravat upon the jugular vein, must obstruct the circulation through that important pair of vessels, and the pressure in front upon the larynx and the glands of the throat, is productive of most dangerous tendencies. Were the neck left uncovered, the frequency of sore throats would be much lessened. It is by the penetrating of raw air into the pores of the skin, when heated by close covering, that colds of that kind are caught; and they seldom or never could be so if the pores were kept well braced and contracted by perpetual contact with the atmosphere. The fashion here proposed would of course keep the razor-hand to its duty, unless, in-

deed, the operation of chin-reaping fell into disuse altogether; but in either case the effect would be beneficial, for a thing ought either to be done well or not affected to be done at all. Some ladies think the symmetry of a male neck is not so perfect as to justify its exhibition. But this objection seems to arise from their having seen the frightful straining, and almost convulsive working, of the muscles of the throat in our public out-door orators. These are generally men of impaired constitutions, and their efforts are such as might exhaust the very strongest of us; so that we have still hopes to show these fair critics in anatomy, that a gentleman's throat, when none but drawing-room speeches are poured forth from it, is,—though less charming than theirs or a peacock's may be,—still no such *disagreeable* object. To what was before said on the subject of the danger to be apprehended in leaving our tender neck unclad, let us add the old answer of the Scythian, who, when asked how his body could bear such exposure to the elements, replied, "*You* expose your face to them, and it remains unhurt;—*suppose me all face.*" We have a word of advice to the soft sex in particular, on this subject of their attire; but to modulate gradually into the softer key we must use in addressing them, we will now venture an observation or two as to that part of dress which, and almost alone, is common both to the lords and to the ladies of the creation—we mean *shoes*. Examine the sandalled feet of Greece and Rome, as represented in the exquisite specimens of sculpture and painting, which have been left us by those once noble empires; then turn to the narrow and pointed pumps of a modern English ball-room, and wonder how such instruments of distortion could ever be introduced into a civilized country. It has been suspected that the Chinese are the most enlightened people now on the earth. We are nearly as prone to aggravate the good qualities as the bad ones of those whom we are little acquainted with. But the single circumstance of the Chinese entertaining their unnatural admiration of pygmy feet, affords, we think, an incontestible argument against the hypothesis of their very great refinement. The perfection of art is the judicious display of nature, as the acme of science is the understanding of natural principles; therefore, to curtail nature of her fair proportions, is to betray a want of acquaintance with her beauties,—an ignorance of all that is most worth knowing. One of the commonest and most fatal disorders incidental to old age, is a mortification of the lower extremities; and what else can be expected, after obstructing the the circulation in them for sixteen hours daily, during a period of more than half a century? A branch being long displaced from its natural position, will never again resume it; and the arteries of the feet being so frequently compressed, cease at length to afford a passage at any time to the blood; they become dry, then ossify, and ultimately produce gangrene. Let the foot be placed naked on the floor, and a line be drawn round it on a paper placed beneath; give your paper to St. Crispin, and if he sticks to his measure, and not to "his last," as the proverb advises, you will soon have a Phidian foot, and that, too, "unplagued by corns:" the pedal fingers will cease to be bulbous, and will grow regular and tapering like those of the hand, instead of resembling, as in shape they now do, a whole family of tadpoles tied on to the feet by their tails. We trust not to offend by this comparison;

but the subject is too important to be squeamish upon. And now, ladies, to you, and to you alone, shall my remaining observations be addressed. Or, stay,—I can resolve them all into one little question, for an answer to which, I humbly wait your leisure.

In what part of your angelic frames may it please you to let the lower ribs join with the vertebræ, and indicate by the graceful fall immediately below them, the situation of that hallowed region, the WAIST? Say, likewise, to what degree of latitude that region shall be permitted to extend, that we may know if you are determined upon being in form as similar to, as in temper you are unlike, the wasp?

STANZAS.

I behold thee in my dreams,
Ever tender, ever kind;
But the morn comes with her beams,
And the vision falls behind,—
Behind the clouds of light
That enrobe the early sky,
But can make it not so bright
As thy soft and swimming eye.

I see thee in my dream,
And I know my dream will vanish;
Yet so harmless doth it seem,
That the fraud I do not banish:
But I find, when day hath made
Me again unloved and lorn,
That where roses bloom and fade,
There will sure survive a thorn.

In my infancy I loved thee,
In my manhood I adore;
And yet all the less I moved thee,
As my flame grew more and more.
Thou'rt a flower that look'd on high
At the sun in his young ray,
But when noontide lit the sky,
Shrank in bashfulness away,

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

THOU art gone to the land of the nightless day,
To the clime of the winterless year,
Where flower never droops on its ever-green spray,
Where cloud never turns to a tear;
Where the furrows that anguish had left in thy heart
Shall be sown with the bright seed of bliss.
Oh! the glimpse that we catch of the world where thou art,
Dries the tear for thy absence from this.

AMUSEMENTS IN WINTER, AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF WALES.

No. III.—Owen Glendower.

No people in the world are—or rather, were—more attached to, or more proud of, their pedigrees, than the Welch; and, as my wife has the good fortune, or the ill fortune—(I cannot say which) to be a descendant of the famous Owen Glendower, I shall, in compliment to her, make a few remarks upon that celebrated character. At the same time, I shall take the liberty of speaking the truth: I shall "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Glendower's paternal name was Owen ap Gryffyth Vaughan; but, being lord of the lands named Glyndour, he chose to be called by that name, instead of his paternal one. This was a frequent practice in Wales and Scotland; and continues to be so to this day;—an instance of which I remember in Campbell, of Glenlyon, who undertook the massacre of Glencoe. It was the common remark on this person, all his life afterwards,—"Glencoe sits upon Glenlyon, night and day."

Glendower was an esquire to the body of Richard II., when that prince had an interview with Henry of Bolingbroke, at Flint Castle.

He seems to have been a personage much talked of in his time; for Falstaff says, that he bastinadoed Amaimon, cuckolded Lucifer, and swore the Devil to be his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welch hook. That he was brave, is certain; and, that he had a high character for it, equally so:—for when Hotspur tells Henry IV., that Mortimer, Earl of March had fought Owen Glendower hand in hand, the King replies—

> Thou dost belie him, Percy;—dost belie him:
> He never did encounter with Glendower;
> I tell thee,———
> He durst as well have met the Devil, alone,
> As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

The fact is, however, Mortimer did fight him; and was taken prisoner; and, not long after, married his daughter; and entered into a conspiracy with him against Henry IV., in conjunction with Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester; Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; Henry Percy, his son, commonly called Hotspur; Scroop, Archbishop of York; and Archibald, Earl Douglas.

When Glendower and Hotspur met, at the Archdeacon's house, a scene occurred highly characteristic of both. Glendower, in common with his countrymen, was something of a braggart.

> At my nativity,
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
> Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
> The frame and huge foundation of the earth
> Shook like a coward.

How characteristic this is of a boasting Welch country gentleman, no one can know, who has not mixed somewhat largely with that order. Hotspur's reply is equally characteristic of a Percy:—

> Why, so it would have done,
> At the same season, if your mother's cat
> Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glendower replies—

I say, the Earth did shake, when I was born.
Hotspur. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.
Glendower. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hotspur. O, then, the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

And, proceeding farther in the banter, Hotspur almost sets the worthy Welchman beside himself. "Cousin, of many men," says he,

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you, once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clam'rous to the frighted fields.

What circumstances did really attend the birth of Glendower, it is now perhaps impossible to discover; though we may conjecture, that the night was distinguished by the appearance of an *aurora borealis*. Hollingshed, giving into the tradition of the times, says, that on the night of Glendower's nativity, all his father's horses were found in the stable up to their bellies in blood. Glendower, however, in his self-sufficiency, presumed to the power of

Calling spirits from the vasty deep.
Hotspur. Why, so can I;—or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glendower. Why, I can teach you, Cousin, to command
The Devil.

Not only over powers of the deep, but over the powers of the air, did this necromancer (or as KING HENRY calls him, "damned magician,") pretend to exercise authority:—

Those musicians, who shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet, straight they shall be here.

On which Hotspur answers in a manner almost enough to drive him to a state of madness; but, after the manner of his countrymen, Glendower becomes (as the saying is) as cool as a cucumber.

And I can teach thee, Coz., to shame the Devil;
By telling Truth:—tell truth, and shame the Devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither;
And I'll be sworn, I 've power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil.

Upon hearing this, without making any reply, the hot-headed Welchman calmly proceeds—

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power:—thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.
Hotspur. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the Devil's name?

To this cutting reply, GLENDOWER answers by immediately entering into the subject on which they met, viz.—the division of the kingdom, *after they should have conquered King Henry!*

The man, who once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was kill'd by hunting him.

Thus GLENDOWER was to have all Wales, westward of the Severn; PERCY, all the lands northward of the Trent; and MORTIMER, that portion of the island from Trent to Severn, by south and east. This division was guided by a prophecy, which never came to pass.

Glendower, however, afterwards appears more strictly in the best parts of his own character—a kind father, and a faithful friend; though his conversation, if we may credit Percy, was none of the most agreeable or refined.

——— sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven.
* * * * * * *
O, he 's as tedious
As is a tired horse,—a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house.

Mortimer his son-in-law gives him, however, a far different character.

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as beautiful
As mines of India.

After this scene, GLENDOWER never appears; neither himself, nor MORTIMER, nor the EARL of NORTHUMBERLAND being able to arrive at Shrewsbury in time for the battle, in which Hotspur was slain by Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V.

In the year 18—, I visited the small spot of ground on the banks of the Dee, near Corwen, which was the cause of Glendower's hatred to the English. While there, two extraordinary circumstances occurred. The first relates to an appearance of a rainbow, at six o'clock in the morning. I never saw one at so early a period before; and alluding to it, one day, in conversation with a young Swiss friend, he assured me, that he, also, had seen one on his road from Utendorf to Berne, about half-past seven, at the latter end of September, 1822. One end of it rested on the GAENTERICH, a mountain rising between the STOCKHORN and the GURNIGEL. It formed half a semicircle; and the colours were much more vivid, and more clearly distinct from each other, than in any bow he had ever seen before or since.

The next circumstance relates to a man having been struck by lightning, within a hundred yards of me. He fell with his head upon a stone, over which the waters rush down, in winter, with great violence. Oh! (have I often thought, since that period,) how much less proud a circumstance is it, to be a canker in a rich man's hedge, than a rose in a poor man's garden!

This spot, so awful from the association, I could never remember, for many years, without recalling to my recollection a passage in Collins's "Ode on the Superstitions entertained among the Mountains of Scotland":—

His fear-struck limbs soon lost their youthful force;
And down the waves he floats a pale and breathless corse.

This association lasted many years; and, within these two years, another has been added to it, from BOWRING's "Specimens of the Russian Poets":—

FIRST VOICE.

The pilgrim, who reaches this valley of tears
Would fain hurry by; and with trembling and fears,
He is launch'd on the wreck-cover'd river!

SECOND VOICE.

The traveller, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.

In regard to the peasant's fate, we may remember, that the tomb of LYCURGUS, as well as that of EURIPIDES, was struck by lightning:—nor may we forget, that MARCUS HERENNIUS was struck by that subtle and awful fluid,—not in a storm, but on a serene day, and in a cloudless sky. The circumstance is recorded by Pliny:—and Horace alludes to a similar event with veneration and awe. (Lib. i. Od. 34.)

A few miles distant from this valley stands the village, or town, (whichever you may please to call it,) of CORWEN;—a place in which you may hear many marvellous things in respect to OWEN GLENDOWER, and witness one of his exploits on the south side of the church. He has been called, and not inappropriately, "the last of the Welch."

Speaking of Corwen, I shall describe a curious custom, there prevailing, in regard to funerals. The corpse is brought to the churchyard gate, the people singing all the way from the house in which the deceased lived. It is then taken into the church in the usual manner. After a certain portion of the service, the men quit their pews, and walk, one by one, up to the communion table, where they deposit, in a salver, half-pence or silver, at their discretion. The women then quit their pews, and make their deposits in the same manner. When the service is concluded, the corpse is taken to the grave, where a similar deposit takes place into the clerk's hat. Flowers are then thrown upon the coffin, which is immediately after let down, and most of the attendant peasants assist the clerk to cover the grave; and having made a small mound over the body, oak leaves, flowers, and sprigs are thrown upon it. The contributions made in the church are for the clergyman; those at the grave, for the clerk.

ANTI-ANACREONTIC.

MY cups are not of burning wine,—
My only beverage from the vine
Is what, in the red year's decline,
Its fresh ripe clusters pour;
Nor is my bloodless table spread
With flesh of brutes untimely dead—
Cool herbs and fruits, and vital bread,
Are all its healthful store.

Little I dread the full repast,
For nothing tempts my homely taste
To o'erpay the body's due, or waste
In sense the hours of soul,—
The hours when thought, and converse calm,
Of pains and terrors Life disarm,
And Death; and like a sea of balm
O'er my rough sorrows roll.

HORÆ PARODICÆ.

No. I.

THE TABLE-TALK METAPHYSICIAN; OR DISJOINTED FRAGMENTS OF A COCKNEY TALE.

PROEM.

The poet jeereth Mr. H——; Describeth his return home from the King's Bench—His capture on Hampstead-heath—His adventures in the House of Bondage—How he returned to Winterslow Hut, and read the coachman to sleep on the road—Conclusion.

TABLE-TALK H—— came into the Row,
But it was not to dine with Baldwin and Co.
Nor Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown to see,
For they were as knowing as knowing could be;
It was only to groan o'er the loaded shelves
With his ponderous octavos and hot-pressed twelves;
Where dusty and drowsy and thick as hops,
They slept in the grave of the booksellers' shops.
Oh! long may the cockneys pudder and pine
(Those who have got any) over their wine;
Long of the Table-talk's eloquence tell,
Of its feeling and truth—ere one copy shall sell.

When many a week had come and fled,
When his debts were hopeless, his creditors dead;
When the hour was late, and the night was still
As the Summer moon upon Richmond Hill;
When hush'd was all but the tramp of feet
On thy stony pavement, oh! Oxford-street—
When scarce was remembered the Table-talk's name—
To his wife, from the Bench, its author came hame.*

"Mr. H— Mr. H— oh! where have you been?
"Long have I sought you at Turnham Green;
"Long on Highgate and Hampstead-heath,
"Yet you look spiteful and pale as death;
"Where got you those cheeks† (once stiff and stout,
"Now lean and lank) and that pimpled snout,
"That coat, the oldest that ever was seen—
"Mr. H— Mr. H— oh! where have you been?"

Mr. H— looked up with a lovely grace,
But no smile was seen in his unshorn face;
He roll'd his eyes around their socket,
Then took a tobacco-pipe out of his pocket,
And puffed and smoked, till he raised a gloom
(Like the fog of his Essays) around the room—
He spake of the debtors and duns he had seen
In quod, where money had seldom been;
He spake of his capture on Hampstead-heath,
And how he had chatted a debtor to death,

---

* *Vide* Kilmeny—a beautiful poem in the Queen's Wake.

† Probably borrowed from that equally applicable question in Shakspeare: "Slave—where got you that goose-look?"

Till his wife, as aghast from her chair she rose,
Exclaimed, "'Twill be my turn next, I suppose."

* * * * * *

On Hampstead-heath there is a glade,‡
And in that glade a cottager's shed,
And in that shed there is a maid
To love, to learning, and H—t wed;
And in that shed, and down by that glade,
An author makes love to his "beautiful maid."
Sub Jove dio the author slept,
Till close by his side a catchpole crept,
But his grasp was gentle, the slumber deep,
Of Mr. H— and his lost young sheep;
So he kenned no more of the buxom wench,
Till roused from repose in his Majesty's Bench.
He woke on a mattrass tattered and tough,
He woke on a blanket ragged and rough;
While debtors in wonder jumped up from their snooze,
Some without stockings and some without shoes,
And aye they smiled, and began to speer,
"Pray, what the devil has brought you here?"

"Long have I been to quod consigned,"
A meek and reverend debtor whined,
"Both night and day, early and late,
I have watched the sun from Saint George's gate;
I have watched the moon like a froward wench,
Throw dimpled smiles on his Majesty's Bench;
I have watched the stars look over the lea,
With kindness to all on earth but me,
Yet never since the banquet of time
Have I seen such an author caged in his prime,
Till now I behold him (oh! sight of evil)
Stretched on a mattrass as hard as the devil:
Full fourteen years he has 'scaped the paws
Of the grim King's Bench and the catchpole's claws;
But now he is struck by affliction's rod,
Dunned by his creditors, clapped in quod,
For full three calendar months by ——."

They caught him fast by the breeches and coat,
As a spider that seizes a fly by the throat,
They caught him fast by the coat and the breeches,
As holy Saint Anthony† caught the witches;
And in his pocket, for wear the worse,
They found (what might have been once) a purse!
Where a brotherless guinea, the last of his race,
Displayed to the debtors a jaundiced face,
Till thawed into lemons and punch, as well,
This *ultimus Romanorum* fell.

* * * * * *

‡ The Vale of Health; so called, perhaps, because it is famous for giving the ague.

† Vide the print of Saint Anthony's Temptation, where the devout old gentleman is represented as clawing hold of a pair of witches (tell it not in Gath) by that part of the person to which the indispensable vest is indebted for its name.

Saint George's matin bells are tinkling,*
The tapster looked from his lattice high,
He saw the dews of morn besprinkling
The square court-yard beneath his eye;
He saw the young sun faintly twinkling:
"'Tis morn—the debtors sure will buy
My punch that smells so fragrantly."—
He could not rest in his attic estate,
But popped his nose thro' the lattice grate,
And cried aloud, "They sure will buy?—
But if they don't, od rot 'em, I
Will make their punch, like a sinful daughter,
Commit adultery with —— water,
Tho' even now 'tis with weakness spent,
And of spirits and lemons innocent." †

He ceased: for a debtor came swiftly by,
And crossed the court with an eager eye;
He stopped not for breath, and he stopped not for wind,
But rushed up stairs, like a thing of the mind:
He looked disturbed, and pale as death,
But this might be from his want of breath;
He looked as tattered as Fuseli's witches,
But this might be from his want of breeches.
On to the tapster's room he passed,
Who cried, "By jingo! he comes at last,
And bears good luck on his beaming brow—
How could I deem the fellow slow?
Right well my best rum-punch shall lay
His thirsty spirit (provided he'll pay.")—
The debtor returned to the author's cell,
His brothers in bondage they swigged full well;
His brothers in bondage they swigged full fast,
As if each glass was their first and last,
And muttered the while with joy sincere,
"Oh! bless the day that an author came here."

* * * *

The debtors, guinea, and the punch are gone, ‡
Alike without their monumental stone:
The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean
From lingering where their bowl of punch had been;
Drink had so tamed their pockets (ne'er too proud),
Their groans were few—their wailings never loud;
But furious, would you tear them from the spot,
Where yet they scarce believed the punch was not.
And did they love it?—Curious fool, be still:
Is love for punch the growth of human will?
To them it might be nectar; for such men
Take deeper draughts than your dull eyes can ken;
To them——away thou debtor, it is gone:
It once was rum punch that thou look'st upon.

* * * *

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* "The browzing camels' bells are tinkling."—GIAOUR.

† "Call you this beer? 'tis *innocent* of malt."—Somewhere in Blackwood's Magazine, *si rite audita recordor.*

‡ LARA.—"And Kaled, Lara, Ezzelin, are gone."

A month rolled on to the grave of time;
The second month was in its prime,
But its days and weeks flew quickly past;
And the third month now was waning fast,
When Mr. H— began to write,
And (worse than that) began to read;
While the hapless debtors from morn to night,
One and all cried shame on the ruthless deed.
But still he wrote, and still he preached,
Ratted and ranted, swore and speeched,
Till (vengeance light on his murderous head !)
He talked an innocent debtor dead.

The Arbiter Elegantiarum
Kicked Juan out of the devil's harem; *
Because he corrupted Apollyon's crew,
And kissed (oh, the rogue) all the she-devils too:
E'en so, our debtors resolved to try,
By clapping the author in Coventry,
To drive him forth from His Majesty's Bench,
To the ruddy arms of his Hampstead wench.†
Long they tried, but they tried in vain;
Long they swore, but he swore again;
Preached and speeched to the sorrowful crew,
Table-talk wrote, and read them too;—
Till all cried out with grief sincere,
"Oh! curse the day that an author came here."—

The third month now rolled swiftly on,
The debtors were glad, for the author was gone
To Winterslow hut he rode the next day,
And read the coachman to sleep by the way;
Till even he cried out with fear—
"Oh! curse the day that an author came here."

* * * * *

On Salisbury plain is a voice of wail;
Woman's eye is wet, and man's cheek is pale:
For an author is reading his works with a smile,
While the twain sit weeping and sleeping the while.
The woman who weeps is the author's wife;
And the man who sleeps is the "friend of his life"—
A little plump-visaged wit of Cockaigne,
Who snores o'er an essay on Salisbury plain,
And strives to escape the infliction in vain.—
Now, long live all scholars with money to lend,
And long live all readers with any to spend;
And long live all those who have cash to receive,
And long live all those who have any to give;
Provided that, spite of bad grammar, they still
Will purchase the essays of Table-talk Will.

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* Vide the whimsical extravaganza of Giovanni in London.

† I am for a set of country beauties with *red arms* and mob-caps.—Oh! might I attempt a description of some of them in poetic prose, Don Juan should forget his Julia.—*Vide Table-talk*, Vol. ii.

MENTAL ACCOUNT-KEEPING.

The computations of a man's life are busie as the Tables of Sines and Tangents, and intricate as the accounts of Eastern Merchants; and therefore it were but reason we should summe up our accounts at the foot of every page.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S *Holy Dying*.

ARE we any thing wiser or better to-day than we were yesterday?—The more frequently we put this important question to ourselves, the more satisfactorily will it be answered; but alas! how many there are to whom it seldom—very seldom if ever occurs! The greater part of mankind hurries heedlessly on through the maze of intellectual and moral life, without providing any clue by which a return may be effected, in case the path chosen may be a wrong one. Some men, indeed, will, before they are inextricably bewildered, see their error, and give a wishful glance back towards the point of their first deviation; but even of these there are not many who will profit by the possibility still existent of retracing their steps. To most of them both tracts appear interminable; for an eye of little foresight soon magnifies an extended space into infinity, and in this there are no degrees, therefore to go on or not seems indifferent. But were we to remark at stated intervals our progress through the world, and to compare each advance with the preceding one, it would seldom occur, with such motives to self-emulation, that our speed in improvement were slackened, or that we had for any length of time been pursuing a mistaken course. It is vain to leave it until "sixty years," before we "call our old debts in," and, as Byron goes on to express it with his usual levity, "cast up our accounts of good and evil." Reckonings of such moment as this is to our welfare, ought to be made with far greater frequency. What hinders it, that we every passing day sum up, as a merchant does his daily receipts and payments, every circumstance in the four-and-twenty hours that have expired, which denotes any increase or diminution of our mental worth? A tradesman would be laughed at as a fool, or condemned as a knave, if even of his most trivial dealings he kept so loose an account as men do with regard to the affairs of their heart and understanding. The consequence of such neglect is in both cases very much the same; equally ruinous, and alike irremediable. How many little actions there are, indicative of a tendency to certain species of vice we are yet free from, which actions, if shrewdly detected, and carefully noted down in the memory, would serve to warn us against the commission of others resembling them, but still exceeding them in faultiness by those gentle gradations which make the lapse into crime so all but imperceptible. "*Facilis descensus Averni*," says the sybil;—

> The gates of hell are open night and day,
> *Smooth the descent*, and easy is the way."

Let us proceed to the lines in continuation:—

> But, to return, and view the cheerful skies,
> In this the task and mighty labour lies.

Let us hearken to this fearful admonition, and then say if it behove us not to feel our ground at every step, lest the treacherous declivity of sin inveigle us into a gulf at once bottomless and irregressible. How many germs of virtue, too, may develope themselves in our daily conduct, and fall into abortion merely for want of being observed, and so being duly fostered and reared to maturity! We do not give our virtues their due honour, unless we keep some record of the good they have wrought in us. By forgetting our ill deeds we gain nothing in peace of mind, for that thoughtlessness will surely be followed by fresh iniquities, fresh causes (and mostly heavier ones) of repentant anguish; but in omitting to seat firmly within our souls the remembrance of such redeeming traits of character as have been elicited from us, we deprive ourselves of models for our present and future imitation; and moreover we wantonly reject the sweetest recompense that waits on virtuous deeds, the most availing solace of our darker hours, and the most eloquent plea that can give weight to our prayers for divine mercy. The regular adjustment of our spiritual matters which is here recommended, will soon cease to be irksome, whoever they be that practise it. The idle may be assured that a constant habit of self-communion will speedily rouse them to greater enjoyments than those of listlessness and inertion, and will effectually dissipate the *ennui*, which one may swear they are oppressed with; the sordid may rely on finding advantage, even as to things apparently independent of the mind, in the plan proposed; and the wicked themselves may depend on it that a frequent review of their career will ultimately much augment their gratifications, and make the very world they so dote on, beyond measure more delightful to them than at present—to say nothing of its leading them to another and a better one.

To the good, this advice and the scheme it includes, will need no other recommendation, than that what is urged has well-living for its object; but if it be possible for any one to have attained to the least proficiency in that art of arts, without the aid of periodical self-examinations, he may as well be informed, that in addition to the arguments by which these have above been upheld, there has been much able writing in all civilized times and countries, for the purpose of promoting the same salutary custom; and to ensure a serious consideration of the subject by all who reverence true learning and piety, one need only observe that it has occupied the ethical hours of a Watts, a Johnson, a Paley and a Locke.

SUMMER EVENINGS.

No. III.

CONCLUDING PART OF SIR GREY COOPER'S ODE.

(Inserted in our last No. p. 59.)

ONCE more, great Priest of Truth divine!
I come, with reverential awe,
To view, unfolded at thy shrine,
The mysteries of Nature's law:

The mind's recesses to explore,
The secrets of the heart to scan,
And, led by metaphysic lore,
Survey the inward state of man.

To learn how, when the body sleeps,
And motionless each fibre seems;
FANCY within her revels keeps,
And the dark chamber paints with dreams:

When JUDGMENT nods upon his throne,
And CONSCIENCE even retires to rest;
When every sense has lost its tone,
And all discerning powers suppress:

Save, that by fits, the watchful NERVES
Start at the visions as they pass;
And MEMORY some faint forms preserves,
Group'd in disorder on her glass.

Thus, when from heaven the sun declines,
And twilight lingeringly expires,
The glow-worm in the valley shines,
And shows its ineffectual fires.

Close in her prison-house immured,
Does the SOUL in sleep repose;
And, her etherial light obscured,
The *energy of thinking lose?*

Yet pause——and checking her career,
Let SCIENCE stop where REASON ends;
To all beyond that nice barrier,
The higher power of FAITH extends.

Enough to know, that through this life,
The SPIRIT, doom'd her load to bear,
Must, after all their mutual strife,
The fate of her associate share.

If with fair Temperance she dwell,
Where virtue purifies the blood;
Where no bold passions dare rebel,
Nor guilt invade the calm abode;

Then, the bright essence of the mind
Through every limb divinely wrought,
And all the outward form refined,
The body seems inspired with thought:

But, to the gross material frame
Should Vice her influence impart:
Should sensual lusts extinguish shame,
And habit blunt the conscious heart;

Th' immortal part infected grows,
The soul imbodies and imbrutes,†
Till the degraded being lose
All her celestial attributes.

Yet, when life's probation 's o'er,
And Nature has her trial stood;
When minds and bodies change no more,
The pure in heart shall see their God.

And yon proud, impious band, combin'd
From heaven the thunderbolt to wrest,
May, when their crimes are finish'd, find
That death is not eternal rest.‡

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† Milton's Comus.

‡ The Jacobins proposed a decree, that *death is only eternal sleep.*

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.*

Doctor, or—as some irreverent folks persist in calling him—Mr. Southey, has evidently passed the Rubicon: the first step in the ladder of his fame was the democratic "Wat Tyler,"—the last, the aristocratic "Vision of Judgment." "Thalaba," "The Curse of Kehama," and "Joan of Arc," may be regarded as the manhood of his glory: its youth and age, though remote as the antipodes from each other, agree nevertheless in one feature—that they are both bad: his *ends*, as somebody said of a cucumber, are equally indifferent. We do not mean to dispute, but what the seeds of that genius, which afterwards blossomed so fairly in the autumn of his fame, were not discernible in his earlier works,—nor that the hot-headed enthusiasm—the misguided intemperance they displayed, did not augur better things, when the wild luxuriance of youthful feeling had sobered beneath the tempering beams of rising maturity; yet, we still think, that "The Curse of Kehama" is as much more worthy the name of Southey as the "Vision of Judgment" is beneath it. He has excited hopes which he has fulfilled to an eminent degree, and doubts and fears which he has more than realized.

The Doctor, we believe, to this day, to be considered as nothing more than a clever well-informed man, with a considerable portion of self-acquired talent: genius has been put altogether out of the question. But let us examine the facts, which any bookseller's shelves will demonstrate. The Doctor has, without exception, written more than any author of eminence existing, the leviathan of the north not excepted,—and in styles as opposite, and on subjects as distinct, from his "Joan of Arc," breathing with the divinest spirit of liberty, to his last article in The Quarterly Review. We are far from expressing anything like a concordance with, or a dissent from, the learned Doctor's political tenets: that subject is, to us at least, neutral ground;—would, that it were so to all others. He may be, for aught we know, on the right side of the hedge,—for a hedge every controversy is, that divides the social spirit of man from his fellow; and never more thorny, than when it springs in the sweet gardens of literature. He has shook off the wild garb of the mountain bard, for the bedizened robes of the courtier—the spirit of "Roderick" is lost in the "Loyal Address on the late happy Anniversary." Genius must be as free and as unshackled as the breeze of the morning; she pines and withers under the weight of a bag-wig, and "falls, never to rise again," when the knee is bent to catch the "courtly smile." But, is the biographer of Nelson, the minstrel of Keswick, the historian, the poet, the scholar, the divine, to be forgotten in the contributor of a ministerial review, or remembered only with pain in the hexameters of the Vision of Judgment? "Forbid it, ye Muses!" and Doctor Southey; and—

> Give not to party, what was meant for mankind.

The poem which now claims our attention, is dedicated to "Edith May Southey," the daughter of the author, to whom he addresses the following delightful lines, which not only breathe the tenderest spirit of

* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate, &c. 1825. Longman and Co.

poetical feeling, but flow with the sweetest cadence that can touch the minstrel's or the poet's heart ;—

I saw thee first with trembling thankfulness,
O daughter of my hopes and of my fears !
Press'd on thy senseless cheek a troubled kiss,
And breathed my blessing over thee with tears.
But memory did not long our bliss alloy ;
For gentle nature, who had given relief,
Wean'd with new love the chasten'd heart from grief ;
And the sweet season minister'd to joy.

It was a season when their leaves and flowers
The trees as to an arctic summer spread :
When chilling wintry winds and snowy showers,
Which had too long usurp'd the vernal hours,
Like spectres from the sight of morning, fled
Before the presence of that joyous May ;
And groves and gardens, all the live-long day,
Rung with the birds' loud love-songs. Over all,
One thrush was heard, from morn till even-fall :
Thy Mother well remembers, when she lay
The happy prisoner of the genial bed,
How from yon lofty poplar's topmost spray,
At earliest dawn, his thrilling pipe was heard ;
And when the light of evening died away,
That blithe and indefatigable bird
Still his redundant song of joy and love preferr'd.

How I have doted on thine infant smiles,
At morning, when thine eyes unclosed on mine,—
How, as the months in swift succession roll'd,
I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,
And watch'd the dawning of the light divine,—
And, with what artifice of playful guiles,
Won from thy lips, with still-repeated wiles,
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told,—
Something, I ween, thou knowest ; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters, in their turn, such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood, in its winning years,
The attemper'd soul to tenderness can move.
This thou canst tell ; but not the hopes and fears
With which a parent's heart doth overflow,—
The thoughts and cares inwoven with that love,—
Its nature and its depth, thou dost not, canst not know.

The years which since thy birth have pass'd away,
May well to thy young retrospect appear
A measureless extent :—like yesterday
To me, so soon they fill'd their short career.
To thee, discourse of reason have they brought,
With sense of time and change ; and something, too,
Of this precarious state of things have taught,
Where man abideth never in one stay ;
And of mortality a mournful thought.
And I have seen thine eyes suffused in grief,
When I have said, that with autumnal gray
The touch of eld hath mark'd thy father's head,—
That even the longest day of life is brief,
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.

Thy happy nature from the painful thought
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
To hear me name the grave : thou knowest not
How large a portion of my heart is there !

The faces which I loved in infancy
Are gone; and bosom-friends of riper age,
With whom I fondly talk'd of years to come,
Summon'd before me to their heritage,
Are in the better world, beyond the tomb.
And I have brethren there, and sisters dear,
And dearer babes. I therefore needs must dwell
Often in thought with those whom still I love so well.

The tale is taken almost literally from 'Dobrizhoffer de Abiponibus,' and is illustrative of the simple lives of an Indian family of the Guarini race. The husband and bride are driven from their native settlement by the ravages of the smallpox, and seek for refuge in the wild regions of Paraguay. Here are born to them a son and a daughter. Before the birth of the latter, Quiara (the father) meets his death, while in the pursuit of his daily occupation, hunting. We shall endeavour to give the rest of the story in the author's own words, as much as our limits and the interest will allow. The emotions of the parents, on the birth of their first-born, are depictured with a touching sweetness:—

Oh! bliss for them, when in that infant face
They now the unfolding faculties descry,
And fondly gazing, trace—or think they trace—
The first faint speculation in that eye,
Which hitherto hath roll'd in vacancy!
Oh! bliss, in that soft countenance to seek
Some mark of recognition, and espy
The quiet smile, which, in the innocent cheek,
Of kindness and of kind its consciousness doth speak!

The ruling principle of love of life and offspring is shown to exist as powerfully in the savage breast as in that of the most refined; and, perhaps, is the best evidence of our author's powers.

The seamen who upon some coral reef
Are cast, amid the interminable main,
Still cling to life, and hoping for relief,
Drag on their days of wretchedness and pain.
In turtle shells they hoard the scanty rain,
And eat its flesh, sun-dried for lack of fire,
Till the weak body can no more sustain
Its wants, but sinks beneath its sufferings dire:
Most miserable man who sees the rest expire!

He lingers there while months and years go by;
And holds his hope, though months and years have past;
And still at morning, round the farther sky,
And still at eve, his eagle glance is cast,
If there he may behold the far-off mast
Arise, for which he hath not ceased to pray:
And if perchance a ship should come at last,
And bear him from that dismal bank away,
He blesses God, that he hath lived to see that day.

So strong a hold hath life upon the soul,
Which sees no dawning of eternal light,
But subject to this mortal frame's control,
Forgetful of its origin and right,
Content in bondage dwells and utter night.
By worthier ties was this poor mother bound
To life; even while her grief was at the height,
Then in maternal love support she found,
And in maternal cares a healing for her wound.

The effect of dreaming, on a simple uncultivated child of nature, is displayed in the midnight fancies of the widowed Monnema:—

Nathless, departed spirits, at their will,
Could from the land of souls pass to and fro;
They come to us in sleep, when all is still,
Sometimes to warn against the impending blow,—
Alas! more oft to visit us in woe:
Though in their presence there was poor relief!
And this had sad experience made her know;
For when Quiara came, his stay was brief,—
And waking then, she felt a freshen'd sense of grief.

Yet, to behold his face again, and hear
His voice, though painful, was a deep delight:
It was a joy to think that he was near,
To see him in the visions of the night,—
To know that the departed still requite
The love which to their memory still will cling:
And though he might not bless her waking sight
With his dear presence, 'twas a blessed thing
That sleep would thus sometimes his actual image bring.

The children arrive at maturity, in this scene of primitive simplicity, with no other ideas of life and the world, than what the legendary songs which they have heard from their mother, learnt ere she was separated from her native clime, have afforded them,—till an event occurs which creates a new impulse in their uncultivated minds: this is the arrival of Dobrizhoffer, the Jesuit, with a few of his disciples. We cannot pass over the vespers of the holy mission, although they are not without a defect which materially injures the otherwise undisturbed beauty.

——— How solemn, in the wild,
That sweet accordant strain wherewith they praise
The Queen of Angels, merciful and mild:—
Hail, holiest Mary! maid, and mother undefiled.

Blame as thou mayest the Papist's erring creed,
But not their salutary rite of even!
The prayers that from a pious soul proceed,
Though misdirected, reach the ear of Heaven.
Us, unto whom a purer faith is given,
As our best birthright it behoves to hold
The precious charge. But, oh, beware the leaven
Which makes the heart of charity grow cold!
We own one Shepherd, we shall be at last one fold.

Thinkest thou, the little company who here
Pour forth their hymn devout at close of day,
Feel it no aid, that those who hold them dear,
At the same hour the self-same homage pay,
Commending them to Heaven when far away?—
That the sweet bells are heard in solemn chime
Through all the happy towns of Paraguay,
Where now their brethren, in one point of time,
Join in the general prayer, with sympathy sublime?—

That, to the glorious Mother of their Lord,
Whole Christendom that hour its homage pays?—
From court and cottage, that with one accord
Ascends the universal strain of praise?
Amid the crowded city's restless ways,
One reverential thought pervades the throng;
The traveller on his lonely road obeys
The sacred hour, and as he fares along,
In spirit hears and joins his household's even-song.

Mr. Southey seems to forget, that the sun does not rise, nor set, at all places at the same hour,—and that the good folks of Christendom would be preparing for their morning anthems, while their brethren at Paraguay were kneeling at vespers. We pass this over-sight, to make room for the Jesuit's discovery of the inhabitants of this primitive (and, as he had supposed, uninhabited) wild. He is attracted by the sound of a beautiful female voice: it is that of the girl Mooma:—

Anon advancing thus the trees between,
He saw beside her bower the songstress wild,
Not distant far, himself the while unseen.
Mooma it was, that happy maiden mild,
Who in the sunshine, like a careless child
Of nature, in her joy was caroling.
A heavier heart than his it had beguiled,
So to have heard so fair a creature sing
The strains which she had learnt from all sweet birds of spring.

For these had been her teachers, these alone;
And she in many an emulous essay,
At length into a descant of her own
Had blended all their notes, a wild display
Of sounds in rich irregular array;
And now, as blithe as bird in vernal bower,
Pour'd in full flow the unexpressive lay,
Rejoicing in her consciousness of power,
But in the inborn sense of harmony yet more.

In joy had she begun the ambitious song,
With rapid interchange of sink and swell;
And sometimes high the note was raised, and long
Produced, with shake and effort sensible,
As if the voice exulted there to dwell;
But when she could no more that pitch sustain,
So thrillingly attuned the cadence fell,
That, with the music of its dying strain,
She moved herself to tears of pleasurable pain.

It may be deem'd some dim presage possess'd
The virgin's soul,—that some mysterious sense
Of change to come, upon her mind impress'd,
Had then call'd forth, ere she departed thence,
A requiem to their days of innocence.
For what thou losest in thy native shade,
There is one change alone that may compense,
O Mooma, innocent and simple maid,—
Only one change, and it will not be long delay'd!

The rest may now be shortly told. The summing-up is brief, but, most undoubtedly, conclusive. The mother, daughter, and son are converted to the true faith, and removed, by the Jesuit, to St. Joachim, the nearest town, where they all (by the change of climate, or some other cause) go, with a remarkable celerity, to the arms of the Virgin Mother.

Having given our readers sufficient opportunity to judge for themselves of the poetry, we would ask Dr. Southey what object he had in view, and what he has completed, in dragging forth the lives of these savages, not only from their native, but the still greater obscurity of Dobrizhoffer's Latin, to perpetuate them in four cantos of Spenserian stanzas. He has discovered them simple and unsophisticated, in the holy ignorance of nature—of the vices of mankind; and he appears

only to have shown them life, that they might taste of its bitterness: for it is remarkable, that religion, instead of acting as a balm to their spirits—as the morning star which was to spring out of the darkness of their solitude, to beacon them into a world of happiness and love, only enveloped their souls in gloom, and finally snapped the cords of their tender existence. The causes of Monnema's and Mooma's death are equivocally assigned, while that of Yeruti appears downright to have arisen from a superstition, caused by excess of religious zeal, that his father nightly visited him from the world of spirits. From these circumstances, it appears, Mr. Southey's belief is, that it is better to feel the approach of death almost as early as the consciousness of existence, and to be cut off from the vicissitudes of our mortal pilgrimage ere either its pleasures or its miseries can be properly estimated. Such an argument defeats the natural purpose of life. Are we brought into the world merely to go out of it?—Are we, like Lord Burleigh in the drama, merely to come on the stage, to shake our heads, and leave it? No, Doctor! religion was never intended to give us a distaste for the flickering comforts of the world; but rather, as a balm to soothe the bruised spirit, when its miseries press too hard, so that we may feel assured, in the hour of trial, that whatever may be the bitterness and vexations of this life, we have always a medicine for them,—a fountain of hope, which never flows with greater abundance than when it springs from the wilderness of sorrow!

RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA.

No. I.—The Duel.

Four years since, you may recollect, my dear brother, that I was second officer, with my father, in the Diamond. Among many other passengers, we had a Lieutenant Milman, as remarkable for his handsome person and elegant manners, as for his violent and ungovernable passions, which were excited by the most unlooked for and trivial causes. Reasoning or apologizing was useless; to the one he would turn a deaf ear; the latter he spurned with contempt and bitterness. About a fortnight after our arrival at Calcutta, I was invited by a brother officer of Milman, (also a passenger) to pass a few days with him at his bungalow at Barrackpore, where his regiment was in cantonments. I accepted the invitation with a satisfaction those only who have spent three or four months on board an 'H. C. ship,' at the dreary 'New Anchorage' at Saugor, can guess; little suspecting the tragical scene I was shortly to witness. The first few days passed delightfully, I drank the 'Loll Shraub' of the 'H. C. 25 Native' with great satisfaction, and beheld the smoke of my 'hooka' steam from my nose and the corners of my mouth with profound gravity; in a word, I had discovered that I was admirably adapted for an Indian life. I had already formed many agreeable acquaintances among the officers stationed here, and anticipated, with regret, leaving their cheerful society for the dull uniformity of my ship. It happened that a young Madras officer (on leave

of absence) arrived at this juncture on a visit to his brother, who, as a matter of course, introduced him to the mess. In a pause of the common chit-chat after dinner, a gentleman carelessly asked, if there were "any news at Madras?" "None!" answered he from the South, in an equally indifferent tone; "unless indeed that foolish affair of Major G——'s be considered news." "Well—and what gallant affair has the Major been engaged in?" inquired the other, laughingly.—"Merely breaking the second injunction of the tenth commandment—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife"—responded he of Madras, as he continued to smoke, in perfect calmness. Conversational matter is not of a very varied nature in India, no wonder then, that several exclaimed in a breath, "Pray who is the lady? do give us the particulars!" and no one more eagerly than Milman himself. "What!" said the Madrasee, delighted at being the first to communicate an ill-natured piece of scandal—"have you not heard of it? why it has been the topic of conversation in Madras these six weeks." The impatience of the auditory was heightened, and his brother exclaimed—"Well, Tom, my dear fellow, don't keep us in suspense—Now begin."—"A certain lady," drawled the other, "remarkable for her personal beauty, and hitherto, if one may guess, by the annual living proofs she has presented him, (a laugh) firmly attached to her liege lord, not having the fear of God and her husband before her eyes, listened, in an evil hour, to the blandishments of a certain gallant major—he softly whispered

O fly from the world, dearest Bessy, to me;

and Bessy blushed.

Thou'lt never find any sincerer,

sighed the warrior, and his ladye love smiled;

I'd give all the world, my dear Bessy, for thee——

he at last swore: and the tender fair one, overcome by such romantic devotion, sank in his conquering arms." The whole table was convulsed—"Bravo, bravo:" and they shouted with boisterous delight. "And the Major, of course, has given up the world for solitude and Bessy?" one inquired. "No indeed," said the narrator of this interesting morceaux: "he had previously obtained leave of absence, and a day or two before I left home, embarked with the lady for Europe." "And the unfortunate husband"—observed some one, feelingly—"Has not, I believe," answered the Madras gentleman, "heard of the wreck of his happiness—he is absent with his regiment at Mysore:—poor Fairbridge!" "Who! who did you say?" screamed Milman, starting on his feet, with fearful vehemence.—The eyes of all were fixed on him; the few who knew his relationship to the unfortunate lady, endeavoured by signs, to make Fenton (the Madras man) understand it was a delicate subject: unhappily, their good intentions were unheeded: the sudden exclamation had a moment staggered Fenton, but he quickly replied, with tartness—"I said, and mean to say, Captain Fairbridge." "Liar," croaked Milman, fairly choked by his passion;—then striking his clenched fist violently on the table—"Ruffian! instantly retract every syllable which thou hast fabricated against a lady whose very name is

polluted in passing thy lips." Young Fenton, to do him justice, (seeing the pain he had caused) bore this violence with great temper, but he said proudly—"I am sorry for having inadvertently wounded the feelings of a connexion of the lady's, but I cannot retract words, however painful, which time will prove but too true." "Sneaking cur! what, you would back out, after so grossly insulting my sister, by meanly vowing you knew not our relationship!" exclaimed M. bitterly. "As God is my witness," protested Fenton, inconceivably shocked at the effect of his imprudent narrative—"I knew it not!" To the jaundiced imagination of Milman, these were but expressions of insulting pity, and doubly exasperated, he hurled at the head of F. a half-emptied water goblet, his features distorted with the deadliest malice, and his frame absolutely convulsed with its violence. The greatest confusion ensued. The friends of M. entreated him to retire, but his impetuous spirit was roused, the honour of his family deeply wounded: and in Fenton he beheld the author of the indignity. The latter, himself, could not brook this last insult, and he scoffingly exclaimed—"Were it not for my pity, I would chastise your insolence on the spot:—go sleep; when you rise, you will sing in another key."——Several exclaimed, "For God's sake, Mr. Fenton, what are you doing? Recollect the shock he has sustained." "Have I not been as forbearing as man can be? Would you have me sit here, the passive brunt of that mad boy's outrages?" "At any rate this language, applied to a gentleman and an officer, does not become you"—observed a friend of Milman's, doggedly. "He can answer it"—vociferated Fenton's brother, in reply. —"True—true!"—suddenly exclaimed Milman with a discordant laugh.

He had resumed his seat, and had listened to the preceding short colloquy with sullen indifference. Alas! it was but the fearful lull of the tempest, only to break forth with double fury, with more implacable rage. "Mr. Fenton," he continued, with an ominous calmness, that stilled in an instant the clamour of twenty voices, (for all present had sided with either party) "Mr. Fenton, I have so grossly insulted you, it is impossible you can accept my apology, did I attempt to make any; and as God is my witness, it is the last thing I should think of."—Here he paused, and gazed on his rival with eyes glaring with fearful and snakelike malignity. Fenton's insulted feelings evidently struggled with his compassion, and he replied—"Mr. Milman, I entered this room *almost* a perfect stranger, unhappily I have adverted to a topic that"——Milman's friends interrupted him—"Pray say no more on that subject."—Fenton bowed with a proud smile and went on—"However unjustifiable and violent your behaviour to me, I can overlook it, but——" The impatient Milman would hear no more, and he shouted—"Bah! I thought so!"—"You do not think," said Fenton warmly, "I am ——?" "A coward!—I do—I do,"—roared his rival in savage triumph—"Cowardice and calumny are old companions." "By G—d! this is too much:" appealed Fenton to his friends. "If," cried his brother taking up the quarrel, "you would convince us your heart be as valiant as your tongue would have us believe, there is another method of proving it, than by black looks and abusive language."—"'Tis what I wish," cried M. quickly—then

eagerly seizing the brother by the arm, he whispered in an audible and hollow tone, "Now—now."

"What!" cried he in horror, and shrinking from M.'s grasp, "now—'twould be murder."

"Nay—nay—if he would convince me he has the spirit of a man, now—now."

"Since he so eagerly desires my blood, now be it,"—exclaimed Fenton, his forbearance completely exhausted; then solemnly he continued—"Whatever be the result of this affair, on your head alone rests the guilt."

"I am satisfied"—responded M. scoffingly.

We remonstrated, but like oil poured on the flames, the rage of both blazed the more fiercely. A mutual friend reluctantly accepted his unfriendly task, and the vindictive principals, sat down to write a hasty arrangement of their worldly affairs: never shall I forget this fearful prologue! Not a syllable, not a breath disturbed the death-like silence! each gazed on the other, as it were, bewildered—stupified!—the very servants seemed under the influence of the same unaccountable feeling, for they followed, unbidden, and as if instinctively, their masters to the fatal scene, carrying with them the candle-branches from the table. The dark heavy gloom of a tropical night is indeed the fittest season for such a deed. The ground was measured—Shrinking from the task, yet afraid to refuse, the trembling Kitmanguars placed a branch on each side the duellists. The feelings of the spectators, as you may easily imagine, were strung to a suspense of agony almost insupportable. "Once more I ask you, Mr. Milman, will you delay the adjustment of this unhappy business till to-morrow?" said Fenton's friend.—"No," responded he fiercely. "Then on your head be the blood that is shed;" and the sound of his voice rang through the dull oppressive atmosphere, with a mournful and broken cadence. They fired—a long piercing shriek followed; and the voice of Fenton exclaimed, "Good God! he is killed." We rushed to the side of the unfortunate Milman—he had fallen on his face, and as he writhed on the earth, he vented his agony and disappointed rage, in the most fearful imprecations on himself and antagonist. We raised him—God! what a horrid spectacle! the white calico dress he wore, from the neck nearly to his feet was one vast gout of blood. His eyes were closed, his features unnaturally livid, and huge drops of agony clung to his throbbing forehead:—he had received the ball in his groin. Fenton approached with generous sympathy; no sooner, however, did the glossy eye of Milman rest on him, than forgetting the torture he endured, he disengaged an arm from one that supported his exhausted frame, and franticly extending it to his second, he convulsively articulated "Another—another!"—The exertion was too great, and the unhappy vindictive man fainted. The next day he expired raving—cursing with his last breath, his unfortunate and really generous antagonist, and imploring a blessing on the sister from whose infamy he met his death-blow.

J. B——N.

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

[The following Stanzas possess the peculiar interest of having been written at a very early age, by a poet now deservedly high in public opinion. These were presented to the Editor by a mutual friend; qualified, however, by a request from the *Author*, that no name should be mentioned. Circumstances of the most trivial nature often colour, and fix the life, and character, and intellects of us all. These Stanzas were composed at an evening party in ——— street, where the young author was ridiculed for possessing such a taste for poetry, without the ability of versifying. "Your poetical intellect," said a friend laughingly to the Author, "is like a mule, incapable of propagating its kind. Come, I will give you a subject,—'First love in man, stronger shown (according to Eustace) in absence than in the presence of his innamorata.'" The following verses were the consequence, and since that time their author has been gradually making way in public opinion, and destined to be still more deservedly notorious.]

To the hills of the South from the revels of town,
Sick, faint, and desponding, a stranger came down;
He came for the peace that is hung like a veil
Of silvery twilight o'er mountain and dale;
He came for the music that breathes from the hill,
When Echo is hushed in the depths of the rill;
And felt that the past and its follies would fleet
Like dreams from his mind, in this blessed retreat.

He came, and awhile he was happy, and gay
As the rose newly born on the bosom of May;
The past flung its shadows around him no more,
For he stood like young Hope on futurity's shore,
And felt that its ocean, though doubtful and dim,
Held isles that were sunny and sacred to him.—
He dwelt where a cottage, secluded and sweet,
Reposed like a nymph in her leafy retreat;
A stream murmur'd by it in music and pride,
A hedge was around it, a meadow beside;
And peace and retirement reposed in its hall,
With one who was dearer—far dearer than all!

The stranger beheld her, and loved—but the form,
(Though bright as the sunshine that heralds the storm,)
Was vow'd to another; and day after day,
This thought, like a blight, ate his mind to decay:
Her voice it was mild as the wind-shaken grove—
But it spoke not to him in the language of love;—
Her eye it was bright as the sun's summer rim—
But gently and fondly it glanced not on him:
Like a leaf on the waste, like a reed on the shore,
He was seen for a while, and remembered no more.

The stranger departed forlorn and alone—
But though whelmed o'er again in the follies of town,
His thoughts, like a rill to its wide ocean mouth,
In slumber returned to the hills of the South.—
How oft 'mid the gloom and the silence of night,
His rose-cover'd cottage rose high on his sight;
How oft the dear vale and its musical streams,
Like wind through a grove, rustled light in his dreams;
There still in pale beauty beside him appear'd,
That form by remembrance so fondly endear'd—
She sate by his pillow all silent and lone,
And smiled as she smiled in the days that were gone;
Her voice was as mild, and as pouting her mouth,
As when last it spoke love 'mid the hills of the South;
Her form in the splendor of fancy was drest,
And her ringlets hung light on her beautiful breast:

He strove to embrace her—he strove but to tell
How long he had loved—how sincerely—how well;
But swifter, alas! than a brief summer beam,
She fled, and the stranger awoke from his dream.

Year roll'd upon year; he was desolate still,
And fainter and fainter heath, cottage, and hill
Swept over his mind; e'en remembrance decay'd,
Or stirr'd but at thoughts of his idolized maid,
When sudden amid the gay world, once again
He beheld her—the lovely—the worshipped in vain;
How gracefully bending she beam'd on his view,
Like a lily weigh'd down by the summer-eve dew;
Her charms from the child to the woman had grown,—
And she, in her turn, was abandoned—alone:
But the stranger beheld her in fancy refined,
And dreams of the past floated over his mind,
While he whisper'd, what here he repeats from his heart—
Sweet Fanny, we never—oh, never! will part.

HATRED AND LOVE.

(From Goethe.)*

The parents of Clara and Theodore were neighbours: they were wealthy, and of distinguished rank; united by an ancient and increasing friendship, they lived in the hope of being connected by a closer tie, their children being of an age well adapted to sanction a matrimonial alliance; and with this prospect the young couple were educated.

Feasible as the project appeared to the delighted eyes of the parents, difficulties occurred which they had not contemplated, for a singular antipathy began to show itself between the objects of their solicitude. It might have arisen from the similarity of their dispositions; both were reserved in their tempers, determined in their pursuits, and decisive in their resolutions. When separated, each loved and respected the other, but were always opponents when together. When parted, they were always constructing some new plans for their mutual happiness, which they reciprocally destroyed when they met. Never aiming at the same object, they were always contending for the same end; both good-natured, charming, and amiable in the extreme, they agreed in nothing but in hating the relation in which they stood to each other.

Their whimsical behaviour not only marked the amusements of their childhood, but continued as they advanced in life. As boys delight in dividing themselves into parties, and fighting battles with each other, our fair heroine took herself the command of an army, and led it against her betrothed, but with such a violence and bitterness, that had it not been for the extreme generosity of her antagonist, it would have been

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* This beautiful production of a celebrated genius, admired as it is throughout Germany, has never yet been found in an English dress. We feel proud in having it in our power to present it in that form to our readers, particularly as the exquisite simplicity of the original has not been lost in the change.

driven to an ignominious flight. The amazon was disarmed and made a prisoner; even then she continued to defend herself with such vehemence, that her merciful conqueror, in order to save his enemy, without the expense of his eyes, was obliged to loosen his silk cravat, and secure her hands.

This was an insult she never forgave. On the contrary, her hatred seemed daily to increase, and she secretly made many attempts to injure her generous rival. Their parents had, for a long time, observed their singular and violent dispositions, and at length they agreed to separate the two hostile beings, and renounce the smiling hopes which had promised to cheer their declining years.

Theodore early distinguished himself. In every thing he undertook he made a rapid progress. His own inclination and powerful patronage caused him to choose the career of arms. In whatever sphere he moved he became a general favourite, and met with nothing but love and distinction. His generous spirit seemed only to be exercised for the benefit of others, and he felt himself happy, without being conscious of it, in having lost the only adversary nature had destined him. Clara, on the other side, found her situation at once altered. Her age, the increasing cultivation of her mind, and still more, a certain inward sentiment, kept her from the wild sports of her youthful companions. With all this, she still seemed to miss something—there remained a void in her breast—there was no object near her worthy of exciting her hatred; till then, no one had ever appeared amiable.

A young gentleman of rank, influence, and fortune, older than her former companion, distinguished in society, and a universal favourite, began to pay his addresses to her. For the first time, a friend—a lover, was exclusively her own. The preference he showed her over many others, who were her superiors in age and accomplishments, and possessed of more pretensions than herself, was irresistibly flattering. His continued attention, without intrusion; his contented behaviour, although he had made his declaration to her parents; his whole conduct full of tender modesty and silent hope, so suitable to her susceptible age, all spoke in his favour, whilst habit, and a relation once noticed and received as such by the world, increased this favourable disposition. She had so often been mentioned as betrothed to him, that at last she considered herself to be so, and neither she nor any other, thought a farther examination of her feelings necessary, when she promised him her hand.

The calm and slow progress of the whole affair was not interrupted by the solemn and mutual promise of marriage; Clara was so very young, every thing continued in its wonted way, and, as it was early in the year, it was determined to enjoy the lovely season, full of love and joy, as if it were a spring to the more matured period of wedlock.

In the mean time Theodore had finished his education. Highly accomplished, he had deserved and received rank in his profession, and he now obtained permission to visit his friends. Very naturally, though not less singularly, he stood again opposed to his beautiful neighbour. From his departure until his return, she had gradually become harmonized with every surrounding object; she believed herself to be happy, and in a certain sense, she was so. But now, for the first time,

after a long period, there was something to discompose the equilibrium of her mind; it excited no hatred—that feeling had long since died away within her; even the childish animosity she had once displayed, and which was nothing more than an obscure acknowledgment of superior worth, now discovered itself in a serene sunshine, giving birth to a variety of grateful feelings, and to a gentle half willing, half unwilling approximation of ideas. And all this was mutual; their long separation allowed frequent and continued conversations, of which their former childish feuds were often the subject; their unaccountable antipathy appeared now only to be remembered, that by kindness and attention they might make up for the errors their ignorance of their mutual characters had then led them into.

With Theodore every thing continued in a rational and desirable moderation. The duties of his profession, his situation in life, studies, and ambition, engrossed his mind so completely, that he accepted with pleasure the gentle friendship of the fair and betrothed Clara, as a gift worthy of his gratitude, but not in any other light, without any envy of her lover, with whom he continued to live in perfect harmony.

But with Clara it was otherwise; she appeared to have awakened from a dream. The contest against her young neighbour had been her first passion, and this contest had been nothing more than a violent, almost innate inclination, under the form of antipathy. In her recollections she thought she had loved him from the first. She smiled at that hostile meeting in arms; she was sure she had experienced the sweetest feelings when he disarmed her; she fancied she felt heavenly delight at his tying her hands; and every thing she had undertaken to injure or to vex him, appeared to her now an innocent artifice to excite his attention. She complained of their separation, she lamented the kind of slumber in which she had been lulled, she cursed the lethargic habit through which she had entered into a relation with so insignificant a lover; she was metamorphosed, doubly metamorphosed: her recollections and hopes had in every respect undergone a revolution. Had any one developed or shared in these feelings, which she kept so secret, he would not have blamed her, for indeed her lover could not stand in comparison with her former adversary. If a certain degree of confidence could not be denied the former, the latter inspired the completest faith; if the society of the first was pleasant, the other was wished for as a companion; and upon occasions of deeper interest, the one might have excited doubts, whereas the other gave a perfect security. For such discernments women have a nice and innate tact, which they have both motives and opportunity to perfect.

The more Clara gave herself up to such feelings, the more she kept them secret; and the less urgent it appeared to her to acknowledge what could be said in favour of her lover, what her situation, her duty appeared to counsel and demand, what even irrevocable necessity commanded. Her heart fixed itself more and more in its affection; and when on the one side she was indissolubly fettered by the world, her family, and her own solemn promise; and on the other side, the high spirited, aspiring youth made no secret of his intentions, designs, and hopes, treated her only as a good-natured, not as a tender brother; and when, now after all, his immediate departure was ascertained, it was

as if her former childish spirit suddenly awoke again, and, arisen with all its malice and violence, prepared itself, full of wrath, to work at a more advanced period of life, with more importance and more certainty of destruction. She resolved to die, to punish for his indifference, him whom she once hated, and now loved so dearly; and if she could not possess him, she at least determined to be united for ever with him in his imagination and regret: her dying image should never forsake him; he never should cease to reproach himself with not having known, ascertained, and valued her sentiments. This singular madness sank deeper and deeper into her mind: she concealed it under different shapes; and although she appeared strange in her conduct, yet there was no one observant or penetrating enough to discover the true and inward cause.

In the mean time, friends, relations, and acquaintances had exhausted themselves in preparations for various rejoicings. Scarcely a day passed away without bringing something new and unexpected. Every beautiful spot of the surrounding country had been adorned to receive numerous cheerful guests. Theodore wished likewise to show his attention before his departure; and invited the young couple, and a small but select circle of friends, to a party of pleasure on the water. The company entered a large, fine, elegantly fitted-out boat; one of those yachts, which, containing a small saloon and rooms, transfer the comforts of land to the pleasure of the water.

The boat glided along the broad river, to the sound of cheerful music; the company amused themselves in the saloon to avoid the heat of the day; but the young entertainer, who could never remain inactive, had taken his place at the helm to relieve the old pilot, who had fallen asleep at his side. Theodore soon wanted all his skill and prudence, for he approached a spot where two islands, extending from opposite shores, and stretching out their shallows, rendered the passage narrow and dangerous. The careful and attentive youth was almost tempted to awake the old man, but he trusted to his own dexterity and proceeded towards the strait. In this very moment appeared his beautiful enemy on deck, having her locks encircled with a garland of flowers. She took it off, and threw it to Theodore. "Keep this in remembrance of me!" exclaimed she.—"Do not disturb me now," answered he, catching the wreath; "I want all my strength and attention!"—"I never shall disturb you again," she repeated; "you shall see me no more!" Thus saying, she rushed to the fore part of the boat, from whence she leaped into the water. Some voices were heard to utter—Save her! save her! she is drowning! Theodore remained in the most dreadful anxiety. At this noise the old steersman awakes; he attempts to grasp the rudder; Theodore is about to surrender it, but there is no time for changing: the boat strands, and in the very moment, Theodore throwing off the most incumbering part of his dress, precipitates himself into the flood to save his fair enemy.

The water is a friendly element to him who is acquainted with, and knows how to manage it. Theodore was an expert and bold swimmer: soon he reached the sinking Clara. He seized, and knew well how to raise and support her. The flood was high, and carried them away with irresistible force: islands and boat remained far behind them, and the

river began to flow gently and broad in its wide bed. It was not till then that Theodore recalled his amazed spirits; in the first pressing necessity he had acted mechanically, without being conscious of what he did. He looked around, and swam towards a flat and bushy spot, which stretched itself gently and pleasantly into the river. He brought his charming burthen in safety, but there was no sign of life in her. He was in despair, when a trodden path caught his eye. Again he lifted the dear girl in his arms, and soon beheld and reached the lonely dwelling of a peasant. He found therein a friendly, new married couple. The accident, the necessity, were soon explained, and every thing which he desired, was promptly complied with. A bright fire was kindled; woollen coverts spread over a couch; furs, skins, and what else of a warm nature that was at hand were brought. The desire to save overcame every other consideration, and nothing was neglected to recall the beautiful, benumbed, naked body to life; the attempts were successful. She opened her eyes, she beheld her friend, and clasped her heavenly arms round his neck, where she rested a long while; a torrent of tears gushed from her eyes and completed her recovery. She exclaimed—"Wouldst thou leave me again, after I have found thee thus!"—"Never, never!" replied he, but knew neither what he said nor what he did. "Only spare thyself," added he, "spare thyself! think of thyself, for thy sake, for my own, think of thyself!" She now indeed thought of herself, and remarked first her situation; she could not feel shame before her friend, her preserver; but she dismissed him, that he might not feel the effects of the water which was still dropping from him.

The friendly host and his wife offered to Theodore and Clara their wedding clothes, which were sufficient to dress them from head to foot. In a short time our two adventurers were not only completely dressed, but even adorned. They looked charmingly, gazed astonished at one another, and with unbounded passion fell into each other's arms, but still half smiling at the masquerade. The strength of youth, the animation of love restored them perfectly; in a few minutes, so elastic were their spirits, there was only music wanting to make them dance.

To be safe on land after having been threatened with a watery grave, to pass from death to life, from the bosom of friends to a wilderness, from despair to rapture, from indifference to inclination, to passion, all in a moment—no human mind could bear without confusion, without distraction; the heart must do every thing to overcome such a surprise.

Totally given up to each other, it was not till after a considerable time, that the thought of the anxiety and grief of those left behind, recurred to their minds, and they could hardly think even without anxiety and grief how to meet them. "Shall we fly?—Shall we hide ourselves?" said the youth.—"We will stay together," answered she, leaning on his bosom.

The young peasant having heard of a stranded yacht, hastened, without inquiring any more, to the water. The boat had been loosened after a great deal of trouble, and proceeded at chance down the river, in hopes to find some traces of the two unfortunates. The countryman called and made signs, till the people in the boat observed him; he

ran to a place advantageous to land, and as he continued his calling, the boat followed his directions. And what a scene was it as they landed! The parents of the preserved couple ran first on shore: Clara's tender lover was still in the boat, almost raving. Scarcely had the parents heard that their children were safe, when they in their singular disguise came forth from the bushes, which had till then concealed them. They were not known, until they came quite near. "Who do we see?" cried their fathers—"What do we see?" exclaimed their mothers. The loving couple throw themselves at their feet. "You see your children," they said, "you see a happy pair."—"Pardon us," added Clara—"Give us your blessing!" cried Theodore; "Give us your blessing!" they both repeated, as all remained silent and astonished. "Your blessing!" cried they for the third time——and who could have denied them?

LAMENT OF THE INDIAN WOMEN.

And thou art changed to clay!
Gone to the spirits' land!—pale warrior-boy!—
We mourn the fatal day,
That saw thee rushing swiftly and with joy
To the dark forest where the ambush lay,
That smote and left thee on the blood-stain'd way.

Thou wast our hope:—we thought
To trust thy prowess when the foe should come;
And lo! thou art hither brought,
Borne in deep silence to thine earth-damp home,
With lips, and locks, that glow with beauty still,
And soft-closed eyes, and brow as marble chill.

Sleep, sleep, pale warrior boy!
Thou, in thy life, didst love the moaning river,
And with strange, silent joy,
Didst watch the leaflets in the cool wind quiver:
Now shall that stream moan softly by thy bed,
And the light leaflet flourish o'er thy head.

He fell—but hath not ceased to be:
His voice came on the blast,
And fearfully it spake to me
In thunder—as he past.

Son of the valiant dead, arise!
I heard the death-word spoken,
And I have sworn by him, whose eyes
Behold when vows are broken.

Warriors!—our fathers point the path,
Their spirits haunt the field:
His soul awakes their wildest wrath,
Who stoops to shrink or yield.

C. D. M.

INTERROGATIVE SYSTEM OF STUDYING HISTORY.

The publishers of Dr. Goldsmith's Abridgments of the Histories of Greece, Rome, and England, and Simpson's History of Scotland,* with the addition of the latter gentleman's Interrogatories, have submitted a copy of each of these works for our inspection; and they are entitled to our approbation of the style in which these excellent books are got up. It has been said, and from very high authority, that a better knowledge of history cannot be obtained than through the simple and engaging abridgments of Goldsmith, which, while they are as entertaining as story-books, are almost as faithful as "proofs of holy writ." The editions of Oliver and Boyd differ from preceding ones, by the text being divided into sections, and by a series of questions at the close of each section. Of this latter department, which appears to be Mr. Simpson's share of the works, and which he has performed with considerable acuteness and judgment, we shall only remark, that the system is rapidly rising into notice; and our readers, we are sure, will estimate it with that regard it deserves, when they are informed that it met with the approbation of the celebrated Priestley, and was the favourite medium of instruction pursued by the late Mrs. Barbauld.

THE DRAMA.

CRITIQUE ON THE NEW OPERA OF 'TARRARE,'

At the English Opera House.

This is an attempt,—and, if we may except Artaxerxes, the only one this country ever made of introducing on a stage dedicated to the legitimate drama, a recitative opera. Our readers are, by this time, most likely aware of the favourable impression it has made on the public; for our own part, we confess, we do not think it so deserving of the popularity which it has obtained. Operas have been too long considered as merely vehicles for the introduction of music; and as such, most mercifully excluded from the pale of dramatic censorship, and never was this indulgence more needed than on the present occasion. The drama, or that portion of the piece which serves to connect the music, is a reduction from the five acts of Beaumarchais; and is, without exception, the most insipid dose the lover of music was ever compelled to swallow. We have, as usual, a tyrant, with a bass voice, and a still baser disposition; a hero, who bravuras when he ought to fight; captive heroines, who sing like canary-birds in gilded cages; and seemingly interminable trains of processions, priests, and choristers; with the agreeable variety of an occasional explosion, a treasonable plot, or a hair-breadth escape. So much for the drama—Now for the music: and, we must confess, we feel inclined to despatch that in an equally irreverent style. It resembles too much the general character of the

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* Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale House.

piece, more showy than magnificent—more dazzling than effective. There appeared a painful straining after effect throughout the whole; and, although a fortunate situation occasionally occurred, no strongly marked impression was visible amongst the audience. Perhaps the sight, dazzled with the continual glittering of the scenery and dresses, might have communicated a sensation of weariness to the rest of the faculties. If an indubitable touch of beauty vibrated, (and we candidly admit there were not a few,) it saluted the ear, more like the remembrance of a favourite sound, than a new and unfelt impulse. No trouble or expense appeared to have been spared, in rendering the opera attractive. The generality of the scenery was extremely splendid, and the costume discovered unusual liberality and fidelity. Nor was the eye to be gratified alone, the ear had its proportionate claims fulfilled. Most of the songs were given by the performers on their knees, one or two on their backs; and in order, either to heighten the effect, or to convey the pious minstrel nearer to the sphere she was addressing, Miss Goward, as priestess of the oracle, was actually lifted up by four lusty fellows, on a large four-legged stool, to pour forth an invocation to heaven! The following is part of an address she previously sang on her knees, which affords a favourable specimen of the words, we cannot say poetry of the songs, throughout the piece:—

Beneficent Power,
Oh, graciously shower
On this mighty empire, thy mercy divine;
Its armies protecting,
Their leaders directing,
Her deliv'rance effecting,
Let victory's radiance on Atar still shine.

It would be injustice to close our remarks, without acknowledging the eminent style in which the performers acquitted their tasks.—Braham seemed fully determined to convince his hearers, that if they felt inclined to believe that his powers were on the decline, he was as ready to prove that they were as ripe as ever. We never remember more enthusiasm produced by his unrivalled voice, than in the song, "When peace has spread, with lib'ral hand;" the transition from the soft hushing notes of the commencement, to the glowing and energetic call to the battle field, was exquisitely fine. The audience were so thoroughly electrified, that not a breath appeared drawn but his, and scarcely waited the conclusion, before they gave vent to their clamorous delight. The song was called for three times, and the call was obeyed with alacrity. A young lady made a successful *début*, as the heroine of the piece; her voice is more shrill than powerful, and yet has considerable sweetness: practice will give her command; and we have no doubt that she will prove an effective acquisition.

Miss Paton's mellow notes and varied intonations, joined to her lively acting, considerably relieved the occasional tameness of the piece; while a new candidate for public fame, of the name of Thorne, went through his share of the songs with considerable approbation. The piece was given out for repetition, without, what the newspapers call, a "dissentient voice." We presume, from the circumstance of the audience having yawned so much, that their jaws would not permit them to hiss.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
>
> *Hamlet.*

It was on a gloomy evening in the latter end of October, 1810, that I happened to be left, about an hour before midnight, almost alone, in one of the public rooms of the principal hotel in Mantua. The apartment was spacious, and its emptiness made it appear still more so. A man, seemingly of abstemious habits, whose garments were somewhat the worse for wear, and whose general appearance was much below that of the company by whom the house was usually frequented, was my only companion. The fire was expiring, and the candles cast a dim and uncertain light around the room. I had been turning over the gazettes which lay scattered on the table, and began to think of retiring; I made an attempt to look out of the window, but the night was pitchy dark, and no object was discernible, save the lamps attached to the public buildings in the street, whose faint glimmer only served to render the "darkness visible." I sank back on my seat by the dying embers, and perplexed myself with weighing in my mind the comparative advantages of departing to my lodgings, or remaining at the hotel for the night. The clock struck, and I found that it wanted only a quarter of an hour to "the witching time." The stranger had not yet spoken, nor did I feel any inclination to break the silence. At length he ejaculated somewhat abruptly—

"I think, sir, that in the debate which took place this evening, you inclined to the opinion of Signor Ripari?" There was something in his manner, and the tone of his voice, betokening a superiority of character which could scarcely have been looked for in a person of his external appearance.—I answered him in the affirmative.

"You cannot, then," pursued he, "be induced to believe, that departed spirits have the power of returning to earth, and rendering their presence perceptible to human beings like ourselves."

"I certainly do not presume to assert," rejoined I, "that such a revisitation is beyond the limits of possibility, however improbable I may deem it."

"True—argument is against the hypothesis."

"I know of but one in favour of it," I observed, "and that is the general belief of all ages and all nations in the re-appearance of the dead."

"I do think," rejoined he, "that the position acquires much strength from such an argument, considering the uninformed state of the early inhabitants of the world—their confined powers of reasoning, and superstitious ignorance;—their astonishment at many operations of Nature, which, in these days, excite no surprize, may account, in some degree, for a notion which, when once conceived, would be eagerly embraced and widely disseminated; argument therefore, I repeat, is entirely at variance with the credibility of the opinion."

"In that case," said I, "the question must be considered as settled;

for by what means, except by argument, can such inquiries be prosecuted?"

"You do not, of course, consider arguments, or the conviction arising from them, as the only sources of belief?"

"Certainly not: belief may originate in numerous causes—moral conviction may result from one's own personal experience."

"It is upon that very cause that I ground my belief in the reappearance of departed spirits."

"Then you are a believer? But do you think that the testimony of another's experience can overcome the improbability of the alleged circumstances—the more especially as the pretended beholders of apparitions are generally weak and ignorant persons, who are likely to be the victims of delusion and imposture?"

"Passing over the incorrectness (rejoined my opponent) and the sophism of the argument, you would insinuate that your remark is founded on an assumption unauthorized by any expression of mine."—

"But where?—how?"

"When I spoke of experience, I meant to say nothing of the experience of others; the kind of testimony to which you allude is therefore entirely out of the question."

"You do not surely speak from your own experience?"

A faint smile played on my companion's features as he replied—"Why not?"

I started with unfeigned surprize.——"You have been favoured then with a communication with the world of spirits?

"I have."

"When—where—how?"

"The narrative would be tedious," rejoined he, "but, if you feel disposed, you shall yourself know as much as I do."

"That is to say, you possess the power of calling these mysterious phantoms into your own presence and that of others."

"Follow me, and convince yourself," added he, rising from his chair as though about to depart. He lingered, as if in expectation that I should accompany him.

I feigned a laugh, protesting that my faith in his power was not sufficiently firm to induce me to leave the house at so late an hour.

"True," answered the stranger, "it *is* late—past midnight. You doubtless intend to pass the night here, and I will therefore bid you farewell;" and bowing with great politeness, he was gone before I could add a word in reply.

A singular and spleenful feeling of discontent annoyed me at this moment; I was vexed that I had suffered him to depart without having first prevailed upon him to satisfy my curiosity, and I lamented that I had lost such an opportunity of extending my knowledge beyond the limits of the visible world. It may appear singular to my readers, as it has done to me since, that I entertained no doubt of the truth of what my companion had asserted; I did not think of it as a statement, the reality of which remained to be established, but received it and acted upon it as an undisputed fact. Yet I had only his bare word for so wonderful, and, apparently, incredible a tale. He was a perfect stranger to me, and our connexion with each other had arisen from one of the

most common-place casualties of human life—a mere accidental meeting in a coffee-house. So it was, however, I believed implicitly in what I had heard. I retired to bed—sleep I had none, unless a disturbed and feverish dozing can be so entitled. The image of my new acquaintance was continually before my eyes, and grisly phantoms seemed to dance around me. I tossed from one side of my bed to the other, unrefreshed, and full of excitement and anxiety. I strained my eyes to catch the first gleam of the returning light of day, and when, after a lapse of many tedious hours, it at length broke into my room, I sprang from my restless couch, dressed myself, and rousing the servants to let me out, rushed into the street. Why I did so I can scarcely tell; for I had, of course, but small chance of discovering an individual of whose name, situation in life, and place of residence, I was equally ignorant, by traversing the streets before day-light, and when scarce a soul was abroad, save those with whom it would be neither safe nor agreeable to meet. The sun arose, and cast a pale and sickly glare through the dank vapours which covered the city, and hung in dim masses around the buildings. The air was raw and cold, the pavement was wet, and covered with filth of every description. The houses all shut up, looked dismal and repelling, and I experienced forcibly those painful sensations arising from——but my readers can doubtless imagine the feeling, it is therefore unnecessary for me to enter into any minute description of it. I counted the dull moments as they passed, until I was at length relieved by the hum of artisans and labourers preparing for their daily occupation, and the approach of hucksters from the adjoining suburbs, with their asses laden with fruit and vegetables for the market. The unaccountable depression of my spirits subsided as the stir and bustle of the awakening day increased. I traversed the streets with eager and impatient steps, examining every countenance I met, in the hope of recognizing my companion of the preceding evening.

I internally reproached myself for my carelessness in having neglected to make myself acquainted with his name and place of residence, and hastened back to the hotel to remedy the omission, by making inquiries concerning him of the waiters. They, however, knew as little about him as I did myself. They remembered having seen him; but of his name or place of abode, they knew nothing whatever. I hastily dispatched my breakfast, and again set out upon my wanderings. At length, when the eagerness of my researches had wearied and irritated me, I was crossing, in great haste, one of the squares of the city, when I suddenly encountered the mysterious stranger. I felt, I knew not why, half ashamed of acknowledging the motive which had induced me to seek him. I recounted to him the manner in which I had passed my time since we parted, and we then talked upon indifferent subjects.

"And so," said he, at length, after a pause of some duration in our conversation, "you have risen before day, and have walked about till noon, to meet with a man, with whom, when you have found him, you have no further business than to inform him how diligently you have sought him!"

I blushed and hesitated—he smiled as he spoke, and this circum-

stance increased my confusion. "Excuse me," I said, "I have other business."

"Indeed! Pardon my freedom; but had we not better dispatch it without further delay: you will allow me to inquire into the nature of it."

"To tell the truth," rejoined I, "I have been thinking, since I saw you last, of the subject which then formed the topic of our discourse."

"Oh! I remember, it was of the re-appearance of the dead—of ghosts—of those subtle intelligences, 'which accommodate themselves to shapes, unite with sounds, present themselves in odours,—deceive the senses and very understanding.' Was it not so? What think you of St. Austine's description? Is not the holy father a strong authority for our side of the question?"

"The Fathers of the Church were men, and not infallible;—but our conversation was of apparitions, you said."

"I made an offer to you at the time, which you rejected," continued he.

"Is it too late to avail myself of it even now—cannot the error be retrieved?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That, when you have seen what I shall exhibit to you, you will ask no questions concerning my search; I demand this, (he added) more for your sake, than to gratify any disposition of my own. I wish not to suppress information, where the promulgation of it can benefit the world. The power I peculiarly possess, is a curse rather than a blessing."

The manner in which these observations were delivered, disposed me to think favourably of the speaker. I felt convinced he was sincere; and, making the required promise, walked with him to the house, in which he informed me he lodged.

He led me into a small room plainly, though not elegantly, furnished. A moderate sized bookcase, with shelves well filled with antique looking volumes, was the most prominent of its accommodations. There was nothing ranged for show; no ostentation of science; nothing but what the apartment of a private individual might have contained, without exciting any feeling of surprize.

We so commonly associate the idea of darkness, and seasons of solitude and stillness, with that of the visions of the deceased, that I was astonished, when, after we had been seated a short time, my companion inquired of me, if I was prepared to name the person I most wished to see. I communicated my thoughts to him.

"All times are alike to me," answered he, "and a spiritual being knows not the distinction of light or darkness. We will, therefore, postpone it: tell me when you wish me to fulfil my promise. Meanwhile we will amuse ourselves by looking over a few of my favourite authors;" and he unlocked, as he spoke, the glass doors of his bookcase. We discussed the merits of the various writers, to whose productions he referred like a scholar and a man of feeling. I was delighted with his remarks, and had almost forgotten the original object of my curiosity, when the deepening tinge of the sun-beams shining through the casement, warned me of the approach of evening. I was ashamed

of having so long delayed my request—fearful of the imputation of irresolution, I closed the book I held in my hand, and turned my gaze on my unknown acquaintance: he understood me.

"Be it so;" said he, "name the individual, and he shall appear."

I had now arrived at a crisis—and a fearful one I felt it to be. The firmness which I supposed myself to possess, vanished at the approach of the moment which should bring me in contact with a being of another sphere—the one, too, whom of all the world I had most loved and cherished. I felt a fearful oppression of the heart; my limbs were chill and trembling; and the power of speech had almost deserted me.

My companion noticed my perturbation, and proposed to defer the experiment; or, if I desired it, to abandon it altogether. I refused to postpone it, and summoning all the energy I could command, I loosed the bonds that enchained my tongue, and pronounced the name of the dead. Oh God! and she sat before me as when on earth—as beautiful, and her eyes shining brightly upon me, with all the gentle fire—the fond affection, that illumined them in her days of youth and early blessedness. I strove in vain to touch her hand,—to feel, if what I saw, was indeed a reality, or but a dream, a vision. She smiled a melancholy smile; her eyes shone, and the lips moved—she spoke. I felt the full force of the spell: I shrieked her name—my eyes closed—my limbs grew nerveless, but my ears still for a moment drank the witching melody of her voice, as I fell senseless, and almost lifeless, to the earth.

When I recovered I found myself alone. The stranger had vanished; and I endeavoured in vain to recur to the part he had acted in the scene, which had so strongly affected me. I had some recollection of his having raised his hand to his eyes, and moved his lips, like one absorbed in deep meditation; but of the time or manner of his exit, I could form no conjecture.

I left the room, and descended into the garden, by which the house was almost surrounded. The blush of the sky above me, deepening as it neared the skirts of the horizon, to a crimson glow, that conferred on every pale-leafed flower and wandering rivulet, a tinge of its own rich hue; the mellow songs of the lingering birds, and cool, exquisite freshness of the air—all combined to cast a veil of peace and repose over the troubled feelings, with which I was agitated.

I leaned against a lime-tree, and looked upon the scene before me. My thoughts were of other and happier days—sad, but not bitter;—one image had been painfully recalled to my memory, and a thousand fond associations accompanied it. I was startled from my reverie by the sound of an approaching footstep: it was a servant of the house, who delivered me a letter, which was as follows:

"I have performed my undertaking; do you remember the obligation of my promise. It is next to impossible we should ever meet again; if we do, remember you are to make no inquiries—speak not of what has transpired—forget it, if possible, and be happy."

This laconic address perplexed and dissatisfied me; I made minute inquiries after the stranger, but could obtain no information as to his name, occupation, or residence. The people with whom he lodged

either knew, or could reveal nothing. He came occasionally, they said, for a month, and then departed. His books and furniture remained there, but they seldom saw him for more than a third part of the year. Mystery completely enveloped him and his pursuits,—a mystery which is even yet unravelled, for I have neither seen nor heard tidings of him from that day to this.

I left Mantua the day but one after the occurrence of the extraordinary incident, and returned to England.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

MILD is the air of the summer night;
Alvina, we wait for thee
Where rests our boat in the clear moonlight,
O'er the softly murm'ring sea:
We have bound young Love in a silken band,
And his song's melodious call
Invites thee, maid, to a beauteous land,
And to beauty's carnival.
Mild is the air, &c.

There the lamps are hung from the mirror'd dome,
The pillars with flow'rets wreath'd;
And bow'rs are there like love's own bright home,
Where love should be only breath'd:
There the halls are throng'd with Sicilian maids,
There the fairest youths are met;
Who whisp'ring rove through delightful shades,
Or dance to the castanet.
Mild is the air, &c.

The stars are out on the gala sky,
The white clouds are bathed in light;
The loveliest things to the heart and eye
Grace the holy calm of night:
O lady, haste, and thy lover bless,
'Tis the hour when lovers meet,—
When maidens speak what their eyes confess,
And the heavens love-sighs repeat.
Mild is the air, &c.

O lady, haste, disappointment steals,
Cold, dark, like a with'ring sear;
The soul of bliss, pain the soonest feels—
The heart, if it loves, must fear:—
I hear thy voice, and its low, soft sound
Bids grief from my bosom part;
I hear thy step on the silent ground—
Now I hold thee to my heart!
Kind swells the breeze of the summer night,
All our sails are now thrown free;
And swift we glide in the clear moonlight
O'er the softly murm'ring sea.

C. S——N.

NOBODIES.

Every body knows the kind of personage designated A NOBODY, whose approach is invariably preluded by—"it is only so and so." Every body interprets the phrase in the same way, as tacitly permitting him to inflict every kind of rudeness, contempt and neglect, upon the individual to whom it may apply.

I, alas! was for many years A NOBODY, and one of the most unfortunate of my many brethren;—one of the most cruelly persecuted of that numerous tribe, whose history, however modified by circumstances, is still essentially the same: for, whether as younger brothers,—half-pay infantry officers,—domestic chaplains,—private tutors,—humble friends,—decayed gentry,—bankrupt merchants, and other professions too numerous to mention,—one family likeness pervades the group. Our office, character, nay very appearance are so similar, that to narrate the sufferings of one, is, in essential points, to narrate the sufferings of all.

"A NOBODY" then is known by the meek, subdued, ever smiling visage, which has poverty and gentility stamped on every feature. It is he who speaks under his breath, and fears to offend servants; who never even in an inn has the privilege of swearing at waiters, or playing the "Stout Gentleman." It is he who is sent for at a moment's notice to make up a rubber, or complete a quadrille set;—he who in parties is expected to form a "third estate" between the footmen and the company;—who is to praise every thing, and assist every one to refreshments, without being pressed to "take care of himself;"—who beholds the beauties afar off, and is considered the stock property of ladies too old, or too young, or too ugly, to be desirable partners for "any other man." He it is who picks up fans and receives no thanks;—who fetches a belle's shawl, and is not privileged to throw it over her shoulders;—who utters sweet nothings to "desperate thirty six," and even then is frowned upon;—who migrates from the ball to the card-table, from the card-table to the supper-room, handing, and helping, serving and sympathizing, till ready to faint; and at last, hears all his partners commiserated for having received attention from "Nobody, only so and so!" Alas! alas!—how many times during my existence as "A NOBODY" did I wish that somebody would shoot me; I was too subdued to think of doing it for myself. Again, it is the NOBODY who is corner man at dinner tables, or else, stated carver of the delicacy for which every one is sure to apply. It is he who is expected to "prefer" port to claret, and sherry to champagne; and whose bumpers may even then show daylight without exciting opposition. His are the questions which no one answers, and his the answers that no one hears; his assertions that every one contradicts, and his opinions that every one despises!

Amongst the men with whom we may domesticate our lives are purgatorial—what, then, are they amongst the women?—Who, wherever he sojourns is requested to romp with the children, and take the "poor things" to panoramas and wild beast shows? Who drives the young lady to make morning calls, and is left in the gig to solace himself with a newspaper whilst she stays; or who, on a shopping expe-

dition, is made carrier general of parcels and parasols? Whose province is it to "take hints," forage for news, write notes, carry messages, step here, call in there, remember this, have an eye to that, and be in short the family fag? Who has to sleep in the "room next the nursery," and "put up with a hard bed," and "excuse the makeshift dinner," and fall heir to the first of the tea, and the last of the wine?—Who, but the miserable wight, who in addition to his other name and profession, is considered right and left—A NOBODY! Whom do children (those true respecters of *persons*) plague with impunity?—and juvenile bucks quiz?—and "young ladies from boarding school" turn up the nose at? Who—

> Comes when he's called,
> Does as he's bid,
> Shuts the door after him,—

and yet—contrary to the code of nursery morality—after all "is chid?" He, who is, what I was for many and long years,—A NOBODY!"

Alas—and there are female NOBODIES! in the shape of maiden aunts, poor cousins, orphan nieces, under governesses, companions to old ladies, or worse still—companions to young ones! *Their* miseries—I dare not be minute; I dare not detail the irritating, ever recurring annoyances which befal the female portion of that class, whose favour no one seeks, whose ire no one dreads, whose feelings no one regards, whose company no one covets, whose services whilst exacted are never acknowledged; and whose very virtues are despised, as the supposed result of poverty and personal insignificance! Women, however fortunately circumstanced, have to endure more of the petty evils of life than men, and what is wanting in individual security is more than made up by their multiplicity and variety. Like the Lilliputian arrows, they may not kill, but they sorely annoy. What then, I repeat, has a female Nobody to endure? She who is the Nobody of a neighbourhood in the person of a widow or maiden lady, glad to eke out a scanty pittance by paying long visits amongst her acquaintances, and making herself "generally useful" in the full sense of that most comprehensive phrase!—Ah me! It makes my heart ache to catalogue their employments, to remember the number of sister Nobodies I have met, thin, pale, utterly subdued beings, generally arrayed in mourning somewhat faded, or in silks that had not grown old with the wearer. Even when I had neither sympathy to spare, nor consequence to impart, my heart always yearned towards these sisters of the corner—who came like shadows—so departed,—to keep the children quiet, or look after the servants, patch sheets, mend carpets, quilt counterpanes, or do any other of the five hundred occupations which come under the manager's denomination of "odd jobs." The office held in the family will of course modify the nature of the occupations, but whether as "companion in white muslin," following some "Tilburina in white satin;" or as governess set to play for the whole evening to a quadrille party;—she is nevertheless a Nobody!—going through the drudgery, without the independence of a servant, and equally debarred from the ceremony demanded by a stranger, or the kindness due to a friend.

But, to return to myself,—after having endured ten years of *nobodyhood*, and become subdued to my situation, satisfied with my character

of a "good-natured useful creature," listener-general to long stories, laugher-in-chief to dull ones, the very pink of genteel poverty and smiling insignificance,—it pleased some good old uncle, in the West Indies, of whose existence I had not been previously aware, to die, and leave me a property sufficient to render me "somebody" for life; and so change (as by magic) the estimation in which every one held me, that there are times when I doubt my personal identity. Surely, I have said, he who is now considered a "good partner" for fair and portioned dames,—a "delightful addition to a party,"—whose jokes produce laughter,—whose troubles excite sympathy,—who can positively afford to be slovenly and *outré*, and play a thousand pranks, for any one of which he would formerly have been smothered,—*cannot* be one and the same with the "good-natured useful creature,"—the being made up of smiles and civility,—the "nobody" of ten years ago.

Candour and confession is the literary fashion of the day: I, therefore, will be candid and confess. I confess, then, that the neglect which fell to my share, when slenderly endowed with this world's goods, has not rendered me meek and forgiving, now that I am "a gentleman of independent fortune." I confess, that money appears less valuable in my eyes, as a means of procuring pleasure, than as a means of paying off, at once, the heavy scores of pain which my fellows have inflicted on me. I confess, that I ought to feel cordially towards the men who made me their butt, when I occupied the "corner,"—that I ought to do homage to the women who fagged me one hour, and cut me the next;—but I confess, that I do neither the one nor the other! I confess that it gives me less pleasure to preside over a good table, than it does to prevent my "old friends" (so my former tyrants term themselves) having a seat at it;—and that I have less delight in riding in my own carriage, than, on meeting some formerly haughty, and now smiling Dulcinea, to pass, and "make no sign." I confess, that I am a great bear. I confess, that the whole of these confessions are little to my credit,—but I confess them to be, nevertheless, true.

And now, reader, with one word of advice, farewell. If you are "Somebody," remember that the merest "Nobody" may arrive at like distinction, and repay with usurious interest, all the insults he may have received at your hands. If again, you ever encounter any one particularly grand and self important,—hard to be pleased at inns,—prone to quarrel with his dinner,—lofty in his conversation in stage coaches,—and altogether "particularly detestable,"—make up your mind that he has been A NOBODY for at least ten years of his life!

* * *

THE FIRST TEAR.

By the Rev. Robert Polwhele.

Ah! why to my too feeling mind,
Is this my native place so dear,
As if it had some chain to bind
In lasting links, my being here?

I need not ask—'twas this calm scene
Witness'd, ere yet a stranger I
Had mingled with tumultuous men,
My purest grief—my purest joy!

For 'twas this spot, on my young cheek
That saw the first emotion rise;
That saw, its little woe to speak,
The first tear dim my infant eyes.

OLD SCENES REVISITED.—NO. II.

THE DEVIL'S GORGE.

Oh! Sir Knight, I prithee go not
Where those gloomy waters roar;
Dangers that thou dost not dream of,
Guard yon rough and rocky shore.

Many a dark and fearful story
Hath been told of yonder cave;
'Tis, in truth, a place of terrors,
'Tis a sure, but hopeless grave.

Local Legend.

ALTHOUGH I was never a great admirer of old Isaac Walton and his brethren of the angle, or took much delight in rambling "from morn till dewy eve," along the banks of the river, for the sole purpose of catching a supper, which I could procure at half the expense of the shoe-leather I should wear out, yet I had not such a decided aversion to the "sport," (a misnomer with respect to myself,) as to be deterred from threading the scenes of my childhood, in a character which I, then at least, not unfrequently assumed. The sports of our younger days are exhaustless sources of melancholy reflections to maturer years, especially when we attempt, by repeating them, to persuade ourselves that we are partaking anew of our earlier pleasures. In vain does man seek to cheat himself into a belief of that which he *wishes* to be true, namely, that time has gone over him, and yet effected no alteration in the feelings of his heart. Experience teaches us that we cannot continue stationary; and ultimately we must acknowledge, however reluctantly, that every thing was formed for change, even the inanimate things which surround us. How often will the real landscape vary from the picture which had been delineated upon the tablet of the memory some twenty years before! A change in the lords of the soil occasions, not unfrequently, a strange metamorphosis in its appearance. Oh! I have, ere now, sought in vain for my favourite retreat in the sunny seasons of youth: the merciless scythe of *improvement* had been there, and the spot had assumed a strangely altered aspect. Some luxuriant and majestic oak, hallowed by a thousand recollections, and round which my brightest thoughts would collect themselves as if round a centre of gravity, had totally disappeared, and left a void in the mind and in the landscape. Who that has been nursed "far in the windings of a vale," and spent his thoughtless days amid nature's scenes of loveliness, hath not felt similar disappointment, and uttered his malison upon the unfeeling author of each alteration? But for the changes which the "spoiler's hand" has effected, he, mayhap, fancies that he might have still tasted of the sweets of youth, forgetting that his own palate is vitiated, and willing to attribute his apathy to any other cause than the real one. But I must leave my feelings, and return.

I have already told my readers, that I entertain but a very so so opinion of the art of snaring the "little naiads" of the stream: what wonder then if I soon forgot

The well dissembled fly,
The rod, fine tapering with elastic spring,

and all the other paraphernalia which go to the formation of "a genuine brother of the angle." I did as much injury to the finny tribes as the urchin fisher at the New River Head, who watches his motionless float through the live-long day, with a patience that would bespeak him to be a lineal descendant of Job. Than fishing, the clear streams of the Ogmore had far other charms for me; and as, while I slowly crept along its banks, my fly sunk into the water instead of skipping lightly over its surface, or got entangled among the willows or the blackberry bushes, I soon grew weary of my "sport," and feeling convinced that I was not in the fishing vein, I wound up my line, and took my rod to pieces.

Being freed from the angler's trammels, I mended my pace, and in a few minutes was in the midst of the most wild and romantic of the haunts of my boyhood. A collection of huge mis-shapen rocks, over and between which the mountain torrent of the Ogmore flowed, pointed out the scene of many a juvenile exhibition of courage and agility. Here it was that both were put to the test, as the stripling leaped from one huge mass to another with an air of boyish triumph. Certain traces which could not be mistaken, informed me that the dangerous exercise which erst delighted me, was still continued by those who had become my successors, who also, in their turn, were destined to be succeeded, in a few short years, by another, and, as yet, unborn generation.

Above me, and around, an immense cliff presented its naked front to the perpetual action of the wind and waters; on its summit a forest of ancient elms waved their branches in all the luxuriance of summer, and by intercepting the free passage of the sun's rays, cast a twilight gloom over the scene beneath. In different parts of the cliff I beheld the dark retreats of the poachers of the stream; frequently have I seen them issue at midnight from the caverns which abound in its sides, and steal from crag to crag, with their lighted wisps, alluring the incautious salmon within the reach of their fatal trident. It is surprising to behold the skill and dexterity which some of these fishermen exhibit in their illegal pursuit; the faint reflections of their wisp will enable them to spear their prey at a distance of several yards, when the intended victim is invisible to all other eyes; and so sure is their aim, that they are very seldom known to miss. With many of these haunts the village bards have made very free, and they form a prominent feature in the 'Legendary Lore' of the surrounding neighbourhood. As all the stories have a great similarity with each other, I shall content myself with relating one of them, which, however, may be taken "as a sample for all the rest." Some "cunnynge" critic will perhaps prove it to be borrowed from the German, or at least ascertain that it originates in the barbarous mythology of Scandinavia;—I care not; I give as I received it; for

> Oft have I heard the fearful tale,
> From Sue and Roger of the vale,
> On some long winter's night.

As, however, it has been hitherto "a tale without a name," I will, with my reader's permission, christen it with that of the cavern in which the events it relates principally occur; namely, THE DEVIL'S GORGE.

A place not improperly denominated, if any place "in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," can be said to deserve such a title of terror. Even now, while attempting its description, I feel a passing tremor steal over me, akin to that which I invariably experienced when gazing upon the frightful and appalling reality. The lower entrance (that through which the water rushed) to this gloomy cave, was about six feet square, if we may use such a term for that which was perfectly shapeless; and presented, from the opposite side of the river, a somewhat sublime appearance, as the waters, dashing from one huge mass of rock to another, were driven back again into the main stream, or hurried impetuously forward through the ever-open "jaws of death." For the distance of many yards around this fatal opening, the ruggedness of its bed kept the river in a state of continual and fearful agitation, which, when swelled by the mountain rains, gave it the appearance of the ocean itself when tossed by conflicting winds; the eye beholds only one immense sheet of foam, and the ear is sensible of no other sound than that of the boisterous breakers. At the height of twenty or thirty feet above the river, was another and more spacious entrance, attained without much danger, save to persons of weak nerves, by ascending a rude, though secure ledge of rocks. From this point the deep cavern became visible. At the first gaze, a place of utter darkness was alone perceived, though after the eye had accustomed itself to the sight, the "*blackness* of darkness" disappeared, and a scene of perfect sublimity, (if the theory of Burke is valid) became dimly distinguishable. A rude and irregular flight of steps, or rather of huge stepping stones, stood proffering their assistance to the inquisitive and fearless adventurer who wished to explore the secrets of the perilous abyss, while a feeble glimmering of light, issuing from below, seemed, like the rays of hope, to invite him onward. After a descent of ten or twelve yards, the spacious cavern opened upon the view. The supply of light received through the openings in the rocks above, and reflected again by several masses of spar into every part of this subterranean dwelling, gave it a most unearthly aspect, heightened, as this effect was, by the sullen roar of the stream which ran through its centre, and which had now exchanged its tumultuous for a more silent but scarce less destructive course. Unlike the foam of ocean, it now rushed along its well-worn bed, black as the fabled waters of Avernus. Its race was short, and it fell with a loud noise into the Devil's Gorge, a huge basin at the end of the cavern, where it was lost for ever.

I have deemed it necessary to be thus minute in my description of this place, for three reasons—First, because I wished to convey to my reader some idea, however faint, of the principal scene in the tradition I am about to relate. Secondly, because it is probable I may have occasion to refer to it again in some future paper; and thirdly, because I have never seen it described in any of the "thousand and one" travels which undertake to give an account of every natural and artificial curiosity in this part of the land, from the minute pebble on the sea shore to the gigantic mountains of Ereri.

Having premised thus much, let me reconduct the gentle reader, though but for a moment, to the open air and clear sky. In some remote period of "the good old times."—Tradition, however careful of

events, pays but little regard to dates and chronological appendages,—the course of the Ogmore ran for some miles through the princely domains of the Lord Villemorris, a name once well known, though at present rarely pronounced, except in connexion with some local legend, or story of the olden time. This hero of the regions of romance, unlike many of his compeers in time and circumstance, was possessed of principles which did honour to their possessor. He was generous in the extreme, and his valour is even still the theme of song; and yet he was pacific! a trait of character which, in the feudal ages, was seldom found united with courage, where the latter had the means of displaying itself. Those over whom he was placed in authority, found in him a gentle master. His vassals were ever welcome to his board, and in the wide circuit of his possessions, one place alone was forbidden them—it was the DEVIL'S GORGE. With all his princely virtues, Villemorris was highly superstitious, and gave full credit to the idle tales which were current, many of them relating to the above cavern. It was then stated to be the abode of demons, or of those with whom they held communion; and the hoarse sounds which, in the present day, are attributed to the proper cause, were then ascribed to an infernal power. The generous chieftain yielded the more ready belief to these stories of "gorgons and monsters and chimeras dire," from one of his own ancestors having perished in the fatal cave, whose frail bark, in evil hour, was sucked into the current, and its master precipitated into eternity.

Villemorris came into possession of his hereditary domains while yet a mere stripling; and, ere the years of his minority were expired, he received as his bride, the "lovely lady of the peerless brow," such was the romantic epithet bestowed upon the daughter of a neighbouring chief, whose name has not been so fortunate as to escape the all grasping talons of oblivion. Tradition knows her only as the Lady Villemorris, her maiden name having shared the same fate as that of her sire.

Not many months after their union, the Castle of Villemorris was visited by a gallant stranger, who, in evil hour for its peaceful possessors, sought shelter behind its walls. Sir Hugh Mathraval was a knight of fame, not fortune. He had been frequently engaged, as knights were wont, in the princely tournament, and had shared the honours of many a well fought field. His bearing was such as became one who "had been brought up in the English court," and he might have almost stood for the representative of chivalry, adorned as that character is with all the ideal creations of romance. But with these "outward and visible signs" of true nobility, his soul was tinctured with the vice of covetousness; and this unprincely passion took at times such strong hold upon him as to make every other give way before it, while it reigned sole monarch of his breast, and controlled the events of his life. This passion it was that gave birth to a design of the most consummate ingratitude. He had not spent many days at the mansion of the young and hospitable Villemorris, when he entertained the thought of becoming lord of his fair domains. Yet how to accomplish so wild a design? Gold might assist him! but Sir Hugh, we have already said, was a knight of fame, not fortune. Possession of this last was not, however, *quite* hopeless, he listened with avidity to the following vague prophecy, the truth of which he determined to ascertain.

Seek not riches in the mine—
Seek not wealth o'er ocean's brine—
Wouldst thou heir a prince's dower?
At the solemn midnight hour
Seek the Devil's Gorge! for there
Wealth awaits thee—yet beware!
Shun it if thou heed'st the scoff
Of mortal man!—Enough! Enough!

The promise of wealth had a greater influence upon the mind of Sir Hugh than the warning with which the prophecy concluded, and he therefore resolved, come what might, to explore at midnight the secrets of a spot, forbidden, even in the light of day, by one whose *veto* had hitherto been scrupulously attended to. One servant constituted the whole of his train, and to him alone did Mathraval confide the secret of his intention. As he could not leave the castle at such an unseasonable hour without giving rise to some strange suspicion, he determined to bid adieu to his generous host, promising however to return again ere long. If his arrival had been sudden and unexpected, his departure was not less so.

When Sir Hugh Mathraval left the castle of Villemorris the day was far advanced, and its monarch was rapidly descending towards the west, while night was preparing her mantle of clouds in which to envelope the empire he was about for a few short hours to resign. He had not proceeded very many miles in a direct path, when fetching a circuit, he arrived long before midnight, within a short distance of the place from whence he had started. Under cover of a thick wood which skirted the river, a small coracle had already been concealed, well fitted, from its extreme lightness, to pass upon its way unheard. In this Sir Hugh and his attendant placed themselves, and gliding gently down the stream, soon arrived at a convenient landing-place. Here, quitting the frail vehicle, they wound their way along a perilous and rocky path, guided by the dim light of the mist-clad moon, as she appeared at intervals between the passing clouds, and reached the entrance of the Devil's Gorge.

Here the adventurous knight commanded his companion to wait till his return, and lighting his torch, proceeded a few steps in the descent. He paused awhile! Could it be fear? No: behold he is upon his way again! Many times, however, did he make similar pauses, ere he reached the bottom of the dangerous declivity; when, overcome partly with fear, partly with awe, at the blackness around him, he clung instinctively to a projecting crag—his torch fell from his hold into the stream beneath, and hissing for a moment, was for ever extinguished. A loud noise, half yell, half shout, now echoed through the cavern, which was in a short time succeeded by scarce less discordant sounds, proceeding from the throats of some invisible beings, who immediately commenced the following

CHANT.

Fell spirits, that glory in darkness and gloom,
That haunt the drear dwellings of death, and the tomb;—
That ride on the tempest, and walk on the wind,
Still ruling, controlling the fate of mankind:—
Forth from the blackness that reigns in the gorge,
'Tis the hour of midnight—up, fiends, to your charge!

Behold where a mortal stands trembling with fear
On the verge of the portal,—say, what doth he here?
Who sways his existence? Who witness'd his birth?
Come, spirits, and challenge a demon of earth!
Keep him not waiting thus long at your gate,
Show him his destiny—read him his fate!

SPIRIT.

I rule o'er his being, I witness'd his birth,
And mine 'tis to challenge this demon of earth!
Mortal, thy mission thou need'st not unfold,
Thou seekest for jewels and ingots of gold:—
Nor this the sole object that troubles thy rest,
I know every thought that is born in thy breast!

Go see where the treasures of Villemorris shine,
And look on his lady, for both shall be thine;
Confide in thy falchion before thy renown,
And all his possessions shall soon be thine own;
And fear not the vengeance of earth's guilty crew,
No power that is human shall injure Sir Hugh!

The demon strain was done! The midnight wind was again heard whistling through a thousand clefts in the rocks above and around, and, mingled with the hoarsely murmuring roar of the falling waters, forming a chorus in perfect keeping with the thrilling song.

When his light was extinguished, Sir Hugh Mathraval, as has been already related, had clung to the rock for support, and there he still remained, like one rooted to the spot, or as if he had been transformed into a portion of the flinty substance. He had not once attempted to alter his position, nor had he power so to do. He had heard a chorus of unearthly voices chant an unearthly song, which his ear had received, and which, without his having been conscious of listening to it, had become indelibly engraved upon his memory. Fear had taken complete hold upon him; and what wonder that it should have done so in such a situation, if it be true that "the same warrior who has braved a thousand deaths in the field, is palsied with horror in crossing a burial place by night."

Several weeks elapsed, and the Lord Villemorris neither saw nor received any tidings of his late visitor; but when late one night—it was a night of gay festivity, and well indeed it might be, since it was commemorative of the birth-day of "his fair ladye"—he appeared suddenly amongst the guests. At such a season as this chanced to be, all were alike welcome to become partakers of the hospitality of Villemorris Castle, and especially all who were so fortunate as to be ranked by its lord among the number of his friends. It is useless to describe the banquet, since it differed in nothing from what has been so often described before.

There were bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall.

When Sir Hugh first introduced himself to his noble entertainers, it was as a soldier of fame; now he came before them as a soldier of fortune, and the knight *sans argent*, lacked neither gold nor jewels, and beside, was the master of a numerous retinue. None could tell how he had become possessed of so much wealth. "'Twas passing strange!"

and many stories were told on the subject, by no means favourable to his reputation. Some even went so far as to hint at the possibility of his having visited the Devil's Gorge; and to this circumstance is to be ascribed the origin of the local proverb applied to persons who have become suddenly rich without the village gossips being able to assign a satisfactory cause for it, namely, that such a one "has got his wealth in the Devil's Gorge."

The natural generosity of the Lord Villemorris prevented his harbouring the least thought injurious to the reputation of his visitor, and he was again ranked amongst the number of his friends. An occasional donative among the domestics silenced all rumours in that quarter, and by many he was accounted as second only to their lord. This was, however, only among the inhabitants of the Castle, and the immediate partakers of his bounty. Without the Castle's walls strange tales were told, and when Sir Hugh Mathraval appeared in the surrounding neighbourhood he became a mark for the silent finger of scorn. At times it was with difficulty that he restrained his feelings, when the free tiller of the ground, whose interest was not likely to be injured by such conduct, shunned his presence as he would one infected with the plague, or where this could not be done, he solemnly crossed himself as the knight rode by. At length Villemorris began to observe these things, and partly from sympathy, partly from his superstition having overpowered his generosity, gave credit to many of the current flying rumours respecting his friend. He fancied Mathraval lacked his wonted cheerful openness, and he soon began to feel a fidgetty uneasiness when he happened to be in his company. He became cool in his manner, and strove to avoid him as much as possible. He wished him gone, but his good nature would not allow him to command the departure of one who had been welcomed to his hearth with feelings of ardent friendship.

Nothing so effectually dries up every spring of virtuous feeling in the human heart, and changes man into a demon, as the supposition that he is an object of scorn and disgust to others—that he is shunned and avoided by those persons who once sought his company. He very soon realizes their gloomy imaginings, and becomes really and truly an object of terror. Sir Hugh Mathraval proved the truth of this assertion. He was not insensible to the altered conduct of his host, but gradually imbibed a bitter hatred towards him. His honour was assailed! He thought of the Devil's Gorge, and the promise there made him by no human power; and urged on by the spirit who "swayed his existence," he resolved to avenge himself upon his benefactor, and thereby fulfil the dark decrees of fate.

Well pleased did the Lord Villemorris hear his guest announce his intention to bid once more adieu to the Castle; and saw his gloomy and taciturn attendant prepare for the departure. The last evening arrived. He could not refuse the invitation of Sir Hugh to make a final visit to the romantic spots around. The evening was fair and beautifully bland; but as the sun sank beneath the western horizon, and the moon rose in the east to supply his place in the firmament, the clouds were seen to ascend in dark and detached masses, betokening the approach of a storm, which was confirmed by the large pale halo which

encircled the fair and virgin queen of night. Villemorris felt ill at ease in his company, and urged their return, lest the approaching storm should overtake them. The wind had already risen, and rendered all their caution necessary to preserve them from falling as they traversed the rocky shelves above the black waters of the Ogmore. On the part of Villemorris, this caution was vain. The sight of the furious element below brought to the mind of his companion the vague prediction of the unseen spirit, and he fancied he heard it even still ringing in his ears—

> Confide in thy falchion, before thy renown,
> And all his possessions shall soon be thine own.

And in a paroxysm of madness, he obeyed the dire command, and plunged his sword into the back of his generous host! Villemorris shrieked, and fell, pushed over the precipice by the demon-nerved arm of his assassin. The noise of the fall was drowned in that of the boiling waters; and Mathraval stood gazing into the dark void beneath him, and smiled upon the deed that he had done!

Though none could tell by what unaccountable concatenation of events Sir Hugh Mathraval became Lord of Villemorris Castle, yet so it was. In this circumstance, at least, the interference of a power superior to that of man appeared evidently visible. No one attempted to oppose his usurpation; though conscience proclaimed aloud, that it was by his hand their late master had met his untimely death. As for Lady Villemorris, she was too much overwhelmed with grief, to attempt to thwart the guilty measures of the ambitious knight, until it was too late; and she determined at once to retire into a convent, there to pass the remainder of her days, far from the object most hateful to her sight. Such a measure would, however, have disconcerted the plans of Sir Hugh, who, though the acknowledged Lord, felt that his title wanted that security which her hand alone could confer. His importunities were treated with contempt, and alternate threats and promises were resorted to in vain—the resolutions of Lady Villemorris were not to be shaken: she was resolved never to marry the man to whom rumour ascribed the *murder* of her Lord.

To the indignant Sir Hugh one resource yet remained—a visit to the Devil's Gorge! The hour of midnight came, and, accompanied by his faithful Walter, he sought its baneful precincts. As at his first visit, he spoke not! the self-same horror which overpowered his senses then again seized him! He heard the same unearthly voices chanting the same unearthly strain. It ceased! The same invisible being, whose decrees he seemed born to fulfil, again addressed him—

> Go see where the treasures of Villemorris shine,
> And look on his lady, for *both* shall be thine!

And was this all? Not so. The lips of Sir Hugh Mathraval were unsealed; and he bound himself, by no ordinary vow, to visit the Devil's Gorge again, as soon as the prediction of its unholy tenants was fulfilled! * * *

In the Castle of Villemorris there was no ordinary stir! The voice of the trumpet had ushered in the morn, and the silver-fringed banner of its ancient lords was again waving over its lofty towers. Its numerous domestics have exchanged the sable dress of grief for the gayer

colours of rejoicing; and behold, in its spacious courtyard, bards and minstrels have assembled, and are tuning their harps, as if in expectation of some high and joyous festival! What could it be? The illuminated chapel, and the stalled priest, standing in an attitude of deep devotion, with all the paraphernalia of the nuptial ceremony arranged around him, indicate the answer! The lovely lady of the peerless brow is to be united to him whose importunities she had so often rejected with scorn and indignation.—Let us not dwell upon the unnatural, the unaccountable event! The trembling priest has ended his reluctant task, and Lady Villemorris has become the wife of him who made her first a widow!

Amidst the height of the bustle which followed his union, Sir Hugh Mathraval forgot not his vow. He stole from his guests, and hastened towards the water's edge, where, to avoid discovery, entering into a small boat, he pushed off towards the mouth of the appointed rendezvous. But he soon found he had committed a fatal error in seeking it by water. His frail bark was borne along with a force and rapidity which rendered perfectly useless every attempt to check its speed. He shot through the ever-open "jaws of death," and as he entered upon the more silent, but not less rapid, stream in the dark interior of the cavern, and was hurried onward to inevitable destruction, he recognized the familiar but now unwelcome chant—

> Go see where the treasures of Villemorris shine,
> And look on his lady, for both shall be thine.
> Confide in thy falchion before thy renown,
> And all his possessions shall soon be thine own.
> And fear not the vengeance of *earth's* guilty crew,
> No power that is *human* shall injure Sir Hugh!

Reader,—askest thou the fate of the lovely lady of the peerless brow? She complied with the advice of Denmark's Prince, and retired "to a nunnery!" The princely domains of Villemorris were divided among his vassals and "poor relations," while his name was transferred

——— to the regions of romance.

HAL.

ON FIRST HEARING CARADORI SING.

By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

SPIRIT of BEAUTY, and of HEAVENLY SONG!
No longer seek in vain, 'mid the loud throng,
'Mid the discordant tumults of mankind,
One Spirit, gentle as thyself, to find.

Oh! listen, and suspend thy upward wings,
Listen—for hark! 'tis Caradori sings;
Hear—on the cadence of each thrilling note,
Airs, scarce of earth, and sounds seraphic float.

See, in the radiant smile that lights her face;
See, in that form, a more than magic grace;
And say (repaid for every labour past)
"BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT, *thou art found at last!*"

AMUSEMENTS IN WINTER AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF WALES.

No. IV.

THREE—NINE—AND ELEVEN.

The winds from off Old Snowdon blow,
And bar the doors with driven snow.

YES—winter has set in with violence indeed. Dark clouds hover on the summits of the mountains; the winds whistle along the valley; the sea roars at a distance; and it is more dark than Dante describes the progress to the lower regions. I have heaped my fire, trimmed my lamp, and purpose to devote one hour to the science of numbers.

There are three numbers so very peculiar, that I cannot express my admiration of them. These are the numbers THREE, NINE, and ELEVEN.

Some attribute letters to Moses; but that they were invented before his time, is evident from the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the twenty-first chapter of Numbers:—

"From thence they removed, and pitched in the valley of Zared. From thence they removed, and pitched on the other side of Arnon, which is in the wilderness that cometh out of the coasts of the Amorites: for Arnon is the border of Moab, between Moab and the Amorites; wherefore it is said in the Book of the Wars of the Lord, what he did in the Red Sea, and in the brooks of Arnon."

The Syriac and Chaldaic characters have been attributed to ABRAHAM; the Hebrew, to MOSES; the Egyptian, to ISIS; the Greek, to the PHŒNICIANS; the Latin, to NICOSTRATA; and the Gothic, to ULPHILAS.

For the NUMERALS we now employ, and without which, neither logarithms nor fluxions could, perhaps, ever have been invented, we are doubtless indebted to the Arabians; as we are for the use of gunpowder,* and a multitude of other inventions.

EUCLID, by connecting the elementary parts of geometry, as it were, in one circular chain, established the only perfect part of human knowledge. NAPIER invented logarithms; and so perfect did they emanate, that only one material improvement has been invented since: and of that improvement he had the honour of inventing a part. TAYLOR, in one analytical formula, compressed a whole science into a single proposition, from which almost every method and truth of the new analysis may be deduced.

These instances appear to me to afford greater examples of the intellectual unity of power, than any others with which we are acquainted, save one; for though NEWTON'S discovery of fluxions might seem to bear as great an analogy to intellectual unity as either of these; yet the simple circumstance of LEIBNITZ having, nearly at the same time, made the same discovery, proves that the road leading towards the invention had been so sufficiently opened, that two persons, to use a homely expression, could walk a-breast.

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* The history of the discovery of gunpowder by a German, is idle enough. Gunpowder was known in the eleventh century; and he can be little acquainted with the history of Spain, who does not know that it was employed by the Moors in their Spanish wars, during the thirteenth century.

But there is yet a greater instance of intellectual unity, than even all these combined. JOHANNES, well known in Trinity College, Dublin, was nearly blind; and yet he could answer the question, relative to the name of the day of the week, on which any day of the month fell in any year, whether in the new or the old style, *instanter*;—and BUXTON, the calculating peasant, could give the product of any arithmetical question, by the simple operation of his mind, as the best calculator could with his pen; and this, too, after employing a circuitous * method.

These are extraordinary instances; but that of BIDDER, the calculating boy, amounts so much to the wonderful, that to me he is the greatest phenomenon that has ever exercised the faculties of the intellectual world.

The most wonderful things have been recorded of this boy's arithmetical genius; but he has never yet been able to explain the method by which he is enabled to solve the various questions that have been proposed to him. In reference to these, one would imagine (says a modern writer) that, by some peculiar organization of his brain, a ray of omniscience had shot athwart it, giving us a simple glimpse of its divine origin; as when the clouds are opened by lightning, we appear to get a momentary peep into the glories of the innermost heaven.

All these operations are performed through the medium of the brain. The brain is generally admitted to be a gland of a peculiar kind. Its sensorial communication with all the other parts of the body, is through the medium of the nerves. Hence, the brain may be styled the instrument of general sympathy; but of its connexion with the mind, we are altogether ignorant.

Few steps have been made towards detecting its actual seat. Neither the heart nor the brain are essential to all animal life; though they appear to be so in the human anatomy. The seat of intellect is supposed to be the brain; but the nicest skill of the anatomist has not only not been able to detect its actual residence, but has not been able to ascertain the reason, why the brain is divided into three compartments. Nor, indeed, has it been positively determined, whether the spinal marrow is a continuation of the brain, extended through the chain of the back-bone; or whether the nervous system is the spinal marrow itself: which, instead of issuing from the brain, may give birth to it. Most English physicians, and, I believe, most foreign ones, adhere to the former opinion; though the sense of touch in animals is almost universally believed to flow from the spinal marrow; from the chord of which Le Gallois supposes the heart to derive its principle of life and motion: though Phillip insists, that the brain and spinal marrow of animals may be destroyed, and yet the heart continue to act forcibly and speedily, provided the lungs be exercised by the artificial breath of a pair of bellows. We ought, however, to speak with great caution, relative to results of anatomical, and indeed all physical experiments; they often leading to such immediately opposite conclusions. Thus Pitcairn calculates the force, with which the heart contracts, in order to

* To find what sum, for instance, 740, would amount to, if multiplied by a hundred; instead of adding two ciphers to the figure, he first multiplied 740 by five, and the product by twenty.

ensure the due circulation of the blood, to be equal to 117,088lbs. at each contraction; and Borelli, at 180,000lbs.; whereas Monro calculates it at not more than *five ounces.*

But great errors sometimes lead to great truths.—What preserved chymistry? The search after the philosopher's stone. And as NEWTON's merit in the discovery of the powers of gravitation, consisted in giving the evidence of demonstration to that which a few preceding philosophers had only conjectured: so it is to be hoped that some Newton in metaphysics will so improve the hints that Locke and other philosophers have thrown out, as to furnish us with data on which to found some correct conclusions. Actual demonstration it were unreasonable to expect; though some have supposed, that there exists one single principle, into which the entire science of mind may be resolved. This, however, I think, we shall never be able to discover, any more than we can remember the hour of our birth, or calculate, when in health, the day of our death.

He who discovers truth in philosophy, is not to be valued more than he who first teaches the method by which it may be discovered. But how slowly truth travels is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact stated by Voltaire, that though Newton survived the publication of his "Principia" forty years; yet, at his death, he had not twenty followers out of England.

Newton says, towards the conclusion of his Optics, that if natural philosophy should continue to be improved in its various branches, the bounds of moral philosophy will be enlarged also. Some of the clergy, however, think otherwise.

But to return to the subject on which we set out—NUMBERS:

The number THREE is remarkable, since it has been in all ages a number, that has recommended itself to theologians of almost every creed.—The CHALDEANS, for instance, respected it has being illustrative of *figure, light,* and *motion;*—the EGYPTIANS—of *matter, form,* and *motion;*—the PERSIANS—of *past, present,* and *future;*—ORPHEUS—of *life, light,* and *wisdom;*—the GREEKS—of the *God of Heaven,* the *God of Earth,* and the *God of the Sea;*—the early CRETANS—of *life, cause,* and *energy;*—and the HINDOOS—of *power, understanding,* and *love.* With CHRISTIANS this number is illustrative of the Trinity—"three persons in one God."

The number ELEVEN is remarkable, inasmuch as it is entirely *unknown* in BOTANY:—botanical arrangements are compelled to leave the number entirely out:—thus 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, — 12.—Perhaps, this is the most wonderful circumstance connected with Botany.

"Square numbers," says Taylor in his additional notes on the TIMÆUS of PLATO, "are beautiful images of self-subsistence. For that which produces itself, effects this by hyparxis or summit. But the root of a number is evidently analogous to hyparxis; and, consequently, an even square number will be an image of a nature which produces itself; and hence, self-production is nothing more than an involution of hyparxis."

I confess, I do not fully understand this argument; but that here are wonderful mysteries in the science of numbers is beyond all question. Thus, CUVIER assures us, that in an insect which he dissected, not one

inch long, there were 494 muscles, 494 pair of nerves, and 40,000 antennæ!

The number NINE is so wonderful a number, that it may be safely employed as an emblem of the Divinity; for *multiply* it in whatever shape we will, it has the astonishing property of resolving all the other numbers into itself: thus,

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81

The number nine, too—so much reverenced by the Tartars,—has the remarkable quality of resolving other numbers, when joined with itself, into themselves also: thus,

9 — 1 — 10 — 1
9 — 2 — 11 — 2
9 — 3 — 12 — 3
9 — 4 — 13 — 4
9 — 5 — 14 — 5
9 — 6 — 15 — 6
9 — 7 — 16 — 7
9 — 8 — 17 — 8
9 — 9 — 18 — 9

Pythagoras might well say, that the knowledge of numbers was the knowledge of the Deity! A Babylonian writer was also accustomed to say, that he who could number to perfection, knows all things.* Yet Gibbon asserts of the mathematics, that they harden the mind by the habit of rigid demonstration; so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must determine the actions and opinions of our lives.

Surely no one thoroughly initiated into the evidences of mathematical science, will allow a position so entirely at war with example and experience as this! Who does not know, on the contrary, that Euclid, Archimedes, Euler, Newton, and Napier, were not only in the first order of mathematicians, but in the first order of excellent men?

IMPROMPTU,

Written on a blank page of "Colton's Lacon."

SINCE the days of Lord Bacon,
There's nothing like Lacon;
So strange, yet so true,
So trite, yet so new:—
Whilst his axioms condense
The *substance* of sense,
Each truth has been lit
By the *spirit* of wit,
So brief and so bright,
They're the *essence* of light!

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* See also Wisdom of Solomon, ii. 17; Ecclesiasticus, i. 2, &c.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

And art thou gone! and hast thou left
This vain and busy world behind—
Of all that pleased and pained bereft,
To soar an unembodied mind?—
O! if from thine illumined sphere,
Our human frailties thou canst see,
And mindful of thy being here,
Canst feel for those who felt for thee:

II.

And if, as some believe, a tie
With those of mortal mould and birth,
Connects in glorious sympathy,
The spirits which have passed from earth;—
Feelings that soften man, and melt
His pride—through his existence roll;
But feelings which are only felt,
When silence settles on the soul:

III.

Be mine thy mantle, and impart
Thy spirit patient and serene,—
Thine own pure singleness of heart,
And make me all that thou hast been:
Teach me to know, and feel, and see
Thy worth—the paths which thou hast trod;
My beacon on life's ocean be,
To lead my trembling steps to God.

IV.

Though mine was not the dear delight,
To bear the name of friend, or ever
To share thy counsels; brief and bright
The hours which we have passed together:
Some sweet intelligence was near
To consecrate their memory,
A sense—a motion,—new, but dear,
That opened all my heart to thee:

V.

As the sunny light that evening throws,
When Autumn o'er the world is stealing,
In melancholy radiance glows,
And wakes the very soul of feeling—
Chaste, solemn, exquisitely bright;
As if the beauty and the bliss
Of the next world were given to sight,
Mixed with the fickleness of this.

VI.

But they are passed away, and nought
Can now remain of them or thee,
But deep remembrance, and the thought
That such ourselves shall shortly be.
And oft at such an hour as this,
Thy memory shall a presence be,
To fit my soul to share thy bliss,
And dwell eternally with thee.

B. B.

THE LOVER'S LEXICON.

PART II.

LUNA—An interesting pale-faced lady, who is said to have considerable influence over all kinds of madmen, lovers not excepted;—and in consequence of which, every member of the latter class makes a point of addressing at least fifty sonnets to her during his courtship.

LOVE.—This word is, as it were, the keystone of the arch which this dictionary forms, and therefore merits a very particular definition, if it be possible to give one. But love is a passion which varies in its operation on every individual according to his or her temper and disposition; and therefore, opinions on this subject differ very materially. It is certain, however, that all who have been, or are, in love, must be either *better* or *worse* for it. It is a flame lighted up in the heart to cherish and ripen the good qualities there implanted, (as the sun ripens the corn)—but nevertheless will, if fanned to too great a fierceness by the hands of folly and romance, only scorch or destroy those qualities for ever.

MARBLE-HEARTED.—A woman is so styled, who has sense enough to disbelieve and despise the extravagant professions of her lovers.

MATRIMONY—Is like laudanum: it sometimes allays the fever and restlessness of love, but oftener causes it to sleep for ever.

NOVELS—Works that pretend to picture human nature and life, but which present in general nothing but distorted views of them. In these doses of fiction, love is always the principal ingredient; and a novel therefore is the lover's bible.

NO!—This at first appears a word of dreadful import to a lover, yet it is not so; for a woman, when she merely *says* "No," never means it. If she really wishes to express a refusal, she will speak by *actions* rather than by words.

NAMES—Are of vast importance. No youth will ever be beloved if his name be either Timothy, Peter, Jonathan, Nicholas, or Barnaby, &c. A fictitious one is, in such a case, the only remedy. The same rule applies to females. All Sarahs, Susans, Anns, Dorothys, &c. are sure to die old maids, unless they style themselves instead, either Angelina, Madeline, Lavinia, Seraphina, &c.—In short, a pretty romantic name often proves more effective in the campaigns of Cupid, than the best stock of that good sound sense apt to be preferred by ordinary mortals.

OATH—A pleasant way of filling up a spare minute during a dearth of topics for conversation; like the waves of the sea, they are only formed to be broken.

OH!—This interjection, plaintively uttered by a lover, is exceedingly affecting; and can only be equalled by the high melodious notes of an amorous grimalkin.

PRETTY.—This term bears about the same relation to that of beautiful, as the stars do to the moon.

PRUDE—A woman who affects to be endowed with a vast quantity of modesty; but who, in reality, possesses none at all.

PERFECTION.—See *Ignis fatuus*.

PERFIDIOUS.—A man is so called, who, having discovered that the damsel he vowed to love for ever is a fool, or otherwise unworthy of him, deserts her; thus preferring an act of what is called dishonour, to making himself and the late object of his affections miserable for life.

POETS.—All lovers are poets—or, at least, are thought to be so by themselves and their mistresses; inasmuch as they pen their amorous effusions in rhyme,—with which, of course, reason has little or nothing to do. In the eyes of unprejudiced persons, such effusions are considered but as

bubbles on the stream of love—to be looked at—laughed at—and forgotten.

Quarrels—Breezes which generally increase the speed of the bark of love;—though sometimes, if very violent, they will make a shipwreck of it.

Reason.—Obsolete in the vocabulary of love.

Ring.—As matrimony has been compared to laudanum, the ring may be called the phial, from whence it is swallowed.

Revenge.—If a romantic lover on declaring his passion, meets with encouragement, and is afterwards scorned and rejected, he instantly swears he will have *revenge!* This is all very fine, and very terrible—but what does it amount to?—He sends the offending fair one a few abusive letters, in which his affection may still be faintly seen—as the moon behind a cloud;—frowns and struts, consequentially whenever he meets her;—raves against her by day, and dreams about her by night;—and finally, performs *da capo*, by repeating, with tenfold ardour, his professions of everlasting regard. This is the sum-total of a lover's vengeance.

Religion.—A lover's religion is always the same as that of his mistress. If she be a Catholic, he must not *protest* against it; or, if she belong to the church of England, he must not dare to *dissent* from her;—at least, so far as appearances go, which indeed in such matters are all that young people generally care about.

Silence—Is a language that may easily be understood, if those interpreters, *the eyes*, are well attended to.

Sighing.—As water by continually dripping has been said to penetrate rocks; so do lovers, by a multiplicity of sighs, hope to make an impression on the hard hearts of their fair ones.

Sincerity—A quality which does more harm than good to its possessor: for example—As many ladies change their opinions every five minutes, what success would that lover meet with, whose unfashionable taste for sincerity prevented his acceding to each and all of their camelion-like assertions?—He would most assuredly be voted a *bore*.

Suicide.—Despairing lovers *talk* a great deal about committing this crime—a sure sign that they do not intend it. The few that do really resort to self-murder as a cure for disappointed love, are generally weak-minded boys and girls, who have scarcely any other notion of life than that which a sentimental novel has afforded them.

Screaming—A very delightful science, resorted to by ladies when there is the least occasion for it, in order to render themselves doubly interesting and attractive.

Seducer—A being whom the world "delighteth to honour," but whose fame is built on the ruin and misery of those whom he has dishonoured. He is one who is scented with the odour of those flowers which he has plucked from the stem of virtue, and then cast to the earth—to wither—to be trampled on—and to die.

Tears—Shed by crocodiles, and by a woman when she wishes to persuade her lover to dismiss reasonable suspicions, or to grant an unreasonable request; thus making a fool of *herself* to make a greater fool of another.

Tortures.—A lover's tortures never equal the pain occasioned by a violent tooth-ache:—nevertheless, those who yield up their minds *entirely* to love, do certainly suffer from it; as a man will most assuredly burn his hands, when he only intended to warm them, if he keeps them too close and too long before the fire.

Time—Is a most valuable steed, which, while we ride, we cannot control; and which if we do not *use well*, will certainly throw us;—lovers in particular, who trifle with him, are sure afterwards to repent of it.

Tongue—The *organ* of speech, on which is played various amatory hymns, and most of them in a flat or minor key.

Termagant—A woman whose element seems to be perpetual discord,—

as the salamander is supposed to exist only in the fiercest fire. The latter animal's strange nature cannot be changed, nor is it needed: but for the former an infallible method of cure would certainly be very desirable. *Dr.* Shakspeare prescribes coercive or violent measures—vide "Taming of the Shrew;" but others again are of opinion, that those who practised such operations, would only be uniting two fires; and therefore recommend, that in lieu of them, the said termagant's element—the fire of discord—be extinguished by water, proceeding from the fountains called affection and patience.

Vanity—A rock on which many a fair and noble vessel has split, when not guided in its course by that admirable pilot, *sense*.

Ugliness—The reverse of charity; for it frequently neutralizes or covers a multitude of virtues. An ugly man in such case resembles a book, the contents of which are disregarded, because of its unseemly binding.

Women—Are both underrated and overrated, especially by young men; who either esteem them little inferior to angels, or scarcely superior to devils. Some will maintain them to be stars, whose brightness is most apparent in the night of adversity: while others compare their love to the flame of a candle, and assert that *that* is not so easily extinguished, as is their affection. Generally speaking those who keep the medium between these two extremes, are most likely not to be deceived or disappointed. Finally, however, let it be understood, that he who calls women *angels*, is a *fool;* but that he who terms them *devils*, must be a *knave*.

Whimsical.—Let a lover who has a whimsical mistress, be assured that his fate will *never* be decided; for how can *he* become acquainted with the lady's mind, when she never knows it herself?

Writing—A trumpet, which now-a-days almost every one can play; and on which lovers, in particular, frequently perform. Of those who sound the loudest and most flourishing notes,—ladies, beware!

Wretchedness.—A wretched lover, if left entirely to himself, and not soothed or pitied,—will soon recover his cheerfulness. He is like a bottle of wine, the sediment of which has been shaken up, and the liquor thereby rendered thick;—but which, however, if allowed to stand untouched, will soon regain its former clearness.

Yes.—The welcome "*Amen*," to the lover's last prayer.

F. M——

STARLIGHT.

Now day-light dies—the last bright ray
O'er yonder hills has pass'd away;
The winds have swept o'er the raging deep,
And lull'd its foaming waves to sleep;
They too are hush'd, and not a sound,
Save the nightingale's song, is heard around.
There is a light in the dark blue sky—
Its beauty expands to my gazing eye;
It is from thee, my favourite star!
'Tis the light that beams from thy radiant car,
And seems a herald sent to call
The stars to a merry festival:
The smiling orbs in answer glow,
Like shining jewels on the brow
Of a fair girl, whose face reveals
The bliss that through her bosom steals.
Oh! who on such a sight could gaze,
And not in adoration raise
His soul to that benignant Power,
Who gave to man the starlight hour!

L.

THE VEILED BRIDE.—PART II.

(*Concluded from p.* 111.)

THE following are copies of the letters alluded to, as containing the sequel of the foregoing story.

CLARA TO MADAME DE LIMEUIL.

My dearest Mother,

I am in the greatest agitation, and scarcely able to write; I will, however, endeavour to compose myself; and indeed, what better means of regaining my wonted peace of mind can I seek, than writing to thee, tenderest of parents?

I promised in my last letter to give you an account of that celebrated beauty, the consort of our young Dauphin, Mary Queen of Scots; but how attempt to describe her charms, when all our famous poets, even Ronsard and Jodelle, confess their incapacity to do them justice; and indeed, at this moment of reconciliation, after having been on the brink of losing her friendship for ever, at this moment, when I still behold the smile of forgiveness playing round her lips, I feel less capable than ever of such a task: however, I must relate to you all that has lately occurred.

The fair Queen Mary, who treats me with all the friendship of a relative, and even calls me her little sister, frequently comes to pay me a visit, and is accustomed, whenever she has occasion to appear in some new or foreign costume, to come and dress in my apartment, in order to have my opinion upon it. Among the crowd of admirers who gather round the royal flower of Scotland, is a certain nobleman of the name of Chastelard; an infatuated, foppish creature, who on all occasions pursues and annoys her with the expressions of his ridiculous passion. The fair Dauphiness, affable to all, speaks now and then to him, and occasionally condescends to accept his poetical homage, although in her heart she despises and detests him. I said *his* poetical homage, though it is well known that the verses are purchased by him from the pen of Ronsard. As he observed that the Dauphiness distinguished me by her friendship above all the young ladies of the court, he cultivated my acquaintance, and at last ventured to solicit me to intercede in his behalf with my royal friend. You may well suppose that I gave him a distinct denial, but the coxcomb carried his presumption so far, that on one occasion, when I accompanied the fair Mary to one of the Queen's private circles, where we both went attired in the Scottish garb, he introduced himself secretly in a closet, and at the very moment when, on our return, we had begun to take off our dresses, he stepped forward, and throwing himself at the feet of the Queen, declared his passion. She sternly commanded him to retire instantly. How beautiful did she appear in this moment of offended majesty!—Frightened to death, and confused as I was, I scarcely could convince her of my innocence, for she insisted that he could not possibly have been introduced without my knowledge. I was most sensibly hurt at her suspicion, and at the loss of her friendship; but the worst was yet to come. The following day there was to be a small

tournament. As the affair between the Queen of Scots and Chastelard had become known, and been generally talked of, the latter was vile enough to pretend, that his visit had been intended to me. The consequence was, that when I appeared by the side of Queen Catherine, I remarked a general whispering, and observed that all eyes were upon me. I thought I should have died with shame, and the more so, as the Dauphiness did not appear to notice me. At the close of the tournament, Chastelard approached me with a smile of confidence, but I publicly turned my back upon him; upon this he muttered something about forgetfulness and former favours, whereupon I turned round, and unable to restrain my indignation, called him a liar, and left him. In a forced passion, and in a shrill tone, I heard him exclaim—"My lady, this demands satisfaction!" At this moment the young Count Mongomery approached me, and begged me to leave this satisfaction to him. My heart was full, I was unable to utter a single syllable in reply, and the Count took my silence for consent. "Mount and break a lance with me, Chastelard!" cried he leaping into his saddle, and forcing the dastard to do the same. I saw that the Queen was about to interpose, but it was too late, for Chastelard, struck by the irresistible lance of the young Count, lay already stretched on the sand. There was a general burst of applause. The Queen kissed my forehead, and the fair Mary approached and embraced me tenderly, asking my pardon for the suspicion she had entertained, and in such touching expressions that I could not restrain my tears. The whispers of the crowd were finished; nothing was now visible but an expression of universal contempt against Chastelard, and the King gave orders that he should instantly quit the court.

The following evening there was a private assembly at the Queen's; my attendance could not be dispensed with. Nay, you may well smile, my dear Mother, and so do I too; but your little Clara, with all her simplicity, is now the decided favourite of the two most distinguished queens in Christendom; of Catherine de Medicis, the proud and mighty Queen of France; and of the lovely Sovereign of Scotland. You often praised the beauties of the court of Francis the First; but you should see an assembly of the Queen's to be in perfect raptures. The royal consort herself still commands admiration; but what shall I say of that soft, melancholy beauty, the Princess Elizabeth, once happy in being betrothed to the heir of Spain, Don Carlos; but now condemned to be the spouse of his father, the gloomy Philip the Second. There is an ineffable melancholy in her dark eyes; and it is remarked, that she hardly ever speaks since the sad change in her fate. At her side brightens in a charming contrast, that wonderful child, her sister, Marguerite de Valois, all spirit, all splendour; but there is something in her burning eye, which I almost fear, speaking, as it does, of a genius of an awful kind. Then there are the famous beauties Mademoiselle de Tournon, and Maria Princess of Nevers, and many more—all surrounded by the flower of our young nobility, who do not yield to them in beauty and accomplishments, really present a most splendid spectacle. But all—all of them must yield to the lovely Mary Stuart. You should see her when, in her Scottish attire, she sings the old ballads of her country, accompanying herself on the lute; or when she recites some of

her latest poetical effusions; you are unable to tell whether it is the sweetness of her voice, or the graces by which she is encircled, which impart to her beauty such an inexpressible charm; or if it is this wonderful beauty, which spreads such a spell round her accomplishments. The Dauphin, her husband, a tender and delicate youth, still manifests all the fervour of a lover: it would seem as if possession did but augment the charm that attracted him. The back-ground of this splendid picture, and which certainly heightens its lustre, is formed by the wits and the learned, who shine in these assemblies. There are seen philosophers, poets, artists, and even magicians and astrologers. The latter are quite in the fashion. The Queen keeps one in her service, who is called Roger. When I first saw him, he pretended to read on my brow, that I should live through many centuries. Can there be a better proof, my dear Mother, what a foolish science this is? They will never bring me to believe a word of all they say. But this Roger did not enjoy so high a reputation as another magician, of whom I shall speak immediately; and Roger's fate was decided in the very assembly which I am now describing. This other magician is the far-famed Bishop Gauric, who is said to be a perfect adept in the most occult sciences, and to have the command of all the spirits. Love of study induced him to renounce his bishopric; and it was but lately that he came to court, under the simple name of Master Lucas, where, to the no small vexation of Roger, he is treated by the Queen with great respect. He is a venerable looking old man; small in his figure, but remarkable for the power of his eye, which forms a singular contrast with the general mildness of his manner. I am very fond of him, perhaps from his partiality to me, for it has been remarked, that I am the only young lady at the court, whom he chooses to honour by his conversation. Roger, evidently jealous of this introduction of a rival, talked a great deal of magic, while Master Lucas maintained a respectful silence. The Queen paid no attention to Roger, but desired Master Lucas to cast the nativity of the young Queen Mary. He declined with modesty; but Roger immediately stepped forward, saying he would show the Dauphiness all her future life in a magic mirror, which he began to arrange. Whilst he was thus engaged, Master Lucas approached the Dauphiness, who stood next to me. He spoke to us, and taking for a moment, as if by chance, her hand, he gazed at it intently for an instant, but without making any remark; indeed, it was done so instantaneously, that I scarcely think the Dauphiness herself noticed it. In the meantime Roger had arranged his mirror, and invited the Queen of Scots to look at the images of her future life; but Master Lucas preventing her, inquired, "Do you yourself know, Master Roger, what her Majesty is to see?" "No!" replied the other disdainfully, "do you consider me an impostor?" "Not an impostor;" answered Master Lucas, "but you are imprudent!"—On hearing this, no one ventured to look into the mirror, fearing some gloomy aspect. Roger was highly offended, and requested Master Lucas to look himself into the glass. "Willingly," replied the latter, "but first of all, you would do well to look into it yourself, for you will scarcely have time to do so." Every one now turned eagerly to the magical glass, and there appeared Roger, surrounded by officers, who were leading him away as a prisoner; a

loud burst of laughter followed. And indeed, before Roger had time to express his indignation, there entered a lieutenant of the King's body-guard, who, with many excuses to the Queen, presented the order to arrest Roger, who was accused of high treason, on account of magical attempts against the life of his Majesty. The Queen was greatly agitated; the assembly dispersed; but the fame of Master Lucas increased prodigiously.

Now, my dear Mother, before I close this long epistle, I must make a confession to you. I really do not know where to find words to do it; but it is something which I must not conceal, and is the true cause for the agitation in which I began this letter. Dear Mother, I really believe I am in love; or rather I feel it with the utmost certainty; for if what I feel is not love, then I do not know, and hope never to know, what love is. And now, as the secret is out, I can freely speak to thee, my good Mother, my best friend. The young Count Mongomery, who so bravely vindicated my honour, has at once triumphed over my enemy and over my heart. He declared his love that very evening, and I—directed him to you, my dearest Mother. He is the son of the famous Chevalier Delorge, who once, at a combat of wild beasts, picked up a glove, which his lady had dropped between a lion and a tiger; and if you look at him, you will say, that he will prove no less valiant than his father. But wherefore talk of him, when he is himself the bearer of this letter? You will see him, hear him, and I feel sure that he will return with your consent.

CLARA TO THE SAME.

O, how much do I repent that I sent Mongomery away, he who alone could afford me protection! Ah! my dear Mother, I often used to smile at what I imagined the visionary dangers of the court, thinking that its intrigues could involve only politicians or coquettes: but how much was I mistaken! how little did I think that I should myself be in danger, and be obliged to have recourse to dissimulation!

I have always been astonished at the assurances of friendship which I received from Queen Catherine, a woman incapable of soft emotions or virtuous feelings. At length the secret is disclosed; and, shuddering, I look into the abyss which, covered with flowers, yawns at my feet. For some time past, I have observed that the King became very marked in his attentions towards me, which I at first mistook for common politeness. Judge, then, how much I was surprized and offended, when, the day before yesterday, being alone with the Queen, she left me for some moments, and the King, suddenly entering, made me a most passionate—a most dishonourable declaration of love. I replied as my feelings dictated, and he departed expressing his hopes of a speedy alteration in my sentiments. He was scarcely gone, when the Queen re-entered. It might naturally be supposed, that she, who owes me protection, would at such a moment have been more than ready to afford it me. Fool that I was! After having heard my tale, she surveyed me with a look of mingled pity and anger, and said, "I knew it: but I did not think you to be such a child as to throw away your own happiness!" I burst into a flood of tears, and the Queen left me. I immediately retired to my beloved Queen Mary, who is the

confident of my love. She was by no means surprised at what I told her; and, with heavenly kindness, tried to calm my agitation, and then unfolded to me the whole intrigue. The Queen Catherine, jealous of the beauty and influence of the celebrated Diana de Poitiers—Valentinois, the King's mistress, had long wished to substitute another favourite in her place, who being a creature of her own, would not counteract her influence. The passion for me, which the Queen had observed rising in her consort's breast, was a happy circumstance, of which the wary Queen did not fail to profit, and therefore it was herself who facilitated the interview. The Dauphiness now, of all things, commended me to dissemble and to be secret, "for," observed she, "your love to Mongomery has already transpired, and in all probability has hastened the declaration of the King. The best course for you to pursue, in order to escape the dangers that threaten you, will be to marry Mongomery secretly the moment he returns, and then to rejoin your mother, as you have so often expressed a wish to do." I, myself, think this to be the only resource left us. Would to God, Mongomery were here! In the evening, at the Queen's, I dissembled as well as I could: she herself was all smiles, and more friendly than ever: she called me her good, her reasonable child. I did not see the King. Heaven protect us! I wish all was over, and that Mongomery and myself were quietly settled with you at your chateau!

CLARA TO THE SAME.

How much do I thank you, my dear Mother, for your blessing on our union. Mongomery is quite in raptures with you, and says, had it not been for the daughter, he should most assuredly have fallen in love with the mother. He is entirely of the opinion of the good Queen Mary. In a few days, the festivity to celebrate the nuptials of the unhappy Princess Elizabeth will begin. We have fixed our marriage for the same period. I hope, in the midst of the bustle, that we shall better escape observation. Heaven grant, that the gloomy clouds which gather over the fatal nuptials of this amiable and devoted princess may bode nothing sinister to thy poor Clara.

CLARA TO THE SAME.

Oh, Mother! where shall I find words to describe the terrible scene I witnessed! The recollection makes my hair stand on end; all my limbs tremble with fear; and such a chill is at my heart, that I fear I shall not be able to give you a full account. I will therefore be brief.

Since, according to the better advice of my more experienced friends, I did not appear decidedly to repulse the King, I grew more and more into favour with the Queen Catherine, I was scarcely permitted to quit her for a few hours in the day. I must now tell you, that since the late proof of Master Lucas's art, and Roger's arrest, the Queen has betrayed a strange degree of agitation and restlessness of mind. Yesterday evening, at a late hour, she sent for me. I found her alone, in her closet. I could perceive that she had something to communicate, but felt a struggle in so doing. At length, she treated the matter jestingly, and told me, that Master Lucas had promised her, for that night, a magic sight, and that, as she did not like to remain alone with him,

I should stay in the closet, where, if I chose, I might observe all the apparitions through the curtains. I could not well refuse: I was myself indeed anxious to see, for once, something of that kind, having often heard wonderful accounts of the art. The closet, in which we were, was divided from the next apartment, a large saloon, by a curtain. From time to time, we heard a singular noise proceeding from the saloon. The Queen told me, that Master Lucas was there engaged in mystical preparations. At length, a clock struck seven times. The Queen said, this was the sign by which she was called. She then left me, entering the magic apartment, whilst I remained behind the curtain, from whence I could distinctly hear and see every thing that passed.

Master Lucas repeatedly expressed his wish that the Queen would desist from her purpose; he represented to her, that possibly an apparition might meet her eyes, which would shake her mind too violently. But she obstinately persisted in her design; and it was now, for the first time, I learned that she had asked to see the fate of France and her kings.

After a good deal of discussion, Master Lucas at length promised to satisfy her.—"You will see," said he, "the line of the kings as they are to ascend the throne in succession, the longer or shorter stay of the apparitions marking the longer or shorter period of their reign. If they disappear whilst seated on the throne, this will be the sign of a natural death; but if they fall from it, it will indicate a violent end."

Master Lucas now began his incantation. He incensed the place; a dense cloud of perfumed vapour filled the saloon, and was dissipated by degrees. I saw, in the back-ground, the royal throne, adorned with armories and the crown, but pale and dim as a faint reflexion in the water. A king was sitting upon the throne; but scarcely had I recognized in him the shape of Henry II., our present sovereign, when he fell with a fearful crash. I shuddered, but the Queen sustained this horrible sight with a composure which astonished me, although I knew the firmness of her character.

Immediately after this apparition, came a figure like the Dauphin: he seated himself on the throne, but disappeared very shortly. Instantly, a child appeared, resembling Prince Charles, took his place on the royal seat, staying rather longer than the former apparitions, and then disappeared. A crowned youth now ascended the throne, and I thought I recognized in his countenance the features of Henry, the younger prince. He sat for some time; a crash was then heard, like the fall of a thunderbolt, and the apparition fell suddenly from the throne.

The Queen now seemed violently agitated, and hid her face with her hands. The Master made a sign, and all vanished in an instant. Would you believe it, dear Mother, appalling as the spectacle had been, the Queen had not yet seen enough of horrors: she pressed the fearful man to renew his incantation, for she was determined to see the further destiny of the empire and its kings.

Master Lucas consented, and the throne appeared anew. A young handsome man, having likewise a crown on his head, approached with hasty steps to the throne; but he stopped for some time upon the

ascent, before he took his seat. The Queen imagined she recognized in him young Henry of Navarre, whom she mortally hates, on account of his mother, for she exclaimed—"What! little Bearn on my throne?" Master Lucas instantly flew towards her, and conjured her, as she valued her life, not to utter a syllable. He appeared to have no small difficulty in resuming his operations, for the whole magic image trembled like an object reflected in troubled water. When, after many and powerful spells, he had again succeeded in restoring every thing to its former state, I saw the King again sitting placidly upon his throne. But his stay was not of very long duration, and he fell with a noise resembling thunder.

Now appeared three kings, one after the other, upon the throne, which became brighter and brighter; they sat each of them longer, much longer, than the former, and disappeared in a sitting posture. But when a fourth king had ascended the throne, Master Lucas again caused the apparition to disappear, and absolutely refused to show any thing more of the future. The Queen solicited in vain, and at length threatened him with her own and the King's displeasure. Master Lucas now grew wroth, and exclaimed—"Since you will not remain in peace, gaze on—gaze on! till horror freezes your heart,—terror palsies your limbs; and may you not rest till all is fulfilled that you have seen!" His aspect now grew so terrible and appalling, that I feared I should have swooned away on the spot, and I fain would have fled from that scene of horror, had not the fear of detection retained me. The Queen must be endued with nerves of steel, for she calmly said, she was prepared for the worst, knowing that the spirits had no power over her. She persisted with more vehemence than before, till at length Master Lucas was again prevailed upon to renew the magic rites. The throne again appeared, with the king who had last ascended it. He sat quietly for a short time; then a peal of distant thunder burst over the throne, and became louder and louder: at length, the king rose, and—oh, Mother, how can I describe the horrible scene!—a frightful noise, more fearful than all the former, was heard; the sceptre and the crown were dashed to the earth; and immediately afterwards, the whole throne was shattered into pieces. The king was still standing on the ruins; but, a few moments after, he fell amidst a most tremendous crash. Monsters now began to rise, of more hideous shapes than any I had ever beheld embodied by the painter's imagination in pictures of hell. These monsters combated with each other upon the ruins of the throne, which were soon dyed with blood; they tore one another in pieces, while shrieks of horror and yells of despair arose around. At length, a chair was seen to arise in the midst of this chaos, and a man, clad in shining arms, and invested with all the attributes of a hero, sat thereon. Ere long, the chair became transformed into a throne, far more magnificent than the former; its supporters were sceptres intertwined, and it was based upon crowns.

More I could not see; for the Queen became so terrified by the appalling scene before her, that her nerves of iron at length gave way, and she fell senseless to the ground. I hastened to assist her; but Master Lucas withheld me by force, exclaiming—"Lady, you are a dead woman, if you venture a single step forward!" At the same

time I felt as if surrounded by flames—the air was fire! In deadly fear I hastened into the closet; and it was not until a long time afterwards that I, by the assistance of the Queen and Master Lucas, recovered my senses.

The Queen endeavoured to cheer my spirits, and tried to persuade me that all had been but an optical illusion; but Master Lucas, with solemnity, remained silent, and only from time to time cast a look at me full of the deepest grief and melancholy. I have felt myself very ill ever since; last night my sleep was broken by wild and feverish dreams, and my imagination tormented by the most hideous phantasms. Methought that the threat pronounced by Master Lucas against the Queen, that she should live to be a witness of all the events pictured in the magical glass, had alighted upon myself; and that I was doomed to find no rest in the grave, until every thing was accomplished.—I am better to-day, but still very faint; however, I must make an effort, for the Queen sends unceasingly to inquire about me, and even wrote me a note, wherein she assures me, she could not be tranquil before she had beheld me again healthy and cheerful. Besides, to-morrow is the great tournament, in honour of the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth; and the day after unites me for ever to my beloved Mongomery. A few hours of sleep will, I hope, completely restore me.—I forgot to mention, that I promised, to Master Lucas and the Queen, strictly to keep the secret about the magical scene. I shall keep my promise;—but with you, my dearest Mother, I never had, nor shall I ever have, a secret. In fact, how could I have kept concealed from you something that so strongly moved me? and besides, I know your secresy.

CLARA TO THE SAME.

Dearest Mother,—You will receive these lines by an express. One horror follows close upon another. In dreadful and rapid succession, the prognostics which I detailed to you begin to be fulfilled. The King is dead! Thy poor Clara and her Mongomery must fly, in order to escape the vengeance which perhaps even now impends over its victims. To thy maternal bosom shall we fly for refuge.

MONGOMERY TO CLARA.

My Beloved,—I have time but for two words. The King, before he died, declared my innocence, pardoned me, and acquitted me of all responsibility. And, Clara, indeed I am innocent. But still we are in danger; you equally with myself. You appear to be privy to some secret of the Queen's: that is enough.—This night, a page will bring you a dress, in which you will disguise yourself; therefore, do you and your faithful Cecily arrange every thing accordingly, and be prepared to follow the page, who will conduct you by a secret and secure path to a chapel, where a holy priest will consecrate our union; and then, away for ever to the asylum of our love!

CLARA TO MADAME DE LIMEUIL.

My dearest Mother,—I am still here. I send this by another express, in case the first should not have reached you in time. I am still here; but this evening will see me united for ever to Mongomery, and then

we shall depart from this place without delay. I shall now endeavour to give you a short account of the last dreadful event.

A little before the tournament, two ladies and myself were waiting for the Queen in the antechamber, when the King entered. He loaded me with compliments, and seized a favourable moment of again whispering his passion in my ear. How he came to misinterpret one of my answers, I know not, but, forgetful of the place where he was, he seized me in his arms, and detaching a knot of ribbon from my bosom, imprinted a kiss on my forehead. At this moment Mongomery entered; he coloured highly, but had self-possession enough to pass with a slight bow. The King, in this moment of excitement, called after him:—"Mongomery, the world says that you are in love with the fair Limeuil!"—"She is my betrothed," answered he with affected coolness. "Well," said the King, "in that case I owe you satisfaction, and let this knot of ribbon serve for my gauntlet." With these words he attached it to his helmet. Alarmed at his manner, I whispered into Mongomery's ear, "There is no resource, let us instantly fly hence!"—

In the midst of the tournament the King challenged Mongomery, and on passing me, he whispered: "You are the reward, fair Clara!" Before my agitation permitted a reply, he was near Mongomery. The latter refused repeatedly to enter the list. The Queen sent the Duke of Savoy, supplicating the King to desist; but he remained obstinate, and Mongomery was compelled to comply. At the first shock, the King's lance passed close to Mongomery's helmet, at the second, a part of the crest was carried away. I was in deadly fear, for it was evident that the King aimed at Mongomery's head, who both times had kept his lance sunk. The King seemed offended at this, and muttered some words, which I could not hear. Upon this they rushed wildly against each other; Mongomery's lance struck the King upon the chest with such violence, that it was shivered into splinters, and the King bloody and fainting, dropped from the saddle. A splinter of Mongomery's lance had pierced his eye and entered his head. Of what happened after this, I was altogether unconscious: my senses swam, and when I returned to myself I was lying on a couch in my own apartment.

I have just received a suit of male attire from Mongomery, in order to facilitate our escape. The night is dark: when you receive this, your Clara will perhaps be already in your vicinity.

CECILY TO MADAME DE LIMEUIL.

Madam—It is my painful duty to communicate to you the more minute circumstances of an event, which has already filled your maternal heart with inflexible grief.

You know from your daughter's last letter how all things were arranged for her flight with Count Mongomery. In the dead of night we followed the page out of town without experiencing any molestation. The Lady Clara was disguised in male attire, and I had so muffled up my features as to escape recognition. Near the chapel, concealed behind a hedge, waited the carriage. The Count met us at the door; a priest was in readiness, and in a few minutes the ceremony was concluded. The young pair quitted the chapel full of the most brilliant hopes: little did they dream of the fate which awaited them. The Count

stepped a little forward to look for the carriage, and his young bride, who now thought all danger past, embraced me with all the enthusiasm of joy and confidence. At this moment the report of a gun was heard, a ball passed hissing near me; a second followed, and the Countess sank to the ground. Quick as lightning Mongomery flew to the spot, and had sufficient self-possession to dispatch his people in search of the murderers; but they had vanished, and no trace of them could be discovered. Without doubt one of the balls had been destined for the Count, and the other for Clara. Deceived by Clara's disguise the murderers had doubtless mistaken her for her consort, and myself for the Countess. Clara recovered but for a few seconds; she took the hand of the despairing Mongomery. "If ever you have loved me, said she, swear to fulfil what I request with my dying breath." He solemnly pledged his word. "I thank you," said she, "and shall now die content. What I demand of you, is to seek no vengeance, but instantly to fly!" As she faintly breathed forth these last words, she sank into his arms, and her gentle spirit fled to a better world.

No words can paint the agony of Mongomery's mind, but I aroused him from the stupor of grief, by urging him to fulfil his pledge. In melancholy silence we conveyed the body to a neighbouring convent; I undertook the care of Clara's interment, and then I prevailed upon him to fly.

As for myself, Madam, I am determined never again to quit this abode of peace, where, totally given up to religious meditation, I shall pray to heaven to grant you its divine consolation as a balm to your affliction, and never, never shall I cease to pray for the peace of the soul of my sweet departed friend.

In the archives of Chateau Mongomery, it is stated, that in the year 1559 a stranger, who called himself Master Lucas, arrived there, and that under his direction a vault was prepared to receive the body of an illustrious lady, whose veiled statue was placed over her tomb. The body, which previously had been buried in a distant convent, arrived during the night. The whole transaction was mysterious, and kept a profound secret.

The greater part of the night had been occupied with copying these letters. I sealed the packet, addressed it to Count Limeuil, as my old friend had directed me, and was about to retire to rest, to enjoy a few hours of slumber before my departure. I had not been so totally absorbed in the tale before me, but what, at different times in the night I thought I heard a noise in the house; this began anew, and increased considerably. Hasty footsteps approached my room, and the servant entered in tears, telling me that during the night my old friend had been taken very ill. He would not, however, allow them to disturb me, but now, as he seemed in a dying state, they thought it their duty to awaken me. I hastened down to my friend's room, and found the servants in deep distress, and some clergymen and peasants standing round his bed—he had that instant breathed his last! A placid smile played on his venerable features, and what appeared a mystery to the mortal, will doubtless now be to his eternal part, clear harmony and divine truth.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

*By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.**

Yes! once I own I loved thee,
With purest flame, with purest flame;
The smiles of beauty moved me,
Let Stoics blame, let Stoics blame;
Aye! let them scorn love's tender theme,
And with cold hearts such lays deride;
One hour of youth's romantic dream
Is worth an age of life beside!

When Hope's soft voice was singing
Her sweetest lay, her sweetest lay;
And smiles, like flowers, were springing
Around my way, around my way;
Then first in joyous hour we met,
With bosoms light, from sorrow free;
Nor did I dream that dark regret
Could ever rise at thoughts of thee!

'Twas in youth's summer season,
When hearts were gay, when hearts were gay,
Before the wand of Reason—
Chased Hope away, chased Hope away;
That first this bosom felt Love's power,
And worship'd at his fairy shrine;
Nor ever thought that luckless hour
Would be the source of griefs like mine.

That sunny time pass'd over,
And life grew dark, and life grew dark;
And fate soon left thy lover
A stranded bark, a stranded bark;
Of all his early glories reft,
On life's rude ocean dark and dim,
With not one friendly harbour left,
Or welcome port to shelter him!

Still in that hour of sorrow,
When fortune frown'd, when fortune frown'd;
His heart one hope could borrow,
To look around, to look around;
It was the blissful thought of thee,
As in life's bright unclouded day,
That lighten'd all the misery
That track'd the wanderer's weary way.

Yet this last hope was blighted—
So Fate decreed, so Fate decreed;
For thou, like others, slighted
The bruised reed, the bruised reed;
Yes! thou wert like that faithless thing,
The blue-wing'd bird of distant isles,
That only spreads its painted wing,
And breathes its song, when Phœbus smiles!

Yes! once I own I loved thee,
Alas! too well, alas! too well;
How faithless I have proved thee,
I will not tell, I will not tell!
Let Stoics scorn love's tender theme,
And turn away their eyes of pride;
Give me one hour of Passion's dream,
'Tis worth an age of Life beside!

* From an unpublished volume of Poems.

A COMPARISON.

By the Reverend J. Gilbert.

THERE is something peculiarly delightful in the productions of the sacred writers. Though born in different ages, and residing in distant lands, situated amidst various and opposing circumstances, and occupied in the most dissimilar pursuits, yet all speak one language, all inculcate the same precepts and the same creed. Kings, priests, heroes, sages, mechanics, husbandmen, shepherds, fishermen, all think and speak alike. Historians, legislators, and biographers all maintain the same general principles; confirming, harmonizing, and illustrating each other. You have seen the heavens in a clear and starlight evening, shedding their mild radiance on the earth. You perceived among those countless orbs, some of larger magnitude and a richer glow; you saw others of smaller dimensions and of fuller ray: some among them burning with a clear and steady flame; others with a fluctuating light; your eye was arrested by the beauty and orderly arrangement of one constellation, while another perhaps surprized you by its apparent insignificance, and the want of order which it seemed to indicate: one star you beheld surrounded as it were by its own glorious progeny, while another sent its solitary ray from a far distant habitation, scarcely piercing through the intermediate gloom, and only carrying light enough to the eye to convince you of its real existence.

But all these luminaries, though differing one from another in glory, were yet conspiring to cheer and enlighten *you;* and it was only from their *united beams* that the peculiar beauty of the scene arose.

Such and so bright a firmament is the word of God!—It contains stars and constellations of every magnitude, and every degree of glory. There are some of dazzling brightness, such as Moses, Elijah, and St. Paul; others perhaps of inferior splendour, but shedding round them a pure and refreshing radiance, as Samuel, Daniel, and St. John. In one part we perceive a beauteous and well ordered constellation of Prophets, Patriarchs, and Apostles; in another an Enoch, a Melchisidec, or a Job, dwelling perhaps in the solitary magnificence of their glory, but shining with a clear and unsullied lustre: there is a Jonah, emitting a deep and fluctuating light; a Solomon, periodical in his shining, dark on one side, bright and luminous on the other; there is a Dorcas and a Lazarus, lost almost in the obscurity of distance, but dwelling in Abraham's bosom, and shedding a sweet though slender ray upon your path. All these, through faith and patience, inherited the promises themselves, and they all are conspiring to cheer, to bless, and to illuminate the way that leads you to the city of habitations. Not one could be spared from his high and glorious office. Take away but the widow with her two mites, or the penitent malefactor on the cross, and you mar the beauty and symmetry of the whole. Your eye perhaps may not miss their light; but some poor, anxious, desponding wanderer will have lost his cynosure of hope, and be left cheerless and despairing on the mighty deep. You perceived not perhaps the little twinkling of that distant luminary, but it was on that very spot that the clouds appeared *to him* to break; he caught its mild and cheering radiance,

and the observation which he then made will carry him safely to his destined port. You are perhaps on shore, and think that you are near your home; but he is far from all he loves and values most, and that little glimmering star is the star that shines upon his native vale: it is that which cheers him in all his wanderings, and will guide him at last to his father's house in peace. It is to him the star of Bethlehem, pointing where his Saviour dwells.

THE LOVERS' LAST MEETING.

By T. K. Hervey, Esq.

THE night is lowering, dull and dark—
He holds her to his bursting heart—
Her eye is on the fatal bark,—
And must they—must they part?
Oh! that a wish could chain the gales!
How long that dreary calm should last,
Or ere a breath should swell the sails
That flap around the mast!
Oh! that no ray might ever rise
To light her latest sacrifice!

There are they met—the young and fond—
That such should ever meet to part!—
One hour is theirs, and all beyond—
A chaos of the heart!
She hears him yet,—his softest sigh,—
The breathing of his lowest word—
Sounds that by her, beneath the sky,
Shall never more be heard!
Form—voice—that hour—all, save its sorrow
Shall be but *mem'ries* on the morrow!

He is her all who bends above,—
Her hope—the brightest and the last—
Oh! that the days life gives to love
Should ever be the past!
What gleam upon their startled eyes
Breaks, like the flash from angry Heaven?—
Lo! where the clouds in yonder skies
Before the breeze are driven!
And o'er their spirits all grows night,
Beneath that burst of life and light!

The moon is forth!—but sad and pale,
As though she wept and waited still
For him she never more shall hail
Upon the Latmos hill!
The breeze is up—the sail unfurl'd—
Oh for one hour of respite yet!
In vain—'tis moonlight in the world,
But Ellen's light is set!
The bark is tossing in the bay—
The streamers point—away, away!

One kiss—of lips as wan and cold
As life to them shall henceforth be:
One glance—the glance (that makes us old)
Of utter agony!
One throb—the bitterest and the last,
Awakening but to deaden pain,
In hearts that, when that pang is past,
Shall never ache again!
And the loos'd cord, the broken bowl,
Lie at Hope's fountain in the soul!

THE FATAL BRIDAL.

From the Italian of Bandello.

Antonio Perillo, a youth of respectable connexions in the city of Naples, was left, by his father's death, at an early age in the possession of a very handsome patrimony. His riches, and his extreme youth, soon marked him out as a prey to the rapacity of those numerous adventurers who are ever on the watch to ensnare the inexperienced and unwary. And scarcely six months had elapsed since the death of his father when he found himself so enamoured of play, and withal so unfortunate as a gambler, that little remained to him beside one small estate and his very handsome person. It was about this period that he first saw and admired the beautiful Carmosina, the daughter of Pietro Minio, an opulent merchant of his native city; and for a time, the Hazard-table was abandoned, and his whole energies were directed to the best means of obtaining an introduction to his fair mistress. Chance soon afforded him the desired opportunity of declaring his passion: his ingenuous manners and noble exterior were duly appreciated by the lady; and ere long he obtained permission to ask her hand from her father in marriage.

It was now that Antonio first began to perceive the fatal consequences of his indiscretion; but his affection overcame the dictates of prudence; and, trusting that fortune would yet smile on him, he ventured to make his proposals.

Signor Minio, who was not unacquainted with Antonio's dissolute habits, heard his professions in silence, and when he had finished, refused his consent to the proposed union in no very courteous terms.

Perillo felt the full weight of misery to which his passion for gaming had subjected him; and unable to bear the presence of those who had been the authors of his ruin, he determined on selling the remnant of his patrimony, and trying his fortune with the proceeds as a merchant. For this purpose he solicited the assistance of his relatives, and having, by their means, been enabled to collect a considerable sum in money, as well as much merchandize, he embarked on board a vessel bound to Alexandria in Egypt, the great mart of the Mediterranean for oriental produce. But scarcely had the vessel been twelve hours at sea, when suddenly a stiff gale of wind arose, and the ship, which was heavily laden, strained and rolled to so great a degree, that the crew were obliged to bear up and run before the wind. The weather continued adverse until the third day, when the breeze subsided a little, and the atmosphere having cleared, Perillo and his crew found themselves near the coast of Barbary, and within half a league of a Tunisian galley; which soon boarded them and carried them to Tunis, where they were severally sold as slaves. The news of Antonio's misfortunes in due time reached Naples, and the unhappy Carmosina deplored with much bitterness the fate of her lover, and assumed the dress of a widow, without which she never afterwards appeared in public.

It happened that Pietro Minio was occasionally in the habit of visiting Barbary for the purpose of disposing of merchandize, and he seldom went without purchasing the freedom of ten or twelve chris-

ITALY - THE WAY OF NATURE.

Lavinia, Majma p. 184.

he usually received the amount of their ransom from such of them as happened to have it in their power, and what he lost by redeeming the poorer ones, he considered as an offering to his patron saint. Antonio Perillo had been a year in slavery, when Minio having been prevented from taking his annual voyage, sent orders to his factors at Tunis to purchase the liberty of the usual number of prisoners.

Perillo chanced to be one of the slaves whom Minio's agent ransomed, and by an extraordinary coincidence of circumstances, the evening on which he landed at Naples, Carmosina, tempted by the coolness and beauty of the night, was walking upon the quay;* and attracted by curiosity, lingered there, attended only by her maid, and watched the fugitives disembark. The first person who left the vessel was her lover, and hastily giving a signal of recognition, she returned home to meditate on what pretence she could contrive a meeting with him. After a restless night, she determined on sending her maid to request an interview. It is useless to say how punctually Antonio attended his mistress's summons. They met, and Carmosina addressed him thus:—"Perillo, it is but just that I should replace a loss which has been occasioned by thy love for me; and since thy poverty has been the cause of our separation, suffer me to enable thee to remove that obstacle to our union.—Take this casket, repay the sum which has been advanced for thy ransom, and employ the remainder in the purchase of merchandize: go and be successful," she added, as she placed a heavy casket in his hands, (containing jewels and pistoles to the amount of three thousand ducats, which she had obtained by the sale of her diamonds,) "and may the Saints bless and preserve thee." After the exchange of vows of mutual affection, her lover was induced to accept the treasure, and immediately repaying her father's agent the sum which he had advanced for his ransom, he once more embarked his effects, and set sail for Alexandria. Fortune now began to favour his exertions, and he applied himself with such unwearied assiduity to trade, that the news soon reached Naples of his industry and success, and Antonio Perillo the gamester, as he was usually denominated, was soon better known by the designation of Antonio Perillo the rich merchant. At the end of the third year, from the time of his quitting Naples, he found his circumstances in so prosperous a condition that he determined on collecting his property, settling his affairs in Alexandria, and leaving Egypt altogether.

After a very brief voyage, Antonio arrived at Naples, and was received with all those demonstrations of respect which usually await a rich and successful merchant. This could not fail of being most gratifying to his feelings; but the tender reception which he met with from Carmosina, more than recompensed him for all the sufferings he had undergone. He was now conscious that he was not likely to incur the hazard of a second refusal from Signor Minio; and the prudent father, now perfectly satisfied of Perillo's reformation, no longer withheld his consent to the union of the lovers. The nuptials were solemnized with

* Our younger readers will be enabled to form, from the accompanying Embellishment, some idea of the splendour and beauty of this scene, even when unaccompanied by any circumstances which might create an added interest.

the utmost festivity, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, a large assembly of the friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom were bidden to the marriage festival. But Fortune, who seemed to have repented of the momentary bliss of which she had permitted the lovers to partake, soon converted their rejoicing into tears and mourning. It was in the month of June, and Perillo and his bride had retired to their chamber, where they had not been above an hour when the wind began to rise, and in a few minutes a thunder-storm shook the dwelling to its foundation, and the lightning was observed to strike the bridal apartment. The distracted father ran to the chamber of his child, and found the mangled remains of Perillo and Carmosina at the threshold of the door. It appeared that the lovers had been alarmed by the violence of the storm, and were about to leave the room when the catastrophe occurred, and left the blackened corses of its victims as an evidence of its fury.

THE BUCCANEER, AND OTHER POEMS.*

THERE never was a period when so much good poetry was published as at the present time. There may not have arisen amongst us any one poet whose genius towers so immeasurably above that of his contemporaries, that we can say with proud certainty, as of another Shakspeare—this man will be the intellectual pole-star of future ages,—posterity, in a body, will worship at his shrine. But we have, what is perhaps better for the benefit and gratification of the public, a *general* diffusion of poetic talent. The genius which outstripped the past age, has been overtaken by mediocrity in the present. It is impossible to look through the works of our confessedly minor poets, a series of respectable periodicals, or even newspapers, without discovering a vein of power, beauty, and delicacy, which half a century ago would have entitled the authors to rank as stars of the first magnitude. With all its vices, with all its affectations, with all its thousand pretenders, and their ten thousand absurdities, the poetry of the present era will be a splendid heritage for the next generation. Admitting, that we have no author whose works would bear to be transmitted to them, as an unabridged, inexpurgated *whole*,—how much splendid imperishable poetry will remain, when the mass of excellence is gathered from our first-rate poets, the scattered beauties from those of inferior power, and when those stray productions are collected, which are worthy of preservation, though we know not by whom they were produced. As in the Jewish law, he whose circumstances precluded more costly offerings, was allowed to bring his pair of turtle doves; so the poet who is unable to enrich the intellectual treasury with his tribute of "fine gold," may nevertheless throw in his handful of flowers, or his one fair gem.

These remarks have been called forth by the perusal of a little volume, the name of which is prefixed to this notice. It is the production of a young author of mind, modesty, and feeling,—who is

* The Buccaneer, and other Poems, by John Malcolm, late of the 42d Regiment.—Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

always amiable, and often highly poetical. The "little book," too, in which there is really so much to "please the gentle and the good," is further interesting as being the work of one who has followed a profession which is little in unison with the "soul-soothing art."

The two longest poems are, "The Buccaneer" and "The Spanish Lovers;" the latter, a fancy sketch,—the former, founded on some incidents in the life of the pirate Gow. Many delightful passages might be selected from both; but, on the whole, the smaller lyrics give the reader the most favourable impressions of the author's talents. One little piece—"Stanzas on a Lady," which has been often quoted, contains some exquisite touches, which the most eminent of our living poets might be proud to own. There is also much quiet pathos in the "Lines on the Loss of a Ship," and in those "On the Disappearance of a Female Child." The latter we quote:—

ON THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A FEMALE CHILD.

She's gone from hall—she's gone from bower,
  As flits the viewless wind,
That breathes the sweets of every flower,
  And leaves no trace behind!
E'en as a shadow at noon day—
A moment seen, then fled away—
She passed, unheard her last farewell;
But where—nor earth nor ocean tell!

They missed her when the evening dew
  Was wept o'er lawn and lea,—
They missed her when the twilight drew
  Its veil o'er earth and sea!—
But every voice of her is mute,—
No traces of her little foot,
So light, the flowers might scarcely feel,
Her path—her parting steps reveal.

They sought her in the valley lone,—
  They sought her in the wood,—
They sought her where the stream steals on
  In silence to the flood;—
They sought her by the dizzy height,
Where ocean climbs the rock of night,—
They saw but blackening sea and sky,
They heard but wild-bird's moaning cry.

Could heart and hand all ruthless be,
  To harm so fair a thing?—
To pluck the blossom from the tree,
  And keep it withering?
In woe and wandering lives she still?
The voices of the rock and hill,
Grove, glen, and cavern of the main,
Have called on her—but called in vain!

A mother's tears ne'er pass away,
  Her sorrows ne'er depart;
Her dream by night—her thought by day,
  This lost one of her heart!
No balm can soothe the deep despair,
That dwells like deadly nightshade there;
Till from her burning brain at last,
Shall death or madness blot the past.

These last few lines will probably remind the reader of that verse of Wordsworth's, which so wonderfully describes the "unconquerable strength" of maternal "love."

Ah! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power hath e'en his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares;
He knows it not—he cannot guess.
Years to a mother bring distress,
But do not make her love the less.

To return to Mr. Malcolm, it would be easy to multiply extracts which deserve praise, and would afford the reader pleasure, but one other must suffice.

THE WARRIOR'S DIRGE.

LAST of a high and noble name!
We may not shed a tear for thee,
Thy fall was in the noon of fame,
As Warrior's fall should be;
O'er thy fair morn, like cloud of night,
Awhile thy youthful errors lay,
But touched like that by heaven's own light,
Were early swept away!—

Thy steps are missed by wood and wave,
Lost to the scenes thy youth loved best;
The torrents weep, the tempests rave,
Above thy bed of rest.—
"The hounds howl sadly at thy gate,"
The echoes of the chase are o'er,
In vain the long, long night they wait,
The hunter comes no more!

No voice is heard amidst thy halls,
Except the wild wind's fitful sigh;
The morning's beam that gilds thy walls,
It cannot glad thine eye!
All lonely bloom the summer flowers,
Thy garden's silent walks along,
The wild bird warbles through its bowers—
Thou canst not hear her song!—

Cold is the heart that loved thee now,
'Twas broken ere it ceased to breathe;
Alas! what bids the Hero's grow,
Must blight the bridal wreath!
From blood the Warrior's laurels sprung,
'Midst blood and tears can only bloom,
'Tis but a funeral garland hung
Above his mouldering tomb.

Thou wert not made through wintry years,
To wither till the heart grows cold,
To weep until it hath no tears,—
To feel the blood run cold.
Who would not wish like thee to die,
And leave a deathless name?
To live like thee when life was joy,
And fall when death was fame!

OBSERVATIONS ON ITALY.*

As the author of these Observations has long been known as one of the most active and intelligent surgeons in the Northern Capital, his observations on a country so rich in association, and so fertile in every production relative to the elegant arts as Italy, cannot be otherwise than subjects of interest and curiosity.

These notes were not, originally, intended for the press. The author being in an infirm state of health, was induced to take the benefit of an Italian journey. While at Paris he became sensible of the danger of his situation; this is evident from the affecting note he pencilled in a blank leaf.

"I have seen much of the disappointments of life—I shall not feel them long. Sickness in an awful and sudden form, loss of blood in which I lay sinking for many hours, with the feeling of death long protracted, when I felt how painful it was not to come quite to life, yet not to die, a clamorous dream,—tell that, in no long time, that must happen, which was lately so near."

The character of Mr. Bell was of an engaging description: with warm affections (says the editress of this volume) and sanguine temper, he still looked forward with the hope "that his labours would, one day, assuredly bring independence; and meanwhile listening only to the dictates of an enthusiastic nature, and yielding to the impulse of feeling, he would readily give his last guinea, his time, and his care, to any who required them. Judging of others by himself, he was too confiding in friendship, and too careless in matters of business; consequently, from the one he was exposed to disappointment, and from the other involved in difficulties and embarrassments, which tinged the colour of his whole life."

The observations of such a man must, almost of necessity, be of no small value; especially in cases where he deviates from generally received opinions. Quitting Paris in the beginning of June 1817, Mr. Bell arrived at the foot of Mont d'Or in the evening of the fourth day.

"Through all the tract of rich and fertile plains, [says he] the horizon is bounded by the distant mountains of Switzerland: Savoy just opening to the eye, like a long blue undulating line; and occasionally the summit of Mont-Blanc may be discerned, mingled its towering height with the clouds. As you ascend Mont d'Or, every step of your progress is marked by new and striking objects; and from its summit the prospect is most superb. To the west is seen all the wild and hilly country of Auvergne; to the south the great chain of mountains, blue and splendid; and to the north, the fine valley of the Saone, and the high grounds around Autun. This valley, in which the view of the river is lost in its beautiful bend round the foot of Mont d'Or, extends for fifty miles; but still you see nothing of Lyons, to which you are approaching. At length, after a period of enjoyment and delight in surveying the surrounding scenery, we turned towards the valley below, and proceeded to descend a precipitous hill. But yet no token of this great capital appears; no smoke, no spires, no suburbs of clustering houses; but splendid-built villas of white stone in the best style of architecture, with cultivated fields, orchards, and gardens, adorn

* By the late John Bell, Esq. 4to. pp. 356.—Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

and enrich the slopes and hills. Another sweep of the river brings you upon the deep and rocky channel, on which Lyons is seated; but still you see only a succession of villas of every varied and elegant form; nor do you discover the city, until you are actually on the level of the Saone. Few, I believe, conceive rightly the aspect of this singular place, once the centre of the Roman dominions in the north, now the most celebrated for manufactures, and lately distinguished by revolutionary scenes, which disgraced human nature."

In the description of Lyons, which follows, the reader will not find any thing remarkable. Proceeding by the pass of Eschelles, through which all the commodities of Savoy are carried, and by the peculiar construction of which, twenty men might dispute the passage of an entire army, the author entered Chamberry, the capital of Savoy, and the ancient residence of her sovereigns. Thence passing over Mount Cenis, and through the small city of Suza, he reached Rivoli, finely situated on a hill, at the opening of the great valley of the Po, commanding a most beautiful and magnificent prospect; but the castle is a coarse, bulky, brick house, and whatever the artist might have intended, says the author, it is as like a cotton-mill as a palace. Its grandeur, therefore, arises from the magnificence of its situation.

Nine miles from Rivoli, lies the beautiful little city of Turin, having the king's palace in the centre, with large wide streets running through it. From Turin the author proceeded to Milan, where his first visit was to one of the most celebrated monuments of antiquity.

"In the shade of night [says he] the effect was superb, and for a moment I was indeed astonished. The vivid and powerful sensations, arising from first impressions, on beholding a building so beautiful and singular, cannot return a second time. There are moments, when recollections of past ages crowd upon the mind—gothic structures forcibly bring to memory images of holy rites, recalling the period when crusades and pilgrimages animated the spirit, and filled the souls of kings, warriors, and priests—when to offer relics at the sacred shrine, to adorn altars with the gorgeous spoil taken in war, was at once the means to make peace with heaven, and obtain power over man. I stood long gazing on this splendid edifice, which, as night closed in, I distinguished only by the lustre of its own white marble."

The Ambrosian Library at Milan contains 60,000 volumes, and 16,000 MSS. With the architecture of this structure the author was disappointed. He had looked for magnificent apartments and princely halls—but he found them gloomy, the arches low and heavy, and the whole wearing a monastic cloistered aspect, somewhat depressing, yet not unsuitable to a seminary of science.

From the anatomical knowledge of the author, his observations on the St. Bartholomew derive a double interest. It bears an inscription—

NON ME PRAXITELES, SED MARCUS FECIT AGRATES.

"Nevertheless the work is altogether ludicrous, the composition [illegible] and the execution wretched. The figure is not represented as if prep[illegible] for martyrdom, nor agitated as if touched with the sacrilegious knife; [illegible] stands already flayed, a complete upright statue, a great staring form, w[illegible] the hands and fingers spread abroad, the eye-balls strained, and the features and muscles of the face in strings. The whole anatomy, or what this Praxiteles was pleased to imagine anatomy, of the human body, from the

shoulders to the finger-points, is displayed by removing the skin, which is left hanging in shreds; the skin of the head hanging behind the head; and the skin of the arm and leg hanging in like manner from each limb. Such is the odious and ridiculous figure, which stands in the sanctuary of the church, exhibiting itself in the tripping posture of a dancing-master, as if demanding praise from the strangers who are carried to view it. I declare, on the faith of one not unacquainted with art, nor with anatomy, that there is nothing of real anatomy—no, not the slightest representation of it, in this grotesque figure; and unless strangers are to admire the graceful attitude and composed manner of a being under circumstances so excruciating, they can see nothing to cause admiration."

Passing through Certosa, the author reached Pavia at the close of evening, situated in a country, the fields of which are often seen bearing three crops at once; and where the vine trains along, and, borne up by the despoiled tree, spreads its shivering branches with thick leaves and clustering grapes, which form rich festoons, carried from space to space, while the whole ground below is covered with the finest grain. But Pavia, once so celebrated, with decayed fortifications and fallen battlements, her Gothic towers crumbling into ruins, present the painful and depressing ensigns of gloom and desolation. A multitude of houses are untenanted; the shops are mean; the doors of some of the churches are nailed up, and many of the buildings belonging to them converted into barracks.

Placentia next succeeds: a city, upon the walls of which are first beheld paintings in Fresco of some value. The cathedral displays those of Guercino, Carracci, and other celebrated masters in that style.

The theatre at Parma, "the city of Correggio," is sufficiently large for Paris, and even for London itself. The author visited it, and subsequently paid homage to the paintings of Correggio; the two celebrated pictures of Hannibal, by Carracci; the Espousals of the Virgin, by Procaccini; the Three Marys at the Sepulchre, the Descent from the Cross, by Schidoni, and other celebrated pictures.

From Parma he passed to Modena, the birth-place of Ariosto; and so particularly distinguished for the beauty of its inhabitants, that the artists take designs from their fellow-citizens; in consequence of which, people wholly unconscious of personal merit, find themselves converted, as it were, into Apostles, Saints, Madonnas, and heroes and heroines of antiquity.

At Bologna the author was particularly struck with the inimitable painting of the Adoration, by Ludovico Carracci, the St. Cecilia of Raffaëlle, and above all, Poussin's superb picture of the Murder of the Innocents.

After a residence of a few days, the author quitted Bologna for Florence; and there he seems to have delivered himself over to all those [illegible]te impresses, which a mind rich in associations can never fail to [illegible]e; even at ten leagues distance from that celebrated city, he even [illegible]otes for a sketch of its history.

[illegible]Bell seems to have been a great lover of architecture; hence [illegible]t Florence, he visited all the palaces and churches; and gives [illegible]nute an account of them; we say too minute, because they had [illegible]ady been described in a multitude of books of travel. For this [illegible]son we make no extracts from any part of his observations on those

subjects, but his remarks upon the profession of a nun cannot be so lightly passed over.

"The profession of a nun can hardly be witnessed without exciting feelings of strong emotion. To behold a being in the early dawn of youth, about to forsake the world, while its joys alone were painted to the imagination, and sorrow, yet untasted, seems far distant—to see her, with solemn vows, cross that threshold, which may not again be repassed, and which separates her for ever from all those scenes, that give interest and delight and joy to life—to imagine her in the lonely cell, that is to replace the beauty and the grandeur of nature, presents a picture, that must fill the mind with powerful feelings of sadness. Such is the illusion, such the sensation, inspired by the solemn scene, that I believe, that he whose faith hallows, or he whom a different persuasion leads to deplore, the sacrifice, will yet, for the moment, behold it with equal emotion."

The author's observations relative to statues and paintings, indicate a richness of taste and an independence of criticism truly delightful; for though his remarks are for the most part concise, yet as they are evidently the results of his own impressions, aided by a good natural taste, they exhibit none of those absurdities of appreciation that are handed down from critic to critic, like the separate heir-looms to noblemen's estates. As an instance, we shall quote his opinion of the widely celebrated group of Hercules strangling the Serpents.

"This is a foolish, impracticable, and unpleasing subject; it may suit poetry, but makes execrable statuary. For it may be possible for Hercules, the son of Jupiter, to have attained strength to grapple even with a lion, it is impossible to conceive infant strength struggling with serpents, or at least it is impossible to represent such a group with effect. This infant Hercules is here regarded as one of the finest specimens of antiquity, and by common consent, pronounced exquisite. But I cannot agree to this, and not only quarrel with the subject, but with the statue as a work; the whole figure, in my opinion, presenting only inflated, turned, and shapeless forms. It appears, that the Torso is the only portion which is indisputably antique."

From Florence the author proceeded to Rome, and with a select portion of his observations on that city the work closes. These observations are not copious, but rich and valuable: especially those on the Antinous of the Belvidere; the Meleager of the Vatican; the Cleopatra in the gallery of the Museum; the Antinous; Venus rising from the Bath; and the Dying Gladiator.

TO HOPE.

THOU seemest as a vesper-star,
Sweet Hope! to him whose day is fading,
And shinest like a beacon far,
When night the wind-chafed waves is shading:
How sweet such twilight moments are,
When thou art by, when thou art aiding!

O sink not yet, sweet star!—not yet
Withdraw thy beam, thou beacon blaze!—
Full well I ween, the sun is set
That crown'd with light my childhood days;
And wilt thou vanish, now Regret
Weeps, as she eyes those lingering rays?

C.D.M.

HALLOW EVE.

" ——Play such fantastic TRICKS before high heaven,
As make the timid tremble !"

K. Rich. Who saw the *moon to-night?*
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then *she* disdains to shine; for by the book,
She should have braved the east an hour ago:—
A black night it will be to somebody."
Shakspeare—New Readings.

THE inhabitants of London,—the citizens of this world—of brick and stone, are, I believe, for the most part, entirely ignorant of the intense interest which this night awakens in the less polished minds of those who inhabit the remoter parts of our island; and who, being consequently removed from a too close contact with the keen-edged chisel of civilization, (or rather *refinement,*) still contrive to preserve many of the more salient points of character, which in days of yore distinguished, more or less, every individual member of John Bull's numerous family. But for Brand's "Popular Antiquities," and Burns' more popular "Halloween," many of my readers had, perchance, never heard of that hallowed and spell-familiar night. All-Hallowmass had been to them a word unknown, or, what is just the same, a word without a meaning. Not so with the highlanders of Scotland, or the mountaineers of Wales. It is to them a season of fearful pleasure: fearful, because they have to bow before the shrine of sovereign superstition;—yet pleasant, because it is a night of mirth and revelry. Gentle reader, let me request of thee to cast aside for a few minutes the thought of thine own superiority, and suffer me to lead thee into the company of beings, less polished, indeed, but not a whit less honest, than thyself; and for this small sacrifice, thou shalt behold the amusements which are, at this moment—the evening of this thirty-first of October—occupying the attention of some thousands of thy fellows.

" Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their *homely joys,* and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

The spot I now propose revisiting, hath no beautiful landscape to please the eye,—no romantic or legend-consecrated haunt to interest or awaken the imagination. Who would venture out on such a night, when neither moon nor stars are visible in the sable vault of Heaven? No man ever saw them shine on Halloween! As to thee, cold sceptic, reader of the LITERARY MAGNET, thou canst not judge upon the point; for, notwithstanding that thine eyes have frequently deceived thee, thou wouldst rather believe them than the solemn asseverations of ten thousand truth-telling peasants! With thee, I fear, "all men are liars," who do not see the self-same objects as thyself. But, I would ask—setting aside those who are as incredulous as thou art,—

" Where is he living, clipped in by the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,"

that ever beheld either moon or star, on this night of spells and charms and fearful incantations? I appeal to those who boast not, and have consequently no interest in, a monopoly of wisdom. By their decision let me "stand or fall!"

Memory does not furnish me with an older scene than my native hearth. I will describe it to you. It was a warm and social one; and with it are connected a thousand pleasing or melancholy recollections. Excuse me, kind reader, that I introduce thee to the kitchen rather than to the parlour; with the latter we have nothing at all to do. The sports of All-Hallowmass recognize no distinction of persons, and the young Miss is content to sit beside the "maid of all-work," to be instructed in the mysteries of futurity, and to partake of the hopes and fears which agitate the breasts of all around her.

Here then I stand upon "the neatly sanded floor." Behind me is our venerable oaken dresser, upon which the "elbow-grease" of many generations has conferred a matchless polish. In one of its drawers the best part of my earthly treasures lie concealed. Could you but look therein, you would see an heterogeneous assemblage of tops, taws, and teetotums, with as choice a collection of *everies* as ever graced the stores of a marble-playing urchin. Exposed to fuller view, are the bright shining rows of pewter plates, the pride of our old-style kitchen. There they have stood for many a live-long year, smiling upon their more modern and more brittle successors, of which they have already witnessed the "decline and fall" of several generations. Long may they continue to occupy their present conspicuous situation, and to give me, in my "few and far-between" visits, a glimpse into the hallowed, though now much abused, glories of the Olden Time. On my right hand the fast-pinned window, and the unusually bolted door, tell me it is a night of more than ordinary dread. On my left stands the contemporary of our oaken dresser, the antique eight-day clock, between which and the passage door are hung in festoons my carefully stringed birds' eggs, the fruits of many a summer, the spoils of many a ramble; and though I can reckon two hundred and forty of them, no one can point me out among the number, a wren's or a robin's. No, *I* never forgot the first rhymes with which my memory was charged:—

> He that robs the robin's nest,
> Shall not in high heaven rest;—
> He who takes the wren's young brood,
> Ne'er shall see the face of God.

I could gaze for ever upon the environs of the fire-place, but that the extreme brightness of the brazen candlesticks, the but-seldom-used pestle and mortar, with fifty other glittering utensils, "wisely kept for show," compel me to turn away my dazzled eyes, not, however, before casting "a sidelong glance" upon those once-red-and-green striped bags, in which are enclosed the pistols of some valorous great-grandfather, now hung up *in terrorem*, and never more likely to be used! But what pleases my juvenile fancy most, is the long chain of apples which hangs suspended from the ceiling, the lower portions hissing and smoking like so many miniature steam-engines, as they are roasting before the large red fire, and dropping one after another into the pan beneath. Upon the table is a well-filled basket of nuts, and another of

apples and pears, sure signs of the now near approaching winter. So much for the kitchen—now for the company!

There sits the timid Agnes! our constant guest on Halloween. Her cheerful countenance is lacking its accustomed smile, and its hue approaches nearer to the rose of York, than that of Lancaster; while the dark raven locks which "cluster round her head," form no unpicturesque (if I may use such a term) contrast with the neatly pinked mob-cap of Mary, of whom anon.—There are but few tricks with which Agnes is not familiar, and though, notwithstanding her timidity, she has, ere now, stolen out unknown into the garden, and having knotted her garter,* "according to the form in that case made and provided," and watched it through the live-long night; yet her favourite one was to put the constancy of her lover to the test of Holy Writ; and, I'll stake my little stock of reputation, that the bible-bound key was never balanced upon the point of a fairer finger, or gave the wished-for sign more faithfully!† Poor girl! her lover was *then* a being of romance! But, since those joyous and unchecked days, her bright horizon has been overcast by the dark clouds of adversity, and mayhap she has now to lament over the truth of the old proverb, that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window!"

Opposite to Agnes sits Mary—*our* Mary—the high-priestess of the night's ceremonies, to whose words all are as attentive as ever was Greek to the oracle of Delphi. Than her, no one has a choicer collection of wild tales of love and terror, or is so well acquainted with the "legendary lore" of her native land. Her stock of songs and ballads is, I believe, perfectly inexhaustible; and her own peculiar and unadorned manner of singing them, contribute not a little to their charm. I will transcribe one,—and though I am now removed far from the witchery of her sweet voice, there is to me even still, a something bordering on the pathetic in the strain—a something which, like the

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* This trick, the use of which is mostly confined to the softer sex, is thus performed:—the "lassie" steals out unobserved into the garden, round which she must walk a certain number of times, (seven or nine, but I forget which,) and while so doing, must tie her garter into one or more true-love knots, repeating at the same time the following verse:

See this knot,—I tie it tight—
Emblem of a future one;
Let my true love come to-night,
And untie it—if he can.

When this is done, the knotted garter is to be fastened to the bed-post on retiring to rest; and if the charm works as it ought, about "the witching hour," the watching damsel may expect to see her lover come and *attempt* to untie it. If he comes not, then is he unfaithful! I fear the latter is too frequently the case, for

"Men are false, and oft ungrateful!"

† The manner of performing this trick may not be known to all of my readers. I shall therefore be excused from appending this explanatory note. The party experimenting, lays the lower end of a key (that of the street-door is mostly employed,) upon the 16th and 17th verses of the first chapter of Ruth, and shutting the bible, binds it tightly round with a string—a garter answers the purpose still better—then fixing in equilibrio the lower part of the handle of the key, which of course must project considerably above the the sacred volume, upon the point of the fore finger, the above verses are to be repeated. If all is according to the wishes of the party, and the sentiments expressed by the sacred quotation, the key with its appended volume will immediately turn round upon the finger: If not, it will continue stationary. The former, I believe, generally happens, if the experimentalist have sufficient faith in the operation.

old almanac in Bloomfield's "May-Day of the Muses," tells of years departed: but, as I cannot hope to turn the current of *my* feelings into the breast of another, I must leave the rude unpolished lay to take its chance with the reader. It was, I assure him, a great favourite with our mob-capped muse; why, I cannot positively tell, though I strongly suspect, it was because the name of its heroine was the same as her own, and that my reader knows was—

MARY.

Come ye gay, of true love weary,
Listen to the tale.
Of the fair and faithful Mary,
The rose of Ogmore's vale.

Beauty in each perfect feature,
Every eye could trace,
Where the smiles of sweet good nature
Shone with matchless grace.

Heart more true, more constant, never
Warm'd a maiden's breast,
But it throbs not now, nor ever
Shall—'tis safe at rest!

Months had passed away since Walter
Left her—faithless youth!—
Swearing nought on earth should alter
His constancy and truth.

Mary, too confiding maiden!
Credited his vow—
Then she knew not oaths unbidden
Never *could* be true.

Spring went by, and smiling summer;
And with autumn came
No untrue, though passing rumour,
Linked with Walter's name.

Time, she hoped, would have unsaid it,—
But, as time flew past,
Still the story gath'ring credit,
Forced belief at last.

And when autumn closed, and winter
Came to change the scene,
Mary longed, yet feared, to enter
Hallowed Halloween.

Dark that night, and drear, save only
The warm hearth around,
All beyond was gloomy, lonely
As sepulchral ground.

But though all without was dreary,
And no taper's gleam
Shone to guide her, softly Mary
Sought the neighb'ring stream.

Then as softly to her chamber
Back returned in haste,
And before the whitening ember
Hung the dripping vest.

What she saw that night was never
To the world revealed;—
No, the secret slept for ever,
In her own heart sealed.

But the eye's fast fading brightness,
And the roseless cheek,
Painted with a deadly whiteness,
Could not choose, but speak.

These, less careful of concealing
The truth from open day,
Plainly told that life was stealing
Silently away.

And who seek for Ogmore's beauty
Now, will find the maid,
Near Oldcastle's ancient yew-tree,
In the churchyard laid!

On *our* Mary's right, and encircling the outside of the table, sit some that shall be nameless.—The living have been scattered far apart: and the dead, who cares for them?—I must not, however, pass by so briefly those who are seated between Agnes and the fire—the junior members of our happy family,—among whom *I* once was numbered, content to watch the roasting apples, and crack the hoarded nuts, while listening to the tales

" Of horrid apparitions, tall and ghastly,
That walk at dead of night, and take their stand
O'er some new opened grave—and, strange to tell,
Evanish at the crowing of the cock"—

between the intervals of which we are compelled to behold our loves subjected to a fiery ordeal; and, when the omens chanced to prove propitious, how often have we blushed, and protested, to the unwelcome gratulations of those around us, that "we *never would* be married!" Well and truly did one of yore exclaim, *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur cum illis!* for such I ween would not be our answer now—would it, "my pretty coz?"

These "goings on," however, in order to be properly understood by some of my readers, may, perhaps, stand in need of a more prosaic account. Well then, to them I would say, that our fiery ordeal consisted of two grains of wheat, which, having been first respectively named, were placed upon the broad bar of the range, or upon the shovel resting thereon. If they remained in their original positions, it indicated that the persons they represented would be united together; but if (as most frequently happened) one or both started off the bar, it was a sure sign of the contrary.—Another way of performing this trick, was to throw two nuts into the fire, christening each (as was done with the wheat-grains) with the names of those whose affections were to be tried. If they burnt quietly together, well and good; if not, that is, if one of them started aside, it was decisive of the faithlessness of its living namesake, and consequently that no union would ever take place between the uncongenial couple. This charm is, I believe, universally employed by the "lads and lasses" of every part of our island, and is better known than any other, being treated of by Brand in his "Popular Antiquities," and noticed by Burns in his incomparable poem. Gay also refers to it in the following lines of his "Thursday, or the Spell"—

" Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;

This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That with a flame of brightest colour blazed:
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow!"

The above innocent trick was that generally chosen by the very young or very timid: the more superstitious had recourse to more serious and more awful spells; such as the placing three basins—called by Burns, "*tuggies*"—upon the hearth, and choosing one of them blindfolded. These were to contain water, bran, and earth. If the party choosing fixed upon that which contained the water, he or she would continue single; if the bran, they would be married before that day twelvemonth; but if the earth was chosen, it was a sure sign of death in the course of the same period. The notes to Halloween will furnish the curious in these matters with "further particulars" respecting this trick. There, too, the reader will find an account of another and more common one, namely, that of wetting the shirt or shift in a part of the stream "where three lairds' lands meet," says Burns; but according to the Hallow-eve oracles of my native place, "with a foot in each parish." This, of course, was to be done at night. The wetted garment was then to be hung before the fire; its owner was to watch it till midnight, when the future bride or bridegroom would enter the apartment, and turn it as if to dry the other side. If, however, (and these things were nothing without a due proportion of the terrific mingled with them) death, and not marriage, was to be the lot of the watchful inquirer during the ensuing year, instead of a gentle swain or damosel, a coffin or some equally unwelcome apparition would appear! There is a beautiful and highly interesting tale, founded upon an Irish version of this superstition in the last volume of the "Literary Souvenir," written by the late Mr. Maturin, and entitled, I believe—for I have not the work at hand to refer to—"Leixlip Castle." The pen of a Maturin would have wrought an equally powerful sketch out of the incident I am about to relate, illustrative of another of the spells of Halloween: that, however, is not at present in my possession, and therefore, for want of a better, I must employ my own.

At the foot of the solitary and seldom-visited mountain, from the summit of which the clear stream of the Ogmore springs, is shown the ruins of a small white-washed cottage, once the happy home of Katherine Parry. The produce of an adjoining farm yielded just sufficient to support her parents in a state of economical independence. Of her sire, little is now remembered, save that he was "an honest man;" this, however, is more than can be said of many more illustrious and celebrated beings, whose names are recorded in the pages of history or romance. Circumstances, it has been said, form the character of all men; the same may, with equal truth, be also said of all women:—our heroine exemplified the justness of this remark. She was once a rustic maid, with nothing to distinguish her from the daughter of any other farmer in the county. Would that it had been her lot to continue so through life! But a comparatively trifling and ordinary occurrence produced therein no trifling or ordinary change. Returning home one evening in "the lusty month of May," her clean white pail filled with its whiter charge, she was accosted by one whose dress and trap-

pings bespoke him to be a brother of the angle. He requested of the mountain nymph, that she would permit him to drink of her inviting beverage—a request which, as he had anticipated, was cheerfully complied with. While drinking thereof, his eyes seemed more intent upon the fair form before him than could have been expected from one whose extreme thirst had so far emboldened him to solicit a draught of milk from a stranger. He thanked her, and departed. This was the first interview between Katherine and her lover; for under that endearing name he soon became known. It is unnecessary for me to describe, were it in my power to do so, how he came to be acknowledged as such—love has ten thousand different ways of accomplishing its desires, the reader may choose which *he* pleases.

With her new connexion, the thoughts and feelings of Kate underwent a complete change: she grew imperceptibly a being of sentiment, and the roughness of her mountain manners was gradually softened down into comparative refinement, so that when compelled by circumstances to say "farewell" to her lover, she felt the pangs of parting with accumulated force. Robert, (for such in truth was his unpoetical name,) felt not less acutely than herself, and it was with much reluctance he obeyed Necessity's imperative command. He, however, *did* obey, and left Glamorgan's mountain solitude, with its smooth stream of unalloyed pleasures, for the bustling scenes of the metropolis, and its destructive vortex of dissipation, not, however, without promising a speedy return, in order to claim the hand of his dear Katherine.

Robert was one of those few men on whom early impressions take a deep and lasting hold, and who remain faithful to their first love when fairer forms and brighter prospects pass before them. For some time after his departure, Kate heard from him regularly, and was happy. But when his correspondence suddenly and unaccountably ceased, she naturally became uneasy—now framed excuses for his continued silence, and anon accused him of inconstancy. But the heart that loves truly is persuaded with difficulty of that which it *wishes* not to believe: such, at least, was her case. Like ivy clinging to a broken branch, so she clung to the pleasing, though delusive hope of seeing him again, and finding him unchanged, unchangeable.

On the morning of the last day of October, Kate proceeded to the next village, as she had been accustomed to do from a very child. The light and buoyant step with which she was wont to hasten to the cottage of her aunt on the eve of festivity and mirth, had given place to the languid, listless tread of one whose heavy footfalls served to indicate a heavier heart. Nor was her bearing during the evening more animated. The joke went round, enjoyed by all save Kate; and while the tales of love or terror affected or affrighted others, they moved not her. As the night grew later, indeed, she took a part in the pleasures of those around her, but in such a heartless, careless manner, as tended to throw a damp upon them, rather than contribute to their increase. The old strove to reason, and the young to laugh her out of her gloom, but all to no effect, "for grief was heavy at her heart;" and while others proved the constancy of their lovers by the fruit of the hazel-tree, or slipped into the adjoining room to perform undisturbed their silent charms and incantations, she was meditating a more fearful—and hence

as was supposed, a more certain test of the affections of her love. Her design was, however, concealed from all, until the moment of its being carried into execution, when she was obliged to communicate it to a young lass of the village, who occupied the same apartment, and without whose knowledge she could not possibly put it into execution.

The cottage of her aunt was distant from the church-yard only the length of the back garden. A low stone wall separated the one from the other, and this, shortly after the steeple clock struck eleven, the venturous Kate essayed to scale, with a sheathless knife grasped firmly in her hand. As her foot came in contact with a tombstone on the other side, she felt a sudden thrill shoot through every vein, which for a moment completely paralyzed her, but summoning anew all her courage into play, she proceeded with the fearful charm. With a faltering step she crept around the hallowed cemetery, keeping always close to the wall with which it was enclosed; and with a still more faltering voice she strove to articulate the mystic rhymes. One half of the words were choked in the throat, and no one would have been able, from her indistinct murmurs, to make out the following stanza:—

Where's the scabbard, here's the brand,
Fatal instrument of death!—
He that would this blade demand,
Let him quickly bring the sheath!

Superstition has commanded, that in order to ensure the success of this spell, the person who essays it, must walk round the church-yard nine times, repeating the above verse. At the ninth time, the future bride or bridegroom will infallibly appear—except in cases of inconstancy—and place a sheath or case upon the hitherto naked knife. But there is a danger in making this trick, which I must not forget to mention; for if, instead of saying—

Where's the scabbard? *Here's* the brand!

the adventurous pryer into futurity should say—

Here's the scabbard, *where's* the brand?

the chance is, that some unseen hand will come and turn the weapon against its holder. Kate had, however, learnt her lesson both by heart and rote, and there was not much to be feared for her correctness. Seven times already had she paced around the silent habitations of the dead, when the clock struck the midnight hour. She trembled—paused—and again went on—as the awful echoes died upon the ear. The eighth circuit is accomplished! once more, and "the charm's wound up!"

"Sister cease, the thread is spun;
The web is wove; the work is done!"

'Tis done indeed! But where lingers the doer? Her companion is waiting, and trembles for her fate! She calls! but the echo of her own voice is her only answer, save a solitary too-whoo from the night-loving bird as he flies from his ivied dwelling, scared by the unexpected and unusual noise. Again she calls; and again receives no answer! Kate comes not!—Almost frantic with fear for her own, as well as her friend's safety, she strains her aching eye-balls—but in vain! 'Tis dark, impenetrably dark! The noise of her calling had now reached those

within, and they hastened to her aid. The matron Margery, half-dressed, and enveloped in a large cloak to supply the place of the other half, with the lantern swinging in her palsied hand, came first, and was followed by three other female inmates of the cottage, each more afraid than the other. The tale was soon told; but strange to relate! instead of its arousing them to do something for the apparently lost Katherine, it filled them with such terror and affright, that each hurried back to the cottage, where they all remained; every sense, faculty, and feeling frozen, until the approach of dawn inspired them with courage enough to request their male neighbours to go in quest of the unfortunate maid. These hastened to the church-yard, and soon discovered the object they were in search of, seated in the narrow porch, amusing herself by scratching the wall with the fatal instrument which she had employed on the preceding night. To see her, was sufficient evidence that the gentle "Kate was crazed!"

A maniac's loquacity soon furnished a clue to what poor Katherine had seen. Its burden was still "Robert—faithful Robert;" whose shrouded ghost had greeted her:—at least the hapless maiden fancied so. And what wonder that it should, seeing that he had been numbered with the dead some months before. The fact was this—that at the period already referred to, when his correspondence with his betrothed suddenly ceased, he had fallen a victim to an epidemic disease, which, in the space of a few hours, gave another tenant to the greedy grave. Kate lived for many years after the above sad event; but lived only to be the object of pity and compassion to all who had known her in her happier days. When, however, I visited her ancient haunts, some two or three years ago, I was informed that she, too, "had fallen asleep."

HAL.

STANZAS.

SHE droop'd—as droops the lotus-flower
When summer eves are dim,
And softly swells from minster tower
The holy vesper-hymn.

Stray'd there a wild bee o'er its breast,—
A gale across the stream;
To sear its fair transparent vest,
Or mar its mystic dream?

The wild bee wander'd not,—the gale
Slept on the dimpling well;—
And none beheld how purely pale
Those dew-bent clusters fell.

As beautifully wan—as meek—
As silently declining—
She droop'd, for whom these eyes are weak,
This woe-worn heart repining.

No burst of sorrow rent the link
Uniting soul with clay;
Like lotus-flower from river's brink,
Her semblance pass'd away.

C. D. M.

CASTLE BUILDING.

Well may sleep present no fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.
Campbell.

WHO is he that does not at times indulge in the delightful, though vain and visionary amusement of building castles in the air? The sage, the sophist, the man of business, and the man of pleasure, are all castle builders, however their pursuits may differ and their structures may vary. Hope is the enchanter whose magic wand produces those fair illusions, those day-dreams of our life, which differ only from our nightly visions in having less of fiction in their forms, and more of nature in their colours. In sleep we behold the wild and wonderful; the improbable and the impossible pass before us without our appearing to notice their extravagance. A voyage round the world, or a flight to the moon, is an enterprize which we no sooner conceive than we accomplish; for, when Reason no longer guides the helm, our good ship, the brain, is at the sport of every wind and wave. But our daily visions, however extravagant they may be, have generally some foundation, some remote contingency on which they may be said to be founded. The poor woman going to market, in the fable, built her splendid castles on the anticipated sale of her basket of eggs; and although by a premature toss of her head, she destroyed for ever the simple basis of her golden visions, still her calculations were not so utterly extravagant as to exceed the limits of possibility. The freaks of fancy, produced by disease or inebriety, are not, properly speaking, castles in the air; they partake more of the incoherency of dreams, and therefore, we exclude from our remarks the ravings of insanity, the flights of the distempered poet, and the wanderings of the opium-eating Turk.

Youth is the prime season for building castles in the air: it is then that we love to soar

"To Fancy's highest heaven!"

Life appears like a garden of eternal sweets, and we long to break our fetters and ramble unconfined through its pleasant paths. Who does not remember the sweet days of his boyhood, when, with the odour of flowers around us, fresh as our young thoughts, the birds singing on the trees, and the streams murmuring at our feet, we have sat for the length of a summer's evening building castles in the air! It is certain, the visions which we then indulged in wanted the colours of truth, but were they the less lovely for their rainbow tints?

If, as it is somewhere asserted, the chief pleasure of our life arises from our being well deceived, he whose fancy is the warmest, and whose hopes are longest on the wing, is surely the gayest, if not the happiest of men. Accordingly we find that poets, notwithstanding the many crosses and privations to which they are continually subject, are a race of hair-brained, reckless mortals who, breathing the warm atmosphere of Fancy, and dwelling continually on some fond conceit, seem to despise

the cold and common-place realities by which they are surrounded. They never contemplate the chance of failing in a favourite scheme. No sooner do they send a work into the world, than Fortune is to open her treasury, and shower its riches at their feet. Edition is to succeed edition faster than the printers can furnish a supply, and they pity the short-sighted booksellers who declined at their own hazard to usher their rhymes into public notice. Poets never calculate like common mortals. To them Hope is a substantial being, and her airy promises become palpable realities. If she but whisper in their ear the prospect of a distant good, they eagerly await its arrival without once considering the chances that may finally retard it, or the fickle nature of her by whom they were beguiled. The sober calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, is below the notice of him, whose muse, having exhausted the treasures of the visible world, can turn to imaginary regions, and banquet on ideal sweets. To such a being, a happy simile is worth a thousand dinners, and a verse turned according to his wishes, is of more value than a purse of ducats. The following lines of Thomson may be quoted as expressive of the disregard which poets, above all other beings, entertain for the smiles of the fickle deity :—

> " I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
> You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace :
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
> Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face ;
> You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
> The woods and lawns by living stream at eve:
> Let Health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
> And I their toys to the great children leave—
> Of Reason, Fancy, Virtue, nought can me bereave."

Every man has some favourite hobby, and every season of our life presents some new excitement. Philosophers themselves, with all their contempt for the folly of human speculations, are not without their airy castles. Some favourite theory presents itself to their fancies, and on it they build, till the structure, like that of Babel, becomes too mighty for their powers. The gamester, the most mischievous of castle builders, fancies that he can limit his hopes of independence to a certain sum, to obtain which he risks his all, and generally dies in misery and want. The merchant, more cautious, is at first content with moderate profit, till one speculation begets another, and the desire of gain takes so deep a hold of his nature, that it occupies his every thought. Having realized twice the sum which, when he first embarked in business, was to be the final reward of his labours, he finds that he is not yet independent enough to retire from busy life, and enjoy the fruits of his industry. The quiet villa and the domestic comforts, to which he was wont to look forward with such anxious delight, are now too mean for his enlarged ideas. A palace and a park have caught his eye, and he is determined to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*—with the splendour of a prince. But, alas! a ruinous speculation in the funds, together with the loss of a rich ship, and the failure of a foreign house with which he was nearly connected, have reduced his airy castles, and left him beggared and undone!

Happy is the man who can limit his wishes and confine his views to the station which he fills, without seeking to endanger his present en-

joyments, by a rash endeavour to possess others which, after all, will not make him more contented with his lot, but will probably cause him to push his wishes still further—till he finds happiness, like the horizon by which he is surrounded, a distant good, that retreats as he pursues, and mocks his every hope. The man whose philosophy I most admire, is my excellent friend Tom Benson. Tom entered life under no very favourable auspices, having been deprived of both his parents before he was sensible of their loss. On his coming of age, he found that he was left nothing but his good sense and a thousand pounds to fight his way through the world. His friends advised him to enter business, and pointed out to him a variety of speculations, by which, they told him, he might improve his fortune at little risk. But Tom was no castle builder; his motto was—

"Timely enjoy the present bliss,
Nor in what *may be*, lose what *is*."

He preferred a small annuity with contentment to the precarious chance of amassing a fortune at the hazard of losing his all. He retired to the country, took a small cottage, limited his wants and wishes to his means, paid his debts, smoked his cigar, and was happy.

G. L. A.

THE WORLD'S WANDERER.*

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight;
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

No: the billow roams, like thee,
Wildly, desolately free;
And the dancing bough must be
But an unquiet pillow.

Tell me, then, thou unsphered light
Of the tempest's noonday night,
Whither bends thy headlong flight?—
"Into earth's calm breast."

Star, or moon, or wind, or wave!
Thine is not the doom I crave;—
Lightning-like, I seek a grave,
To quench my fires, and rest.

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* The three first stanzas are by Shelley; the three last are by a Correspondent of the LITERARY MAGNET.

THE EPPING GIPSEY.

A TRUE STORY.

In the summer of the year 1793, the Forest of Epping became the resort of a numerous clan of Gipseys, whose depredations on the surrounding farm-houses rendered them exceedingly obnoxious to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, by whom they were viewed with considerable apprehensions, not only on account of their disposition to plunder, but from the well known ferocity of a portion of the gang. Scarcely a night passed without a robbery having been committed; and so daring were the marauders, that farmers were attacked on the public highway, and robbed and ill-treated, at noon-day. The magistrates of the county were applied to without effect; for the local constables, who acted under their directions, and who were generally petty farmers, were too timid to enter the precincts of these formidable freebooters, either to search for stolen property, or to execute a warrant of arrest; so that the gipseys had little to apprehend from the power of the law. Indeed, the best policy under the circumstances seemed to be, to wink at the loss of a stray sheep or a few geese, to treat a chance member of the gipsey camp with a cup of your home-brewed ale, or to toss a few halfpence amongst their little ragged, sun-burnt children, who would often wander to the neighbouring villages to seek for what they could pick up. Thanks to the excellent arrangement of our police, and our able and efficient magistracy, things are now in a better state.

The gipseys, although in may parts of England and Scotland they are still to be seen hovering on the outskirts of society, are a declining race, and in a few years more will, in all probability, become totally extinct. Aware that their mode of life is unlawful, and that they are rather endured than protected in a country where good order is so strongly enforced, they are cautious how they commit the least excess, lest they should draw upon their heads the terrors of the law. But up to the close of the last century, the name of gipsey was generally coupled with that of robber, and every species of excess was committed by these reckless vagrants.

The leader of the formidable gang, to which we have just referred, was named George Young, whose first breath was drawn in a gipsey tent, and whose limbs, from that moment to the hour of his death, never rested on a softer bed than that which the bare earth afforded. His temper and habits partook naturally of the wild life in which he had been reared. He was bold, determined, and ferocious, added to which, he possessed a constitution of robust health, and a frame of great muscular strength and activity. Unaided as he was by the advantages resulting from education, he at times displayed no mean capacity; and he had something in his demeanour and appearance, which seemed to raise him far above those with whom he was associated. He appeared ardently attached to the life he had chosen; and he has been known to declare, that he would not exchange his condition for a bed of down and a home of luxury. According to the most authentic account which we have been enabled to gather of his person, he was nearly six feet in

height, and his frame was one of uncommon strength. His usual dress was a loose coat of gray frieze, fastened round the middle with a leather belt; a broad leafed hat, which he usually wore slouched over his sunburnt features; bare legs, and strong shoes. The only weapon, offensive or defensive, which appeared upon his person, was a huge ash staff, which he used when walking. It was believed, however, that he was provided with weapons of a more destructive nature.

It happened that, whilst the terror raised by the depredations of the gipseys was at its height, a poor lone woman, who inhabited a miserable cottage on the borders of the forest, was robbed of her little all, consisting of three guineas and some silver, which she had carefully hoarded up to purchase a cow. Her lamentations excited the sympathy of a young man, a wheel-wright, named Dorkins, to whom she made known her loss, and he secretly determined to proceed to the gipseys' haunt, and demand restitution in the name of the poor woman, whom they had so cruelly robbed. Dorkins was a young man of considerable spirit, and having acquired some celebrity in the neighbourhood for his strength and agility, felt, perhaps, no small degree of confidence in his bodily powers, should the gipseys attempt to assault him. He would have endeavoured to prevail on one of his companions to accompany him in his enterprize, but that he knew how useless would be the attempt; besides, having a dash of the romantic in his composition, he was unwilling to share the fame of the exploit with another. The truth is, the young man was in love, and having a rival, though not a very successful one, he was anxious to distinguish himself in the eyes of his mistress, in order to gain her good opinion. Bent on this hazardous undertaking he left his home, and directed his steps, on the evening of a fine summer's day, towards the gipseys' tents, which were pitched on a piece of open ground in the centre of the forest, which at this time was nearly as unfrequented, excepting by gamekeepers and poachers, as many of the woods of America are at the present day. Young Dorkins entered the thickets with a fearless heart, but never returned to tell the result of his adventure.

Three days having elapsed since the evening on which he was missed from home, his family and friends, and indeed the entire neighbourhood, expressed the most serious apprehensions for his safety; nor were these apprehensions at all diminished by the sudden disappearance of the gipseys. Not a straggler was now to be seen on the outskirts of the forest; and the tops of their tents, which could till now be distinguished from the high grounds of Epping that overlooked a portion of the wooded scenery, were no longer visible. The fears of the neighbours were further confirmed by the old woman—the unhappy cause of the young man's rash undertaking. She related the nature of her conference with him on her loss, and mentioned his promise to see her righted. A conclusion was soon drawn. The brave young man, impelled by his generous spirit, had, it was determined, sought the haunt of the gipseys, and there fell a victim to their cold and cruel treachery.

Dorkins was a general favourite, and his companions, mustering together to the amount of ten or twelve young men, with two of the forest-keepers, and a parish constable at their head, resolved to explore the forest, and recover, if possible, the body of the young man, alive or

dead. They sallied forth accordingly, and proceeded directly to the gipseys' haunt, which they found completely deserted; although, from the hurried manner in which the removal appeared to have been effected, it was evident that some strong and sudden motive had urged their departure. Not a trace, however, could here be discovered of the object of their search; but being determined not to return without gaining some clue to the fate of their companion, they divided their party for the purpose of exploring the neighbouring thickets. Their exertions were at length crowned with success; on a patch of dark green grass, surrounded on every side by thick trees, through which the last beams of the setting sun could scarcely penetrate, they discovered the body of the unfortunate young man stretched out, cold and lifeless, with a desperate gash on the right temple, and his throat cut from ear to ear. A broken ash staff, stained with clotted blood, lay on the ground; and from the trampled appearance of the grass around the body, it was evident that the deceased had offered to his assailants a vigorous and prolonged resistance.

The terror excited by the news of this inhuman murder can hardly be described. The body having been conveyed to an inn at Epping, a jury was summoned to investigate the matter. The evidence of the old woman seemed to confirm the general belief, that the gipseys had perpetrated the dreadful crime, and their sudden disappearance left scarcely a doubt upon the subject. The crowd collected round the inn was immense; and the body, in compliance with a popular superstition, was exposed to public inspection, in order that those, against whom suspicion was entertained, should undergo the ordeal of touching it. As there was but one opinion, however, as to the authors of the murder, it was considered unnecessary that any of the spectators should try the experiment; but a number of the companions of the deceased voluntarily walked round the mangled corse, and touched it as they passed. There was one amongst the number, however, who kept aloof from the assembled crowd, and seemed to shun the object, which all appeared so desirous to view. It was Walter Savage, a first cousin of the murdered young man, and the rival in his love. An enmity of a long standing had existed between them. It arose out of a wrestling match, in which Dorkins threw Walter, whose pride was so sensibly touched by his defeat, that he never afterwards forgave him.

Walter had taken to bad courses; was addicted to drink and evil company, and had no other means of subsistence than what he derived from his dangerous pursuit as a deer-stealer. Connecting these circumstances with the murder, it was surprizing nobody suspected that he might have had some hand in it. His very look, as he stood a mute but not inattentive spectator of the scene, would have implied that he was labouring under the weight of some hidden guilt; yet so entirely had people's suspicions been excited by the gipseys, and so deeply were they impressed with the idea that they were the guilty persons, that suspicion had never once pointed at Walter Savage.

As yet we have made no mention of Jane Barnes, the unhappy young woman, who had exchanged her vows with the murdered Dorkins. She was present at the awful investigation; and as the jury, after viewing the mangled remains, were about to retire to consider of their

verdict, she shrieked aloud, in a voice that appalled the heart of every bystander, "Justice! Justice! Walter Savage has not touched the body!" All eyes were immediately turned upon Savage, at whom the half-crazed girl pointed as he stood in a corner of the room, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes cast upon the ground. Hearing himself thus singled out, he suddenly raised his head, and advancing slowly towards her, by whom he was thus publicly impeached, while his pale lips quivered with agitation, and his limbs seemed to totter beneath his weight, said, in a voice scarcely audible, "It is true, Jane, I have not touched the body; but if it is right that I should, I am quite willing to do so now." He accordingly advanced to the corpse and passed his fingers across the forehead, while every one present pressed forward to witness the result. It was most singular. He had scarcely withdrawn his hand, when the blood gushed from the dead man's temple, at sight of which a general thrill of horror ran through the room.

The confusion and consternation which followed may be better imagined than described. Poor Jane, whose feelings had been wound up to intensity by the scene before her, fell into strong hysterics, and in this state was obliged to be conveyed home. The coroner and jury were thunderstruck; and the rest of the spectators were speechless with surprize and horror. Savage, though deadly pale, had recovered his self-possession, and withstood firmly the many searching glances that were now turned upon him. The strong suspicion which had attached to the gipseys was soon directed to another object; and so powerful was the effect produced by the blood of the murdered man, that the guilt of Walter Savage was considered as clear as the noon-day. He was seized upon the spot, and conveyed before the jury. His character weighed heavily against him, and his known enmity to the unfortunate deceased, was thought to be a damning evidence of guilt. He was questioned as to where he was on the evening of the murder. He hesitated, and at length named a public-house in the neighbourhood, where he said he had passed the entire afternoon of the day in question, and did not return to his home till after ten at night. This statement, however, was distinctly and positively denied by the landlord of the inn he mentioned, who happened to be one of the persons present at the investigation. Some other questions were then asked him, to each of which he returned surly and evasive answers. The jury consulted, and notwithstanding their former impression that the gipseys alone were guilty, Savage was forthwith committed to prison, charged by the coroner's warrant, with the wilful murder of Edward Dorkins!

The assizes came on the week following, and the day of trial having arrived, Savage was conveyed to Chelmsford for the purpose of answering, at the bar of justice, for the heavy crime with which he was charged. Having been renounced by his family, in consequence of his evil doings, he had no friend to stand beside him on this awful occasion, and not a living soul came to whisper hope and consolation in his ear. The court was crowded to excess by persons of every description, who were all anxious to learn the result of a trial, occasioned by the commission of a crime, which had rarely been perpetrated in that part of the country; and the mysterious manner in which the accused had become implicated, gave an unusual interest to the scene.

The preliminary business of the court having been disposed of, the jury were sworn, and the trial commenced. Savage, when called upon in the usual way to plead to the indictment, answered, "Not guilty," in a firm collected manner. The counsel for the prosecution, having detailed the particulars of the murder, proceeded to show the grounds of suspicion against the prisoner at the bar. Witnesses were called to prove the misunderstanding which had existed between the cousins; and some hasty expressions of revenge, which were said to have been uttered by Savage, on the occasion of his defeat in the wrestling match, were also given in evidence. A knife, stained with clotted blood, (the appearance of which excited a powerful sensation in the court,) was likewise brought forward. It had been discovered under the prisoner's bed after his apprehension, and was thought to have been the weapon with which he had accomplished the fatal deed. These were the principal points of evidence against the unfortunate prisoner; and the prosecuting counsel admitted, that however strong and conclusive they might be, they were still merely circumstantial. He adverted to the gipseys, and said it was true that circumstances of a suspicious nature might be advanced against them. The professed object which Dorkins had in view when he entered the forest, on the evening of the murder, and the subsequent flight of the gang, whose route had not since been traced, were points for the jury to consider, who would weigh them as opposed to the proofs advanced against the prisoner. In alluding to the singular fact of the blood of the deceased having followed the touch of the supposed murderer, he desired that the jury should dismiss that occurrence entirely from their minds, as it might be accounted for in a natural manner, and he left them to shape their verdict according to the evidence produced, and the dictates of their own consciences. The case for the prosecution having been closed, the prisoner was called upon for his defence. He had no counsel to plead for him, and no friend to utter a kind word in his behalf. He stared vacantly around the court; but so convinced were the spectators of his guilt, that amongst the many faces which his eye encountered on every side, he could not discover one in which hope or pity could be traced. He pressed his hands upon his forehead, closed his eyes, and dropped his head upon the bar. Being again asked if he had any thing to urge in his defence, he merely denied his guilt in general terms, admitting that he had taken to bad habits, had been a deer-stealer, and that the knife produced against him was that which he had used in the dissection of his plunder; concluding with a vehement denial of the crime with which he was charged, and his firm reliance on the justice of the judge and jury; although, having no friend in the world, he was quite careless as to what should become of him. His address seemed to have had no other effect upon the minds of the spectators, than to strengthen the conviction of his guilt. The judge recapitulated the evidence, dwelt at considerable length on every criminating circumstance, and left the wretched prisoner nothing to hope for. His address to the jury concluded thus: "There is one circumstance, (said he) which the learned counsel for the prosecution has told you to dismiss from your minds when you come to decide this case; I allude to the appearance of blood, when the body of the deceased was touched by the prisoner. I am not given to superstition, gentlemen;

yet I own that an occurrence so awful and supernatural has made a considerable impression on my mind; and coupled as it is with circumstantial evidence of the strongest and most convincing nature, I cannot but consider it as one of those wonderful interpositions of Divine Providence, which, in cases of this description, have not unfrequently occurred, for the purpose of fixing the crime on the head of the guilty person. Gentlemen, if you have taken a different view of this case; if you entertain any reasonable doubts as to the evidence produced this day before you, I need not tell you that the prisoner is entitled to the benefit of those doubts; and that your verdict must be found accordingly. But I entertain a strong impression of the prisoner's guilt. Indeed, I am as morally convinced of his having committed this murder, as if I myself had witnessed it."

Savage, who had never withdrawn his eyes from the judge during his long address, now fixed them on the jury, to try if in their looks he could find a spark of mercy. He saw them turn round to consult together, and hope for a moment took possession of his mind; but, when they withdrew for a further consultation, his feelings, having already reached the summit of suspense, could bear no more. His head swam, and the bench, where sat his stern and inexorable judge, the dim lights in the court, and the thousand eyes that from every side seemed to glare upon him, went round and round. His knees smote each other, his throat seemed parched, and he breathed with difficulty. He would willingly have given his last slender chance of life for a drop of water and a breath of pure air; and he dropped down totally insensible. How long he had continued thus, he knew not; but the same deep and solemn voice which had asked him before, if he were "guilty or not guilty," recalled him to life and misery, by repeating "Walter Savage, what have you to say, why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you, according to the verdict?" He had nothing to say; he saw that he must die: not all the world could save him. He bowed his head in silent submission to his fate, and the awful sentence of the law was instantly passed upon him. One short day was all that the mercy of his earthly judge allowed him, to settle his affairs in this world, and prepare for his removal to the next. The sentence seemed to give general satisfaction, and a buzz of approbation followed its delivery. The popular feeling had set in strongly against the unfortunate young man. His appearance was not prepossessing; he had a heavy brow and a downcast look; and, strange as it may appear, his very name was seized upon as proof presumptive of his guilt.

He was immediately removed from the dock, for the purpose of being reconducted to his solitary dwelling, from the walls of which, in a few hours more, he was to be led forth, amid the groans and execrations of the people, to suffer an ignominious death. The trial had occupied the court ten hours, and the evening was far advanced before it was concluded. The pressure of persons, both in the interior and without the walls of the court-house, was so great, that the officers could scarcely effect a passage for the prisoner, who moved quietly along, hardly conscious of his dreadful situation. Having advanced about half-way from the court-house to the prison, the officers found it impossible to proceed further; and Savage, who was closely pinioned

between two of them, had scarcely room to breathe. A reinforcement of constables was sent for; but before they could arrive, a tumult arose, nobody could tell how, and the officers were suddenly assaulted by a group of wild looking, dark coloured men, whose bare brawny arms brandished huge bludgeons. The crowd gave way, and Savage in an instant found himself separated from those to whose custody he had been but a moment before consigned. The effect of the trial, however, had so stupified him, that he had scarcely sufficient power to profit by the chance which was thus presented to him. His hands were pinioned, but his legs were free; yet still, instead of rushing through the panic-struck crowd, and making a desperate effort to save his already forfeited life, he stood with a stupid stare, apparently the only unconcerned spectator of the riot of which he was the cause; and, had it not been for the increasing darkness, and the confusion which prevailed, he would inevitably have been recaptured. But that which he himself was unable to effect, was soon undertaken by an unknown friend. He felt his wrist tightly grasped, and he was hurried onwards by a tall muscular man, muffled in a large cloak, with his face concealed by a slouched hat. Forcing a passage through the crowd, Savage and his conductor soon found themselves on the outskirts of the town. Once, and but once, they ventured to look back, and found that the utmost confusion prevailed around the court-house. A detachment of dragoons had just arrived, lights were moving to and fro, and the words "rescue!" "escape!" and "murderer!" were echoed by a thousand tongues. Savage, who till now had scarcely felt the extent of his danger, shuddered and hurried onwards, urging every sinew to keep pace with his unknown friend, who strode before him with a giant's speed. Having cleared the town, they struck into an unfrequented path, and continued their route across the country, avoiding the public roads, and pausing at intervals to listen for the sounds of pursuit. But all was silent, and the full round moon, rising from behind a ridge of dark clouds, threw a mild and gradual lustre over the surrounding scenery.

Having travelled at a rapid rate for the space of an hour, without exchanging a single word, Savage and his guide suddenly checked their speed; and the latter, lifting his hat from his eyes, and allowing the moonlight to fall full upon his features, asked Savage if he knew him. The young man thought his features were familiar to his eye; he had surely seen them before, but he was too much overpowered by his feelings to recollect where. "It is of no consequence," said his preserver, perceiving that he hesitated, "I have saved your life, and would have done so, even at the hazard of my own. They would have caused you to die a painful and a public death, for a crime of which you were not guilty; for know, Walter Savage, it was this hand that struck young Dorkins to the earth; and this was the weapon," he continued, drawing a large clasp-knife from his bosom, and opening the fatal blade,—"this was the weapon that let out his life's blood." Savage shuddered, and involuntarily stepped a few paces back. "You must not mistake me," continued the unknown, "I am no common murderer; I would not willingly have sought his death, but the tiger is

not to be bearded in his own den. He came with threats and upbraidings; I warned him away, but he was rashly bent upon his own destruction. He struck me; we grappled. He was young, active, and courageous, and a noted wrestler too, as you may perhaps remember. We struggled hard, till at last he fell beneath me. Even then, I did not desire his life; but he renewed his insolent upbraidings, heaped the most odious terms of abuse upon me and my people, and treacherously springing upon me, unprepared as I was to sustain his assault, he fastened on my throat, and would probably have choaked me; but that, stepping back, I seized upon my ash staff, which till now I had disdained to use, and with one blow I dashed him to the earth, never to rise again! But time flits: you are safe now; but you will be pursued, and if taken, it may be that I cannot again effect your rescue. Go, then, consult your own safety by flight. Seek, for the present, some distant and secure retreat, or the blood-hounds of the law will surely find you out. Even now, the cry is up, the scent is on the ground, and nothing but courage and decision can save you. The morning sun must find you many miles from hence. The great city lies before you; there, for the present, you will be most secure."

"And *you*," said Walter, overcome by strong feelings of gratitude, "where will *you* find a refuge, should chance discover what you have now confessed to me?"

The stranger paused for a few moments, and then replied,—"The secret lies in your breast, Walter Savage; and I rely too much upon your gratitude, to suppose you would wantonly betray me; and, if you had villany enough to do so, you surely would not be the fool to risk your own life again, by an endeavour to implicate me; for, who would give credit to the tale of a convicted murderer? No, Walter, the price which you must pay for your rescued life is silence, and a self-banishment from your native haunts. Thus we shall both be secure. The time may come, however, when you may once more return to your home, cleared from the crime of which the world now believes you guilty;—when I die, I will do you justice. But, we waste the night in talk; you are without money, I suppose; and your rifle must no longer ring through the glades of Epping Forest, to bring down the red deer. Here are five guineas," he continued, drawing a leathern purse from his bosom, and counting out that sum; "and when you sit down in safety, recalling the transactions in which you have lately been engaged, think kindly of him who now bids you an eternal farewell;—remember Young, the gipsey."

Savage took the advice of his mysterious preserver; and, having secreted himself in an obscure lodging in London, until his pursuers despaired of effecting his capture, he made his way to Portsmouth, and from thence embarked in a King's ship for the West Indies. Profiting by the events of his early life, he applied himself with steady perseverance to his duty, and soon gained the friendship and goodwill of his companions, and the officers under whom he served. He distinguished himself in several actions; and, being an uncommonly good marksman, was generally selected to go aloft with his rifle, when an enemy came to close quarters. His last action was fought in the very ship on the

deck of which the gallant Nelson received his death wound. A nine-pounder carried off his left leg; and falling from his station on the round-top, he was borne to the cockpit by two of his companions, where he underwent the amputation of his shattered stump.

He had fought for his country for ten years; and being unfit any longer for service, he was sent to England in the first hospital ship that left the Bay of Trafalgar after that ever-memorable battle. For obvious reasons, although many opportunities had offered, he had never seen England since his first departure; and filled with recollections of the past, he now returned to her shores with gloomy forebodings and a heavy heart. He remembered that, however innocent he was, the sentence of the law still hung over him, and that the name of *convicted murderer* would tarnish all his laurels. Time, to be sure, had wrought a considerable alteration in his appearance, and he had changed his name on entering the service; but there were many still living to whom his features would be familiar, and who would not be baffled by the change which his person had undergone. He remembered the gipsey's words, "When I die, I will do you justice;" but this chance was too uncertain and remote to excite the slightest hope.

As he lay one evening in his hammock, debating within himself on the risk which he should shortly be obliged to encounter, he took up an old newspaper, which one of his messmates had lent him, and turning over the contents, he chanced to light upon these words:—"If this should meet the eye of Walter Savage, who, about the year 1793, lived near Epping, in Essex, and who effected his escape from Chelmsford, in the said county, while under sentence of death, for the commission of a crime of which, it was afterwards discovered, he was not guilty,—he is informed, that he will hear of something very much to his advantage, by applying to Mr. Franklin, solicitor, Gray's Inn, London; or, any person giving such information as may lead to the discovery of the said Walter Savage, shall be handsomely rewarded, by applying as above."

A few words will suffice to close this narrative. When Savage arrived in England, and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to go abroad, he waited on the solicitor to whom he was directed to apply. From him he learned, that Young, having closed his vagabond career in a wretched hovel, on the borders of Epping Forest, acknowledged, among other crimes, that Dorkins had fallen by his hand, and that the young man who had been condemned to death as the supposed murderer was entirely innocent of his death. "I shall take occasion," continued the solicitor, "to make the Secretary of State acquainted with your singular case, and I have no doubt but that you may soon return to your home with an unblemished character. In the mean time, I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that an uncle of your's, in consideration of your early misfortunes, has left you his sole heir to a very comfortable property, in your native county; and, in presenting you with the title deeds, allow me to wish you all possible happiness, and length of years to enjoy it."

G. L. A.

TO THE ECHO OF A SEA SHELL.

UNSEEN keeper of this shell,
Art thou bound, sad spirit, tell?
Hath some sage, with mutter'd lore,
Call'd thee from the caverns hoar,
Where the wakeful Syren sings
Songs that lull the tempest's wings—
Witching words, and notes of power,
Breathing calm above her bower?
Was it that the Mage would know,
Words that woke another's woe;
Signs that speak of spirits near;
Sounds that wake the ghosts of fear;
Spells that bind the spirits dread,
Watching Egypt's mighty dead,
Where the secret stone doth lie
Far in tented Araby,
Portal to the magic cave
'Neath the desert's listless wave,
Where, in grottoes fair and high,
Beam the gems of Alchemy?

Mimic murmurer of this shell!
Was it that thou lov'dst too well?
Lagg'd thy lover's bark at sea,
When day's King so gorgeously,
Ranks of fire his chariot round,
Triumphing, his palace found?
Woke the winds of night in storm:
Gleamed red Ruin's tempest form,
Rioting the waves among:
Heard'st thou thrill the Syren's song—
Said'st thou words no sprite may tell—
Was thy doom to keep this shell?

Lov'dst thou some dark Indian Queen—
(Night when all her stars are seen!)
Gav'st thou drugs that have subdued
Madness, in his wildest mood;
Shells to shouts of battle tuned;
Balm to bind the poisoned wound;
Woof the magic web to weave,
Barb nor bolt could ever cleave;
Films like floating gossamer,
Binding tigers in their lair;
Worked it woe for thee to tell—
Was thy doom to keep this shell?

Heard'st thou, 'neath the moon's eclipse,
Lapland sorcerer's mutt'ring lips;
Wizard o'er his hollow drum,
Questioning the shadow'd gloom?
Saw'st thou round the caldron's light,
Witches trip the jocund night;—
When from waxing light they fled,
Did'st thou cross the words they said?
Shalt thou never gem thy cave—
Gambol with the wanton wave—
Chase the sea-horse through the foam?—
Prisoner, is this shell thy home?

TO ALARIC A. WATTS, ESQ.

On receiving from him a copy of his 'Poetical Sketches.'

THERE is a dear and lovely power
Dwells in the silence of the flower,
When the buds meet the caress
Of the bee in their loneliness:—
In the song the green leaves sing
When they waken and wave in spring;
In the voice of the April bird—
The first air music the year hath heard;
In the deep and glorious light
Of the thousand stars at night;
In the dreaming of the moon,
Bright in her solitary noon;
In the tones of the plaining brook;
In the light of a first-love look;
In each bright and beautiful thing
With aught of fine imagining,
That power is dwelling. Now need I
Name the bright spell of Poesy?
And, graceful Bard, it has breathed on thee
A breath of the life, which is melody,
And given thy lute the touching strain
Which the heart but hears to echo again!
Mine is not the hand that flings
Living or lasting offerings:
Wear thy laurel—not mine the lay
That either gives or takes away.
Others may praise thy harp,—for me
To praise, were only mockery;
The tribute *I* offer is such a one,
As the young bird would pour if the sun
Or the air were pleasant: thanks, not praise,—
Oh, not to laud, but to feel thy lays!

L. E. L.

A COUNTRY CONVERSAZIONE.

Here a poet acting enthusiasm with a *chapeau bras*—there another dying of *ennui* to admiration—here a wit, cutting and slashing, right or wrong—there a man of judgment standing by, silent as the grave—all for notoriety.—*Miss Edgeworth.*

"WELL, Mr.——," exclaimed worthy Mrs. Puffendorf, bursting into my breakfast room early one morning, knocking down a flower-stand, and treading on my cat, in the violence of her opening charge,—"Well, Mr.——"

"Not quite well at present," said I, (somewhat ruffled,) replacing the stand, and endeavouring to pacify poor puss.

"Oh, a fiddle-stick for such old-fashioned notions. Listen to me:—All the Blues are to be at the conversation on Thursday—all the Blues—only think!"

"A very fine-looking set of men: and are their horses to be accommodated also?"

After due expressions of wonder, pity, and astonishment at my ignorance, she proceeded to state, that she did not mean the Oxford Blues,

quartered in an adjacent town,—but all the *literary Blues* of the neighbourhood, who were to be collected, stoved, and pressed at a tea party, alias a *conversazione*, which was to be given by a gentleman anxious to acquire literary eminence, or at least, literary notoriety, in a cheap way.

"Of course, Mrs. Puffendorf, *you* make one of the party," said I, with very commendable gravity.

"Oh, yes," replied the delighted matron; "and Harold, and Leila, and Zulieka too, for they will take a great part in the conversation. I left them turning over Lalla Rookh, and Lord Byron's Poems, for nothing but books, and genius, and living authors are to be talked of; indeed, they say, the company will be almost as good as books; and young L—— will be there, just returned from Venice, where he saw the late Lord Byron asleep on a sofa, and heard him snore; and Miss Z——, the craniologist, who finds out characters with her fingers; and Mr. K——, who writes poetry for *La Belle Assemblée*, and four newspapers besides; and Mr. G. V——, and"—

"But, my dear Mrs. Puffendorf," said I, anxious to stop her before she had exhausted the alphabet,—"what are we to do at this *conversazione*, and what are we to have?"

"Do! Why, those who can, will talk; and those who cannot, must listen; but there will be very few indeed likely to do that:—and then you'll have, what other people have at such parties, private anecdotes of great men, instead of scandal; and criticisms upon books, and quotations from poems that are not in print; and coffee, and lemonade, and cakes."

I will not detain you, patient reader, by the further details of my very loquacious and most tiresome visitor; suffice it to say, that at eight o'clock on the identical Thursday evening, I found myself in a large handsome drawing-room, which was garnished with every variety of music and music-books, plates and pictures, medals and medallions, busts, cameos, crania and caricatures, albums, riddles, and MS. poetry,—where, in short, every thing was intellectual, down to the ottomans and hearth-rug—except the company.

Half a dozen people may converse with sense and spirit, if they meet accidentally, and do not come determined to show off on any particular subject;—half a dozen people may converse sufficiently for all reasonable purposes, if they are at the same time following some other occupation; but let the same individuals be specially invited to converse,—set them side by side, in full dress and kid gloves,—surround them, moreover, with all the theatricals of literature,—and it is dubious whether they will be able to converse rationally, if at all. They are generally *consorted*, not *assorted*,—they have time to feel their differences, display their peculiarities, envy their friends, dislike their neighbours, and probably, before the conclusion of the evening, to get into an ill humour with themselves.

But to return to our book-palaver, (for the negro term is the one best suited to describe this *apement* of a *conversazione*,) old opinions were sported as new, and new ones acceded to till they became old. According to Dr. Johnson's definition, there was true wit, since it did not produce laughter. We had puns without points, and arguments without heads,—quotations shorn of their beginnings, and arguments never

blessed with an ending,—definitions of what could not be understood, backed by demonstrations of what was not believed,—while natural evil tempers, concealed by artificial good manners, real vanity, and affected refinement,—ignorance aping wisdom,—and common-place setting up for originality, displayed themselves in full costume on this memorable evening.

I was so extremely amused in passing from circle to circle, catching the half-expressions of one, and piecing them to the half expressions of another, that, gentle reader, I subjoin a few for *your* amusement:—

"I assure you, Mr. H——," said a grave Doctor, "Mr. Moore is proved a great imitator; he has been detected in using at least two thousand expressions which may be met with in other writers."

"Mr. Moore—Mr. Moore," exclaimed Miss Leila Puffendorf, "speak not so harshly of dear Mr. Moore;—

> The sweetest—brightest—dearest,
> Because like ——"

Harold was unfortunately not at hand, to assist the young lady's memory, and we remained unblessed with the conclusion of the stanza.

"De la Fleure," cried his friend, "Why so sober, stedfast, and demure?"—"Oh," replied the bilious-faced author of a condemned tragedy,

> "No more—no more, oh never more on me,
> The freshness of the heart may fall like dew!"

"Gracious—Mr. S——, mind your new wig, for that candle's falling," exclaimed the ever-observant Mrs. Puffendorf. "His soul is like a star, and dwells apart," rejoined he, straightening it in the socket.

"I assure you, Mr. ——" said the Doctor, "Blackwood's Magazine gets vastly abusive; all Coventry went to see the great nondescript animal, till it was discovered to be nothing but a shaved bear." "But, Doctor, Blackwood never has been shaved yet, however he may have shaved others."

"Ma'am, a little more cake and wine."

"And dost thou love the lyre,—those strains the Nine inspire?" sighed forth Miss Leila Puffendorf; and a circle of young ladies sighed forth in reply, "Charming—Touching—Graceful—Grand—Pathetic," which expressions would doubtless have contributed far more to the amusement than gratification of the author so praised, had he unfortunately (for himself) been present.

"Hark! that song," exclaimed a hoarse voice,

> "All that's sweet was made
> To be lost when sweetest."

"Harold, another lump of sugar in this lemonade, it's *so* sour."

"What an evening"—"What a collection of talents"—"What mind and music breathing from each face"——

"Really, girls," vociferated Mrs. Puffendorf, "it's so hot I can stand it no longer." "Delightful refreshments," whispered the old lady, as she passed me; "but a rubber at whist, where there's not a word spoken, for my money."—

And so ended our country *conversazione*.

Y.

THE PIRATE OF MULL.

THE Pirate of Mull hath put off from the shore,
In as goodly a shallop as ever yet bore
A sail on the ocean, or dash'd through the spray
That drifts to the larboard or starboard away.
She through the wild waters in triumph would sweep,
With her bowsprit in air, and her side to the deep;
Like a stag in the forest, a steed on the plain,
She bounds o'er the waves of her own native main;
And swift in her flight as the storm-loving gull,
Goes the KELPIE, the bark of the Pirate of Mull.

And where sails her Chief, that no streamers on high
Are glancing like fire-brands, all red to the sky?
On her topmast a pennon ye may not discern,
At her gaff flies no ensign, nor flag at her stern:
And her guns, that were wont all her foemen to check,
Dart no more from her ports, nor point out from her deck;
Yet her fore and aft courses are bent to the wind,
And wide is the wake that her keel leaves behind.
The voyage must be either for blood or for gain,
Whenever the KELPIE goes forth on the main;
But, void of her ensign, unarmed in her hull,
She can ne'er be the bark of the Pirate of Mull!

Look abroad to the offing, behold where the view
Blends the skies and the waves in a pale mist of blue,
There a rock and a tower, like a cloud to the eyes,
Seem in faint and dim shade from the billows to rise;
But there lingers one, of all maidens the fairest,
For beauty, for dower, for virtue the rarest;
Who alone to these desolate turrets retires,
With all that love dreams of, or plunder desires;
And men in their tales, when their wine-cups are full,
Say her sire is the dread Water-Kelpie of Mull.

Rabbie Droukit, the Pirate, had long fixed his look
On the lady who dwelt in the tower on the rock;
And though its high summit the clouds would enwreath,
And the billows were foaming and dashing beneath,
Yet so fearless, and ardent for plunder was he,—
In aught that was daring, so gallant and free,—
So inured to the main, of such skill on the wave,
His shallop so swift, and his shipmates so brave;
That a feat e'en of hazard like this might he dare,
When the sight of the cliff would a weaker heart scare.
His fame flew before him wherever he steer'd,
The vessel that bore him was known and was fear'd;
And the merchant, who traversed those seas, would grow dull,
If he thought on Rab Droukit, the Pirate of Mull.

Men call'd him the Kelpie, because, like that sprite,
In spoil and destruction he took most delight;
When the billows foam'd whitest, and dark was the cloud,
His eyes shone the brightest, his laugh was most loud;
Or when the wreck'd vessel was stranded, his cry
For plunder and death arose wildest on high!
And oft hath he cloth'd him in fearful array,
Like a fiend of the waters, to feast on his prey.
He sails in that garb, with his bark in disguise,
To bear from yon turret a bride and a prise;

Like a phantom to fright—like a pirate o'erthrow,
When the moon's pallid light on the waters shall glow,
When slumber the sense of his victim shall lull:—
Foul speed ye! false Kelpie—thou Pirate of Mull!

'Tis midnight:—his shallop beneath the rock rides,
Where the moon's silver rays stream along the fair tides;
In silence, and lonely, he mounts the tall cliff,
Till the shout of success calls his mates from the skiff;
His brave heart and strong hand well the precipice dare,—
His feet gain the summit! Ha! what sees he there?
A form like his own, but more terrible still—
'Tis the Kelpie himself!—Rabbie Droukit grew chill:
He stagger'd, and headlong fell down the high steep!
The sprite shrieked aloud as he sank in the deep:
And the rock that he fell from—his bark—broken hull,
Were all that remained of the Pirate of Mull!

T. R.

THE ELOPEMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MUSÆUS.

On the banks of a small river, called Lokwitz, in Nogtland, is situated the Castle of Lauenstein, which was formerly a nunnery, and which, having been vacated in the thirty years' war, passed again as an abandoned property into the hands of the laity, and was let by the Count of Orlamunda, (the former lord of the manor,) to one of his vassals, who built a castle on the ruins of the nunnery, to which he gave his own name of Lauenstein. For some time he was the happiest of mortals; but the event soon proved to him, that church property seldom prospers in the hands of laymen! and that sacrilege, however clandestinely committed, generally meets with severe retribution!

Scarcely had the family taken possession of the Castle, when processions of nuns, with flaming images, were seen passing to and fro; noises of the most terrific kinds were heard after night-fall; and at length the terror and dismay, which these disturbances produced on the minds of the domestics, was so great, that they refused to obey the commands of their master, excepting in pairs, lest they should encounter something still more horrible. Nor was the Count himself proof against the intrusion of this host of spirits; when he was inclined to enjoy society, his revelry was checked by the laugh which he alone heard re-echoing his own; and when he wished to devote himself to solitude, he was disturbed by the mournful wailings of his tormentors.

Things could not long continue in this state, the Count Lauenstein sought to obtain, by means of exorcisms, a cessation of these annoyances. Many were the powerful enchantments which were resorted to, to compel these turbulent spirits to return to their resting places; but it was reserved for a travelling magician to reduce them to obedience; and the wandering seer Gessner succeeded in finally laying ghosts which had proved too powerful for the holy water and relics of any former exorcist.

Tranquillity was at length restored throughout the Castle; the nuns again slept the sleep of death; and for the period of seven years, nothing occurred to disturb the repose of its inhabitants. But at the end

of that time strange noises were again heard in the apartments occupied by the family, which after enduring some weeks subsided, but not as it seemed for ever. Seven years afterwards they again returned. At length, however, the inmates of the Castle became, in some measure, habituated to these disturbances, which invariably returned at stated periods.

From the death of the first possessor of the Castle, the inheritance descended by a regular succession into the hands of the male heir, which did not fail till near the end of the thirty years' war, when the last branch of the Lauenstein family flourished. In the formation of this person Nature had bestowed her gifts with a sparing hand; and the young Lord Seigmund was remarkable for nothing but an extreme rusticity of manners, and an inordinate share of pride.

Immediately after his succeeding to the estate, following the example of his ancestors, he determined on taking a wife, and no sooner was his intention accomplished than he began to look forward with anxiety to the prospect of an heir to his possessions. In this expectation, however, he was disappointed, for the wished-for child was a daughter; and the frustration of his hopes was so great, that his character at once underwent a complete transformation; and, instead of the parsimony which had formerly marked his disposition, he became at once a prodigal and spendthrift, and acted as if he were determined that his unfortunate daughter should inherit as few of the good things of this world as possible.

In the meantime, the infantine beauty of Emily was fast expanding into the graces of womanhood. Her education had been left solely to the care of her mother, who observed with delight, that her daughter was likely to prove a wit as well as a beauty; and she calculated not a little on the splendid alliance, which such advantages were likely to procure for her child.

No family in all Nogtland, except the Prince of ——, was, in her opinion, of sufficient antiquity and noble birth to be allied to the last branch of the Lauensteins. When, therefore, the cavaliers of the neighbourhood manifested their desire to pay their respects to the young lady, whose affections they wished to gain, the wary mother gave them such a reception as effectually put a stop to any further intercourse.

Before a suitable match could be found for the fair Emily, a circumstance occurred to frustrate the views of the Countess, and distract her attention from the subject of a matrimonial alliance of any kind. During the disturbances of the war, the army of the brave Wallenstein took up its winter quarters in Nogtland, and the Count Seigmund was obliged to receive many unwelcome guests, who committed more outrages in the Castle than even the refractory nuns, nor were they to be expelled by the same means; and the owner found himself compelled to attend to the comfort of his guests, in order to induce them to preserve discipline among their followers.

Entertainments and balls succeeded each other without intermission; the former were superintended by the Countess, and the arrangements of the latter were left to Emily. The officers were pleased with the hospitality with which they were treated, and their host with the good temper and respect with which they returned it.

Among the visitors were many distinguished warriors, whom Emily

could not but regard with veneration and respect; but a young and handsome soldier more especially attracted her attention. To a fine form he united the most insinuating manners; he was gentle, agreeable, lively, and, to crown all, a most charming dancer. Her heart became susceptible of feelings to which it was before a stranger; they filled her soul with intense delight, and the only thing that surprized her was, that such attractions should have been found combined in any individual who was neither a prince nor a count!

No words are so forcible or intelligent as the looks which excite the sympathy of a sincere attachment. A verbal explanation did not take place for some time; but each party could divine the other's thoughts; and the affection of Frederick Wiemar and Emily Seigmund was as well understood, as though the most ardent professions of love had been exchanged.

As their intimacy increased, Emily could not but feel desirous of knowing something of her lover's family and prospects; but she had too much delicacy to refer to a subject on which he was silent, and she listened with attention to the conversation of his brother officers, in the hope that something might transpire on this subject; but in this particular her wishes were not gratified; every one praised him as a brave officer and amiable man, but his history seemed to be known to no one.

The Countess was at this time so immersed in the care of providing amusements for her numerous guests, that she had not leisure to devote much attention to her daughter, or the state of her child's heart could not have been concealed from her watchful eye. Entertainment followed entertainment; and in this round of pleasure our lover soon found an opportunity of declaring his passion to his mistress, and had the happiness of receiving her vows in return. But in the midst of the delirium of early affection, they could not help sometimes shuddering at their future prospects. The return of spring they knew would recall the army to the field, and the period of their separation was therefore quickly approaching.

Consultations were held by the lovers, as to the best means of keeping up an intercourse by correspondence. Emily informed Wiemar of her mother's sentiments as to the choice of a husband for her, and mentioned the improbability that her pride would yield in a single point to her maternal affection.

A hundred various schemes were alternately fixed upon and rejected, as the difficulties of each preponderated in their minds; and the dread of losing Emily for ever, induced her lover to urge an elopement with him. To this proposition she returned a decided negative; but when the period of parting arrived, and she felt that she might be sacrificing herself to a life of misery and despair, she promised that, should no fortunate circumstance occur to induce her mother to sacrifice her love of rank to her daughter's happiness, she would finally consent to leave her father's roof for the protection of a husband's arms. This was the utmost which Frederick could extort from his mistress, and the only subject for consideration which now remained, was the method of escape from the strongly guarded Castle, and the scrutinizing vigilance of the Countess, which they well knew would be redoubled upon the departure of Wallenstein's army.

But the ingenuity of love surmounts every obstacle. Emily was well acquainted with the periodical visits of the spirits; and that on All Saints Day, at the ensuing autumn, when seven years would have elapsed since their last appearance, they would in all probability be renewed. The terror of the inhabitants of the Castle she knew to be so great, that she had sanguine hopes of being enabled to make her escape as one of the ghosts. With this impression she proposed to have a nun's dress in readiness, and under this disguise to leave her paternal roof.

A few days from the period that these arrangements were decided upon, the army received orders to commence operations against the enemy. Frederick mounted his horse, and committing himself to the protection of fortune, put himself at the head of his squadron. In the meantime Emily busied herself in devising means of gaining information of the success of the army, and had occasionally the happiness of hearing of the welfare of her lover from the travellers, whom the well known hospitality of the Count induced to visit the Castle. Once or twice she received communications direct from Frederick himself, who urged her, with all the warmth of the most devoted passion, to be punctual to her appointment on the night of All Saints Day.

At length the important hour arrived, and Emily, with the assistance of her maid, prepared herself for putting her scheme into execution. She retired to her chamber at an early hour, and speedily converted herself into one of the handsomest nuns, whose spirit had ever appeared.

In the meantime the moon, the common friend of lovers, threw her pale light over the Castle, where the bustle of the busy day had given way to awful stillness.

No one was awake but the housekeeper, who was summing up the domestic expenses of the family by the dim light of a single candle; the porter, who also served as watchman, and the dog Hector, who was deeply baying the rising moon.

When the midnight hour arrived, the undaunted Emily sallied forth provided with a large bunch of keys, which unlocked the doors, and glided gently down the stairs into the hall. Descrying here, unexpectedly, a light, she rattled the large keys with all her might, threw down a chimney board with violence, opened the Castle door, and entered the outer porch.

As soon as the three watchmen heard this rattling, they thought of the horrid figures that were wont to haunt the Castle on that night, and immediately took refuge in the lodge of the porter; and even the dog, as if smitten with the same fear, fled whining into his kennel. The way was now open for our heroine; she hastened forward to the wood, and fancied she already saw in the distance, the carriage which was to bear her away from the home of her childhood. She proceeded with hurried steps; but what was her amazement when she discovered that what had appeared to her an equipage, was merely the shade of a forest oak! For some moments she thought that she must have mistaken the place of rendezvous, and traversed, therefore, every part of the wood, but all her explorations terminated in the most grievous disappointment; her knight and his carriage were nowhere to be found.

Amazed at this circumstance, she was for some time incapable of

thinking or acting. Not to attend to engagements of this kind, is allowed by all lovers to be a crime; but in the present case, the neglect was quite unpardonable. The affair was inexplicable. She waited an hour in a state of the most cruel anxiety, during which her heart was torn with the conflicting passions of grief, shame, and vexation; when at length she had overcome the effect of those feelings, she determined on calling to her aid her long-lost family pride. She was ashamed of her condescension in having made choice of a man of unknown family. The extasy of passion had now subsided—her reason had gained the ascendancy, and she resolved to retrace the false step she had taken, return immediately to the Castle, and forget her lover altogether. The former part of this decision she achieved without any trouble, by using the same means to deceive the watchmen that she had practised the hour before; but the latter she found more difficult than she had anticipated.

Her lover was not however so culpable as the incensed Emily imagined. He had not failed to attend some hours before the appointed time, in order to be in perfect readiness to meet his fair bride; and while waiting with anxious impatience to receive her, the form of a veiled nun presented itself; he sprang from the place of concealment, clasped her in his arms, and in an instant was seated by her side; and having ordered the driver to use the utmost dispatch in conveying them to church, he again and again thanked his companion, with all the ardour of the most devoted affection, for the mark of confidence with which she was now blessing him. The postillion was not backward in obeying the orders of his master; and an hour's ride found them at the entrance of the sanctuary, at whose altar they were to be united for ever. Frederick alighted, and was preparing to assist his fair companion, but no sooner had her foot pressed the consecrated ground, than she vanished from before him, and left him in a state of amazement and agony, which it were vain to attempt to describe.

As soon as he could collect his scattered thoughts, he determined to return to the woods, but the shock which he had received was so violent that he sank to the earth, unable to endure the conflicting emotions by which he was haunted; and when he recovered, he found himself in his own room, attended by his faithful servant.

Night was fast approaching, and desirous of being left alone to meditate on the events of the day, he dismissed his attendant; but the agony of his mind prevented sleep from visiting his eyelids. What, however, was his horror on observing the door open and the form of a nun approach his couch! she remained fixing her cold death-like eye on him for an hour, and then vanished as before. In this manner was the unfortunate lover tormented every night,—the figure presenting itself always at the hour which was appointed for the meeting of the lovers. At length the annoyance became so distressing, that he obtained leave of absence, and determined on visiting Eichsfeld: even here he was destined to be subjected to the same unwelcome intrusion; and the circumstance at length preyed on his spirits to a degree, which rendered his melancholy a subject of observation to his brother officers, who, however, were wholly ignorant of its cause. At length he determined to relate the circumstance to one confidential friend, an old lieutenant,

who was reputed to be extremely expert in laying spirits. He no sooner came to this determination, than he sought the residence of his friend, who, after hearing his story, promised that he should be freed from such annoyances, if he would call on him on the following day. Frederick Wiemar did not fail to keep his appointment; and upon entering the room of the lieutenant he observed many magical preparations and characters marked on the floor, and immediately, at his invocation, the midnight spirit appeared in a dark room, lighted by the dull glimmer of a magic lamp. He spoke to the ghost, and appointed a willow tree, on a lonely glen, as the place of its abode. The figure vanished, but in the same instant a storm and whirlwind arose, but was dispelled by a procession of twelve pious men in the town, who rode on horseback, singing a penitential psalm, according to their usual custom.* After which the nun was never more seen.

When our lover found himself released from this distressing visitation, his spirits soon recovered their natural tone, and he again joined the army of Wallenstein, where he fought many successful campaigns, in which he distinguished himself so nobly, that on his return to Bohemia he was honoured with the command of a regiment. He took his journey through Nogtland, and when he came in sight of the Castle of Lauenstein his heart beat with doubt, whether his Emily had been faithful or not. He called as an old friend at the Castle, and received from Count Seigmund a reception suitable to his present rank. The agitation of Emily, when her apparently faithless Frederick stood before her, can better be imagined than described. But when she saw him looking as when last they parted, a mixture of joy and sorrow overwhelmed her. She could not resolve to receive him with cordiality, and yet the restraint which she imposed on her feelings was most painful. She had been reasoning herself for three years out of a passion, bestowed, as she tried to believe, on an unworthy object; but still she could never completely erase her lover from her thoughts. In this state of mind was the fair Emily when Frederick Wiemar again addressed her. She allowed him an opportunity of entering into an explanation; and narrated, in her turn, her suspicions and resentment. The joy and affection of the lovers redoubled upon these mutual disclosures. They agreed to extend their confidence a little further, and include the Countess in it.

The good lady was struck as much with the courage of her daughter in carrying on the intrigue, as in the circumstance of her elopement in so extraordinary a manner. She, however, thought it just, that an affection, which had experienced so severe a trial, should be rewarded by an union of the parties. And though this idea militated against the prospects which she had formed for her daughter; yet, since no prince or count was in view, she gave her consent to the match without much unwillingness, and neither bride nor bridegroom was ever again troubled by the ghostly nun.

N. N.

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* This cavalcade continues even to this day in the above-mentioned place.

BALLAD.

We shall meet no more on earth, my love,
We shall meet on earth no more;
A pleasant dream wert thou, my love,
But now a dream that's o'er.

I laid thee low in the grave, my love,
And o'er thee a green, green sod—
But I did not weep, for I knew my love
Was then an angel of God!

I cannot pluck a young flower, my love,
All bright with drops of dew,
But I think of one that was brighter, my love,
As young when she perished too.

I cannot look up to Heaven, my love,
And the holy evening star,
But I think thou art shining too, my love,
And looking on me from afar!

I shall see thee no more on earth, my love,
Thou wilt never return to me,
But this dark, dark life is passing, my love,
And then I shall come to thee!

PONT-Y-PAIR.

The curfew is tolling, Elyser is rolling
The cloud of his side o'er Llanberis the fair,
And the sun going down on the lofty Plinlimmon,
Beams bright o'er the depth of thy fall, Pont-y-pair!

Dear stream! though thy water is dark with the slaughter
Of Gwyneth's young chieftain; and shepherds declare
That the wild bird of heaven, as he passes at even,
In dread, flies afar from thy fall, Pont-y-pair:

Yet I love thee though gloomy—thy beauties they drew me
In youth, and the dreams of my boyhood were there;
And in moments of sorrow, from hope I could borrow
Sweet dreams of repose, by thy fall, Pont-y-pair.

But the day-star is waning, the wild goat is gaining
Her rock, and the birds to their shelter repair;
And my mother is saying, "How long he is staying!"
And I must away from thy fall, Pont-y-pair!

Farewell!—but wherever I wander, though never
Hereafter this heart aught of pleasure may share;
Amidst all its sadness, some feelings of gladness
Will arise from the memory of thee, Pont-y-pair.

And when passing all lonely some mountain, where only
The winds and the torrents my numbers shall hear;
Some respite from sorrow awhile I may borrow,
And give all the harp to thy name, Pont-y-pair!

But the night is fast falling, the rock-bird is calling
Her mate, and the kine to their covert repair;
And my mother is saying, "How long he is staying!"
And I must away from thy fall, Pont-y-pair.

THE SWISS PATOIS.

A Sketch.

Yuheh!—I am the goat-boy, I am not tired of my horn or my whip, —I have bread and cheese in my pocket; my hair is curled; my cheeks are red; and my heart is full of gaiety and mirth.

I drive goats to the mountains, both young and old, milky and dry, great and small, pretty and ugly.

I climb the rocks and the cliffs for wild slips of grass, that grow where no cows can follow. I am sure there is many a bold man who would not venture where I do. No! he would stay hanging below.—Round with you, red one; this way, little one; a little higher up, sturdy one; there where the chamois is leaping.

There is many a poor man who cannot afford to keep a cow; well—then he keeps a goat: and though I do not possess a cow, and am but a goat-boy, I will nevertheless give vent to my joy.—Don't you go past there, little one; that is the road to Barnisszeg.

Yuheh! Now I am at the top. The Avalanches roll so, they are terrible to hear. Hark! how the Glaciers crack. Well, let them crack and thunder as they will. I am safe here, and can laugh at them all.—Yuheh! Ugly one, don't go so low. Come up this way, and stay beside me.

Well; and suppose I have not got a kreutzer, and can hardly afford to keep me a goat: that is no reason why I should be sorrowful. Those people, who have got not only cows, but money and land, are continually complaining of all things. Nothing contents them! Even the richest farmers in the village never, never, never, are satisfied.—Come near, you black-eyed, pretty-faced, little one, you are mine. Come and be milked for my immes.*

If I had a few thousand crowns I would not throw them into the Glacier. No! I would run to Eisi. "See, little Eisi, what I have got." But I am poor, ah! even as poor as my goat. Well:—Yuheh! I shall shout as much as I please; although I have not a kreutz in my pocket.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

There is a thought of deeper chill
  Than that which wraps the silent dead;
That creeps upon us cold and still,
  When friends—too dearly loved—are fled:

When hearts with whom we hoped to share
  One fortune's every change below;
Whose smile should calm our inmost care,
  Whose solace quench our inmost woe.

Then, like the canker on the leaf,
  It steals to make the heart its own,—
To add new bitterness to grief,
  And whisper we are quite alone!

Cheviot Ticheburn.

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* Afternoon's repast.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Tradition relates the following singular incident, which occurred to John Junker, an eminent physician and professor of anatomy at the University of Halle, during his practice, and has been corroborated by the testimony of several credible witnesses, who heard him frequently relate it.

The Doctor had, on a particular occasion, procured two bodies of criminals who had just been executed, for the purposes of dissection. The key to the dissecting room not being at hand when they were brought to his house, he ordered them to be carried into a closet adjoining his study. About midnight, when profound silence reigned throughout the house, as he was sitting at his writing-desk, he heard, suddenly, a violent noise in the closet. Apprehending that some cats might have been shut in with the cadavers, he took up a candle and went to the closet, to discover the real cause of the disturbance. He started back with surprize, when he saw the cloth, with which the cadavers were covered, torn asunder; but his astonishment rose to a still higher pitch when he found that one of the bodies was missing.

The windows were shut, and the doors locked; it was therefore impossible that the cadaver could have been stolen. Junker cast his eyes around the closet, and was seized with the utmost horror on perceiving one of them sitting upright in a corner. He approached, and, as he had apprehended at first sight, found that the criminal had come to life again.

The unfortunate man threw himself at Junker's feet, and trembling, conjured him not to betray him, but to assist him in saving his life. Junker hesitated not a moment to comply with his request; and inquiring who he was, learned that he was a foreigner, and had been kidnapped into the military service. He added, that he had made an attempt to recover his liberty by desertion; but having been apprehended in the act of making his escape, had been condemned to the gallows. Junker gave him some of his own clothes, and after having wrapped him in a cloak, and provided him with a small sum of money, conducted him to the town-gate. Pretending that he had been suddenly sent for by a patient in the suburbs, he was suffered to proceed with his protegé, who passed for his servant. When they had reached the outskirts of the town, the soldier threw himself on his knees to thank his preserver for his humane assistance; but the professor urged him to lose no time in once more attempting his escape, and in this the poor fellow succeeded, without experiencing any interruption.

Twelve years had elapsed since this incident had happened, when Junker was obliged to make a journey to Amsterdam, where he had some family affairs to settle. Chancing one day to visit the Exchange, he met in the crowd a well-dressed man of middle age, who, as he soon after learned, was one of the most substantial and respectable merchants of Amsterdam. This person inquired with great civility, whether he was not Mr. Junker of Halle? and when the professor replied in the affirmative, requested he would do him the favour to partake of a family dinner at his house. Junker accepted the invitation, and was introduced to an elegant house, where he was very cordially received

by the merchant's wife, a young and charming woman, with two blooming boys. The professor felt himself extremely happy in the domestic circle of his new acquaintances, but could scarcely account for the uncommon kindness and attention with which he was treated by people to whom he considered himself an utter stranger. After dinner his host took him to his counting-house, and having locked the door, asked him whether he recollected his features? Junker answered that he did not. "I do not wonder at it," replied the merchant, "though I recollect your person perfectly well; nor shall I ever forget the generous preserver of my life. Consider my house, and every thing I am worth, as entirely devoted to your service; for I am the person who returned to life in your closet, and was restored to liberty by your humane assistance." Junker was seized with astonishment; the alteration in the merchant's situation appearing to him almost miraculous. He now learned that his host, after having recovered his liberty, had taken the road to Holland. Being a skilful penman and accountant, and of an interesting address, he had the good fortune to attract the notice of a wealthy merchant, and to be employed in his counting-house. His exemplary conduct, and the zeal which he displayed in his master's service, endeared him, in a short time, to the whole family, and gained him the love of his patron's only daughter, who at length became his wife, and made him the happy father of a lovely family.

The reader may easily understand how pleased Junker was in thus witnessing a scene of domestic happiness of which he had himself laid the foundation. The grateful Dutchman did every thing in his power to render his benefactor's stay at Amsterdam as agreeable as possible, and did not suffer him to depart until he had consented to accept of several presents of great value.

A FAREWELL.

Fate decrees—and we must sever!
Oh! perchance to meet no more!
Canst thou leave me thus for ever,
Mourning on a distant shore?
Canst thou—but I will not number
Feelings thou may'st guess so well;
Each complaining thought shall slumber
In my bosom's silent cell!

Go! fame,—duty's call obeying,
Be the meed of merit thine,—
Here no more thy steps delaying,
Waste thine hours at Folly's shrine.
No, beloved, I will not pain thee,
I'll no longer urge thy stay;
Sighs of mine shall not detain thee,
Speed our parting—hence—away!

And when beneath the moon's pale beam,
Thou pour'st thy bashful minstrelsy,
Think then, perchance, the self-same gleam
May shed its soothing light on me.
And if thou breath'st a mournful measure,
Oh! let that thought to joy give birth;
But if thy lyre be strung to pleasure,
I would not have it mar thy mirth!

LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.*

THE most prominent, if not the most delightful, feature in the literary history of the present period, is doubtless, the number and excellence of its female authors. The old heresies concerning their limited capabilities have been amply refuted by themselves and their own productions. It is a triumph for the whole sex, that the respect now paid to female intellect, is not the concession of modern gallantry,—not the revival of woman-worshipping chivalry—but a simple tribute, won by merit on the one side, and awarded by justice on the other. And why should it not be so? Why should not the gifted of either sex mutually render "honour to whom honour is due;" and rising superior to petty jealousies and invidious triumphs, unite their efforts—associate their interests—and regard themselves as one family, devoted to one object—that of rendering the literature of the present age worthy the possession of the next? It has been objected, that modern authors are too complimentary to each other,—that criticism too often degenerates into mere commendation; but these "failings" (if failings they be,) certainly "lean to Virtue's side," and are far more agreeable than Pope's and Dennis's exhibitions of envy and rancour. So far as female authors are concerned, were there any disposition on the part of their compeers to cry them down, the effort would not be tolerated, though the female-author-hating, female-author-hated Doctor Johnson, were to rise from the dead for that express purpose. The sarcasm would, with the public, scarcely weigh a feather against a single chapter of almost any of Mrs. Hannah More's works. No one would listen patiently to a philippic against Miss Edgeworth; and Mrs. West, Madam D'Arblay, and Miss Porter, though their fame has "somewhat passed its prime," will always deserve, and have admirers. The same may be said of Mrs. Barbauld. The memories of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton and Mrs. Brunton, have not yet cast their leaf:—the "mighty magician of the Mysteries of Udolpho," (surpassing in *genius* all that we have named,) has taken possession of immortality; and though we may deeply regret the manner in which they have employed their talents, neither Mrs. Shelley, nor Lady Morgan, is to be thrown aside with contempt. To come, however, to the female writers of the present day:—Who would venture upon the hazardous experiment of decrying Joanna Baillie—she who writes like a man, and feels like a woman; or Felicia Hemans, who possesses, in a degree that was never granted to any other woman,—"the vision, and the faculty divine"?

Who would deny L. E. L.'s startling splendour of poetic fancy—which

> Scatters from its pictured urn,
> Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

These are but a few of the many females known to fame. She who drew the characters of Aunt Jackey, and Miss Pratt, will never lose

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* London in the Olden Time; or, Tales intended to illustrate the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of its Inhabitants, from the 12th to the 16th Century. Longman and Co. 1825. Post 8vo. pp. 324.

her "*Inheritance.*" Some of Miss Mitford's Sketches will live for many a long day; and the author of "London in the Olden Time," (a lady, too, we believe,) will take her place very far "above the salt."

This little work is interesting, independently of its intrinsic merit. We have had very many female letter-writers,—female essayists, novelists, moralists and poets; not, as yet, a female antiquarian. This is rather surprizing. A passion for collecting rusty nails, broken swords, and battered helmets, may savour rather too much of the tinker, to be feminine; but a taste for antiquity, modified as it will be by a poetic mind, throws open a wide field for fancy to disport in, and reveals vast stores of treasure for the purposes of romance and song. Of this truth, our prose Shakspeare has furnished immortal proof; and the present little volume is another delightful evidence. It consists of eight tales, designed, as the author informs us in the preface, to "exhibit a faithful picture of London, from the period when she first raised her head as a great mercantile city, and to delineate the superstitions, manners, and customs of her former inhabitants."

Much patient industry must have been employed to acquire the mere matter-of-fact knowledge necessary for this purpose; and the mind that could work up the rude materials, with the skill and fancy, taste and feeling, evident in this production, is assuredly one of no common powers. The author of the Waverley Novels has rendered it a difficult matter for any one to blend, gracefully, historic truth with poetic fiction,—to introduce in a modern garb, the heroes and high deeds of old;—but "London in the Olden Time," contains passages which will bear reading even after the tournament in "Ivanhoe;" the "Princely Pleasures" dissected in "Kenilworth," or the meeting of Richard and Saladin beside the "Diamond of the Desert."

It is not fair, either to a book or to the public, to give in a cursory notice like the present, patchwork and indiscriminate quotations. We prefer taking a single tale, say, "For the Red Rose," and by selecting its prominent passages, to give the reader a fair opportunity of judging of the author's general style, as well as of the merit of the particular tale.

It is supposed to open in the year 1470, at the time when Margaret and Henry are driven from the throne, and their partisans scattered and in trouble. We are first introduced to a band of travellers, adherents of "The Red Rose," who are on their way to London. The description of their entrance into the city is given with much spirit.

> Conversing on various subjects, the travellers crossed the wide city ditch, and, passing under the strongly fortified and portcullised gate, above which, as one of the tutelar saints of London, St. Erkenwald, adorned with mitre and crosier, raised his hands as in the act of bestowing his blessing on the passenger, they entered Bishopsgate-street.
>
> It was an interesting and picturesque scene that Bishopsgate-street exhibited at this period; the long lines of tall houses, their projecting stories supported by dolphins, or angels; their plaister fronts, adorned with quaint and fanciful devices; their low arched, but richly carved doorways; their wide diamond paned casements, and their high pointed gabels yet bright with the rose tints of evening; and far above, the airy and richly pinnacled spires of the city churches gleaming with reflected light against the deepening blue sky, like lances of fire,—and, along the wide and neatly paved causeway, the fur-hooded citizen—the black monk of the holy Trinity—the "*frater sancti Crucis,*" with his silver cross in his hand, and wearing the same sign in red cloth upon his mantle;—the fair city dame, her gown closed in front with studs of silver, with

the mitten sleeve, the reticulated head dress, and the broad studded girdle, almost concealed from view by her large mantle; or, the lay sister of St. Helen's, in her plain black hood and mantle, passed slowly along, or stopped to gaze at the unglazed shop windows so gaily adorned with pots of flowers; where the apprentices, holding their flat worsted knit caps in their hands, stood awaiting the summons of their customers.

I must call on my sister-in-law, the prioress, said master Poynings, as they approached the high wall that enclosed the priory of the nuns of St. Helen's; and ye, my good friends, will go in with me.

Nay, replied the serjeant at law, I may not this evening, but I pray you give my humble and hearty service to my lady prioress. I shall not stay long, master Wynchyngham, but as I am going onward with this fair young gentleman to master Contarini, methought I would ask her what she might want against the feast of St. Michael, which the ladies of this house keep always most reverently. Dame Alice spake too of a new altar cloth of silk and gold—but I pray ye come in with me.

I may not this evening, master Poynings, for John Lystote's cause cometh on to-morrow, concerning his fulling mill on the Wall brook, which Henry Rayner and Ralph Bury say, hath in some way stopped the water course. Well, farewell, master Wynchyngham, heaven speed your cause; but you, my fair sir, will come in with me; —by what name shall I call ye, for truly, we have had so much to say, I had e'en forgotten to ask ye before. Walter Fitzhugh, returned the young man, smiling.

Master Poynings alighted, and knocked with no light hand at the strong iron-bound postern gate of the house of St. Helen's. The upper part of the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the shrill voice of sister Amy, the portress, "an honeste anciente weoman in lyvinge, ne jangler, ne royler aboute, ne chider, ne tydings bearer, but suche as hathe trew witnesse of her goode conversacione" (as Alfred of Rievesby recommends in his rule,) was heard enquiring who demanded admittance. At the well known voice of master Poynings, the door was quickly opened, and, returning with a good humoured nod, the reverent curtsey of the ancient portress, the draper and his new found young friend took their way to the prioress's own parlour.

The room which bore this designation was of moderate size, and lined with wainscot, carved in square compartments of fluted work of various sizes. The chimney, with its huge fire place, capacious enough to have dressed dinner for the whole convent—and its far projecting mantlepiece, displaying the arms of the house, supported by two angels in neatly executed carved work, advanced into the middle of the room as though pursuing the large bay window which retreated into a deep recess. On the oaken window seats, lay cushions of crimson cloth, adorned with knots of flowers in neat embroidery, the work of the holy sisterhood, and joint stools covered with similar tapestry stood about the apartment. Two small greyhounds (those greatly cherished favourites of convent maidens) adorned with collars of curiously entwined crimson silk and gold thread, lay on a mat beneath the window seat; while the embroidery frame, with its various tinted skeins of silk,—the desk with the silver tipt inkhorn hanging beside it, —the snowy roll of vellum,—the brightly illuminated copy of the Golden Legend,— and, the small breviary bound in purple silk, with the initials of the lady prioress worked in gold thread on the cover,—all bore witness to the varied and superior accomplishments of dame Alice Ashfield, prioress of the house of the nuns of St. Helen's.

Ere long the lady prioress entered, attended by two of her nuns, and warmly greeted her brother-in-law, and gracefully welcomed the young stranger. She was tall and fair, and in her countenance and deportment, much of sweetness was mingled with an air of command. She wore the dress of the Benedictine order, the plain white tunic, and the black hood and mantle; but the tunic was of the finest linen, and the mantle of best broad cloth. Her beautiful hair was not suffered to appear beneath the amess —that unbecoming bandage of white linen bound on the forehead; but, a wimple of fine lawn was plaited in delicate folds on each side the face, and across the bosom; while the cross, suspended from her neck by a small chain of gold, and the ring, which, as prioress, she wore on her finger, were beautifully wrought and enamelled.

Walter Fitzhugh, the hero of the tale, is, in fact, an emissary of Queen Margaret; and according to the changing fortunes of his mistress, appears in various characters, much to the amazement of the city gossips, and the endangering of his own good name.

Time passes on; Queen Margaret returns—again the "Red Rose is

a gladsome flower;" but the success and stability of the Lancastrian cause is, nevertheless, incomplete and hollow. "The inhabitants of London were, from their hostility to foreigners, less willing to welcome Margaret, than the supporters of her cause had fondly hoped." In accordance with the spirit of the times, dreams, omens, and prophecies aroused the attention of the superstitious citizens, and the postern gate of St. Helen's (the grand gossip mart,) was thronged more than ever with newsmongers.

The defeat of Margaret's champion, Earl Warwick, ensues at Barnet. Edward re-enters London in triumph,—and the White Rose exults over "its blushing foe."

Master Poynings was sitting disconsolately in his warehouse, listening to the merry sound of the bells which were ringing out in honor of the victory of Barnet, and sorrowfully musing on the swiftly changing fortunes of his darling cause, when a light footstep was heard on the stairs. I bring you heavy news, said a voice which the draper instantly recognised as that of Fitzhugh,—but are you quite alone? Master Poynings raised his head, but it was by the voice alone, that he had recognised his young friend; for the person who stood before him, wore a gown of green cloth with open hanging sleeves, and a girdle of red leather; a silver chain was round his neck, and his bonnet drawn low over the brow, and was adorned with a half dirty feather. The dress was that of a travelling minstrel; and master Poynings could scarcely believe that it was the young and handsome Fitzhugh who now stood before him. I come on weighty business, master Poynings, but are you quite alone? can any one see us?

Methinks truly, master Fitzhugh, ye may well not like to be seen in that fool's dress, like a scatterling minstrel, replied the draper, struggling between the partial feelings with which he had so long regarded him, and his lately awakened suspicions,—I should greatly like to know who you really are. Quentin Bassett said he saw you armed like a knight, riding in lord Oxford's company,—now you come dressed like a minstrel for May-day. I like no disguises, master Fitzhugh.

When a man comes into the city at the risk of his life, master Poynings, methinks he may well wear a disguise, though he were the first noble in the land;—but hinder me not, master Poynings, my time is short;—can we be overheard, or overseen, by any one? Curiosity had now gained the ascendency in the draper's mind, and to satisfy this most craving of all desires, he was willing to defer his vituperation to a more convenient season; he arose, looked out of the strongly grated window,—returned—and after cautiously looking down the flight of ladder-like steps which afforded the only entrance to the warehouse—closed and locked the door. All's safe, master Fitzhugh, and now, what would you with me?

Fitzhugh unbuttoned his minstrel gown, and, taking the knife that hung from his girdle, proceeded to unrip the seams of the lining, and from various folds, so neatly contrived that they were scarcely visible, he drew forth, while master Poynings looked on with an amazement that rendered him speechless, the most costly jewels, arranged according to the fashion of the times, in seal rings, carcanets, and crosses.

The overpowering wonder of master Poynings at length found words. Sweet Marie! they are worth a king's ransom! they glitter like the jewels that the Soldan's daughter sent to Sir Bevis! and this cross, sweet lady! Queen Margaret wore one the very fellow to it, when she went to St. Paul's with York,—how came ye by them, master Fitzhugh? Ye must take charge of them, master Poynings, for I have had a wearisome journey, and more than one perilous encounter to bring them here.—But how came ye by them, master Fitzhugh? they must be royal jewels; for, though master Breton the goldsmith, of Lombard street, hath often shown me jewels of great cost and value, yet I never saw such as these; that's a fair sapphire ring on St. Erkenwald's finger, in Paul's church, which Richard de Preston offered years agone, but this is larger and finer still; and this ruby carcanet, if it doth not shine and glow like the carbuncle in the hall of the Soldan, that Sir John Maundeville telleth of. Ye must take them and keep them safe till better times, master Poynings,—my dear mistress, alas, hath lost her crown, then see that she lose not her jewels also. As I look for the joys of Paradise will I keep them safe: well, master Fitzhugh, though that cannot be your true name, there is some comfort in the midst of our sore afflictions to think that

queen Margaret's jewels are safe, and that, perchance, she may yet one day again wear them.

Heaven grant it, my good friend; see that they are kept securely, and above all, away from every one; for, were they found, ye would take your last draught at St. Giles's before three days were over. Farewell, master Poynings! Nay, stay one moment, will ye not bid Constance farewell, and Bassett, too, who longeth to see ye? I may not, my good draper,—alas! I hoped to have rode into London before lord Warwick and Margaret, with the red rose in my bonnet right joyfully; but now, I dare not ride save after nightfall, and ere long I may be forced to flee away for my life. Heaven grant we may soon again see ye, master Fitzhugh; our lady prioress had a special service for ye; for, truly, saith she, "methinks he's a worthy young man, though I cannot imagine why he will not meet alderman Crosby;" and Constance never misseth matins, or vespers,—and Bassett went last Sunday to St. Paul's to pray at the shrine of St. Erkenwald for ye,—for, said he, St. Erkenwald being a patron of the city, he may be more likely to hear a city prentice than any of the outlandish saints; ah, ye're not forgotten master Fitzhugh!

Many thanks, master Poynings, many thanks to ye all—if I may meet ye once again, I will clear up all the mystery that hangs about me; I may not stay longer—tell Contarini I am safe, but tell no one about the jewels; and give Constance this ring from me. Fitzhugh hastily resumed his minstrel gown, and taking a ring from his finger, gave it to master Poynings—he unlocked the door, but turned again—affectionately wrung the hand of the draper, and swiftly descended the stairs.

We next find our poor friend Poynings in trouble; and Walter Fitzhugh labouring under dire suspicions; the gossips of St. Helen's believing him to be a clerk of St. Nicholas, otherwise a highwayman. The ring he had presented to Master Poynings turns out to be Lord Oxford's signet. That nobleman, as the prime adherent of Queen Margaret, is regarded by Edward as a traitor. The unfortunate draper of Candlewyck-street having, in the innocence of his heart, worn this signet, and used it as a seal; he is seized—put in prison—and is on the point of being hung. Dire are the lamentings amongst his worthy neighbours, and many are their humble efforts to rescue him. This honour is, of course, reserved for Walter Fitzhugh, the original cause of his misfortunes. The account of the rescue—the thronging of the terrified citizens to the sanctuary of St. Helen's, and the colloquy held there—are all given with great spirit.

But the true tale-wright knows better than to leave his hero under a cloud; and therefore—

It was about the close of August, 1485, that a knight, in complete armour, mounted on a gallant charger, passed beneath the archway of Bishops Gate: his face was concealed from view by his visor, but the rich inlaid work of his casque and breastplate, and the splendid armorial bearings that graced his tabard, shewed him to be a member of some noble and ancient family. He was followed by two esquires, in plate armour, on horseback, one bearing his richly blazoned shield, and the other his lance with the square pennon of a knight-banneret depending from it; while four men at arms, in red serge jerkins, steel caps and breastplates, bearing stout halberds, and round leathern bucklers, followed.

It was a bright and beautiful evening,—the high peaked gabels shone against the blue sky, and the airy spires glittered in the sunset, and the merry sound of bells floated in fitful melody as the light breeze rose and died away. And there was the laugh, and shout, and confused murmurs of merry converse, echoed from the house-tops and balconies, where the citizens were spreading tapestry of various colours and quaint devices, in honour of the entry of king Henry the Seventh and his victorious army, on the morrow.

The knight rode onward, apparently lost in thought, until he stopped at the posterngate of St. Helen's, where, sending his attendants onward, he alighted, and knocked at the well remembered door. The shrill voice of the portress struck on his ear, and the care-worn features of mistress Bassett met his view as he entered; and, it seemed

but as yesterday since he stood there an object of suspicion to all, save master Poynings, and his affectionate apprentice.

Many inquiries concerning the welfare of the characters, who have been introduced in the course of this tale, ensue, and the knight manifests a wonderful knowledge of persons and things, concerning which, it seems strange that he should know any thing.

My fair sir, said the prioress, there is somewhat in your voice that reminds me of long past days—may I ask, who ye are?—Remember ye not Fitzhugh, who rescued your brother, and married his daughter Constance? replied the knight, unclasping his visor. Yes! after fourteen years sorrowful exile, we have again returned to shout once more "for the red rose!" and I, to lay aside the name of Fitzhugh, for that of Walter de Vere. De Vere! exclaimed the prioress, not daring to doubt the testimony of her senses, as she gazed on the well-remembered features of the speaker, yet scarcely able to believe that her niece, in marrying an unknown stranger, had become allied to the ancient and noble house of Oxford. It is true, continued the knight, smiling,—ah! none of Edward's partizans, save that gallant Sir John Crosby, knew my real name or degree, else Fitzhugh had not dared to shew himself within the walls of the city, much less to have brought off master Poynings, after that luckless mischance of my father's ring.

The following day beheld all the various characters, who have acted their part in this little history, as happy as the state of mortality would allow. Again the bells rung merrily, and accompanied by the Lord mayor and city companies, the monarch, who ended for ever the feuds of the rival roses, with his bold yeomanry, and gallant knights, and nobles, passed through the tapestried and pageant-decked streets amidst the shouts of a countless multitude. And there was Sir Walter de Vere on his noble charger,—and there was the lady Constance on her milk-white palfrey, receiving the heartfelt gratulations of the sisterhood of St. Helen's, who, on this joyful day, were permitted, from the postern gate, to view the procession,—and there was master Poynings, welcomed, and welcoming his brethren of the "fraternitye of the blessed Marie of the drapers," and greeting with fatherly affection the overjoyed Quentin Bassett. And when, after the sumptuous dinner given by the Lord mayor, at Grocer's hall, to the principal members of the city companies, the civic monarch commanded silence, and, raising the mighty silver bowl of well spiced Ippocras, drank the health of "that most worthy citizen, master Lambert Poynings, draper, with long life to him, and to his worthy son-in-law, Sir Walter de Vere, heir of the brave earl of Oxford."

Thus have we given a slight abstract of one of the tales of "London in the Olden Time." They are frequently interspersed with poetry, which imitates the old minstrel strains in a very pleasing manner, and harmonizes extremely well with the character of the prose. The following "roundel," with which Walter Fitzhugh, in one of his assumed characters, "hails the monarch of the forest," is extremely pretty.

The greenwood tree! the greenwood tree!
He is fair, and tall, and goodly to see;
He lifteth his leafy head to the sky,
And spreadeth his green arms wide and high.
The wind may blow, he hears it not;
The storm may rage, he fears it not;
He puts forth his leaves rejoicingly,
And for king, or baron, careth not he—
And we will be like thee, greenwood tree.

The greenwood tree! the greenwood tree!
Goodly shelter granteth he
To the birds that on his boughs are singing,
To the flow'rs that at his foot are springing;
His shade is sought by the dappled doe,
When the merry archer bends his bow;
And the hare, and the kid, to his broad shade flee,
For the weak and succourless sheltereth he;
And we will be like thee, greenwood tree!

Then hail to thee! thrice hail to thee!
Pride of the forest, greenwood tree!
Who givest alike thy goodly schawe
To the proud barón, and the bold outlaw;
When the north wind blows, may it shake thee not;
When the lightning glares, may it scathe thee not;
But, when we are gone where all shall be,
May thy gallant branches wave wide and free,
Pride of the forest, greenwood tree!

We are glad to find, from the preface of these tales, that "a second series, illustrating other localities of London, and exhibiting other characters," are likely to appear. Will the author allow us to suggest one improvement? In comparison with the elaborate finish of the particular scenes, the tales (if we except "For the Red Rose,") appear rather too short. There is an occasional abruptness in the transition from one incident to another; and though the descriptions are never too minute to be agreeable, the *denouements* are now and then too rapidly brought about. These last observations are, however, implied compliments, since, if we did not very much admire what the author has already given us, we should hardly be anxious to have more.

PHANTASMAGORIA; OR, SKETCHES OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Two very delightful volumes have just issued from the press, under the above title, dedicated to Mr. Wordsworth, the Poet, consisting of Tales, Sketches of Society, Criticism, and Poetry, of which we would fain have presented our readers with a detailed account in our present number, but that the work has only made its appearance as we were correcting our last sheet for the press. We have, however, displaced the matter of a few pages, for the purpose of introducing some extracts, and a paragraph or two by way of introduction. We shall recur to this publication in our next number. Among a great variety of essays of a highly interesting and popular character, we notice "A Vision of Poets"—"The Age of Books"—"Remarks upon the Old Ballads"—"Remarks on Modern Ballads"—"Human Sorrow and Human Sympathy"—all of which are more or less admirable. From the sketches of life and manners, several of which deserve to rank with the more successful efforts of Washington Irving, we have selected two, rather with a view to their brevity than because we consider them the best. There are many others which are quite equal, and some that are, according to our taste, superior to them. Of these we would particularize "Boarding School Reminiscences"—"The Complaint of a Schoolmistress"—"The Old Bachelor's Trip to Paris"—"The Young Lady's Trip to Paris"—"A Family of Managers," &c. The tales are too long for quotation in our pages, but are most of them of a very high order. "The Unknown" is undoubtedly the best:—"Zerinda" is what we rarely meet with now a-days, a fairy tale, full of fancy, vivacity, and good sense, narrated with much elegance and simplicity, and never outraging probability; provided we can first of all make up our minds to the existence of fairies. Of the poems which are scattered throughout the volume, we shall merely observe, that if some are of unequal merit, there are others that would

not discredit the pens of the most popular of our living poets. We copy the simple but beautiful dedication to Mr. Wordsworth:—we are pleased to meet with such a tribute to a poet of the most exalted genius, whose writings have been too much neglected, amid the rage for that tawdry and flaring class of poetry to which his severe but simple and amiable muse is so decidedly opposed:—

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQUIRE.

A SIMPLE, solitary flower,
The nursling of its sportive hour,
A child may give its sire,—
And in that little act, will he—
Because he is a father—see
The passion and the purity
Of feeling's hidden fire.

O long unrecked of, and unseen,
Hast thou my spirit's father been
In pleasure and in sadness;—
For by the lamp, and on the shore,—
Hours have I mused thy musings o'er,
That ever on my heart could pour
Their own deep quiet gladness.

Then, take thou from my bosom's bower
This simple solitary flower,
Exalted as thou art:—
And by its trembling blossoms see,
That I would gladly offer thee
Now—and in days that are to be—
The homage of the heart!

M. J. J.

GOING TO BE MARRIED.

Her whole rich sum of happiness is there!—CROLY.

ACCOMPANY me (in imagination) dear reader, with a bride and bride's maid-elect, a mamma and a milliner, into a Boudoir filled with all the elegant litter incident to wedding preparations. Fancy yourself in a corner, the only spot unoccupied by packets of bride cake and bridal finery; give attentive eye and ear to all that passes, and probably we may be better informed as to the meaning and importance of the phrase—"Going to be married!" The bride-elect is a pretty little simpering girl of eighteen; one, to whom Thought never occasioned a head ache, until it became necessary to "decide" on the colour of the wedding pelisse. She is folding up a letter, which, from its innumerable scores, and blots, and flourishes, to say nothing of its countless dearests and farewells, can only be on one subject—love.

The milliner, great in her vocation at all times, is, just now, of infinitely more importance than the lover himself; she is displaying *the* lavender lutestring pelisse—which as yet exhibits—

The glory and the freshness of a dream!

The bride's maid-elect, is in age, prettiness, and folly, a very ditto to the bride; joyfully does she regard the cake and finery which surround her; henceforth and for ever, she associates love with silk and sugar, and if those sparkling eyes do not "bear false witness," it will not be her fault, if in two months she does not herself require those services which it is now her office to pay to another. The lady mother alone looks serious—and with reason too. Does not all the eclat of the bridal depend upon her exertions? The happiness or misery of the married life is a secondary, or at least an after thought; but mercy upon us! if the wedding day should not go off well! should

the *dejeuné* be ill arranged,—or the fine part of the company send back word,—or the weather be wet,—or the bride look ill,—or the bride's maid look too well! Surely the dread of any one of these trials sufficiently accounts for the cloud upon her brow.

Having thus introduced the *dramatis personæ*, they shall now be heard in their own cause.

"Was ever any thing so unfortunate!" said the bride-elect, in a tone of elegant distress; "George will be here to-day, and I have not made up my mind where I should like to go. It is a great plague this being married. I know I shall never get my clothes packed in time."

"Don't be a fool, child," replied mamma, "but be thankful you have the opportunity of being so plagued. Just look round the circle of your acquaintance, and see how many scores of girls would be glad to establish themselves in any way, much more as you have done, a good house—fine furniture—a wardrobe fit for a duchess—liberty to have as much company as you choose—servants at your own command—and, I make no doubt, a *most excellent* husband—for I am sure, whatever people may say of his temper, Mr. —— has the best of hearts. Shew Mrs. Mac Scallop that set of pearl ornaments he sent you last week, and ask her whether you ought not to be thankful to Providence with such prospects of happiness?"

"La Mamma, I know all that," said the young lady, as she displayed the costly baubles with affected indifference and ill concealed triumph,—"I know all that well enough, but still it *is* exceedingly tiresome not to know whether to go to London, or Cheltenham, or the Lakes. I wish two or three of my friends would just drop in:"—to help me to decide—she said; to look at my fine things—she thought.

"And as I live," said the lady mother, running to the window at the sound of a double rap, "here come a party of the Johnsons and Dickenses—spiteful vulgar creatures—how lucky! Mary Anne, you look perished,—throw the Cashmere over your shoulders,—Mac Scallop, do arrange those dresses so that we may have a good view of them,—Sophia, fetch me this dear child's trinket case, I have just now leisure to pack up her jewels."

By the time these arrangements without a *motive*, were made, three of the six single Miss Johnsons, and two of the five disengaged Miss Dickenses entered—and greetings truly feminine ensued.

"My dear Charlotte—my dear Agnes—Elizabeth—Lucy—Louisa—now this is *so* kind—so truly friendly—and just to come in as we were wishing for you—ah, one knows the value of friends when one is about to leave them," &c.

This from the bridal party.

"Dear girl, we could not *rest* without coming to see you once more, you looked so shockingly ill yesterday, and so out of spirits; no wonder indeed, it is such an awful thing to be married—such a trial to leave home," &c.

This from the knot of spinsters.

The bride-elect was evidently affected—

> She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
> With a smile on her lips—

it was not the fault of her intentions, but she could not act the remainder of the line—

> and a tear in her eye;

however, she raised her handkerchief, and the semblance did as well.

"I *hope* you will be happy," said the two eldest of the party, in that affectionately plaintive tone, invariably used by spinsters of an *un*-certain age, when speaking of the marriage of younger and more fortunate rivals.

"Happy indeed!" echoed the younger fry, wistfully surveying the wedding paraphernalia;—"who could be otherwise with all these beautiful things."

"Beautiful, my dears," said the matron, with as much exultation as decency allowed her to manifest,—"well I'm so glad you like them, you have all such good taste in dress,—but really now they are quite plain and simple."

"No bride ever left G— with such a complete wardrobe," said Mrs. Mac Scallop, tossing her head, and unfolding at the same time, a superb ball dress.

"Why you know," replied the matron, sighing very audibly, "one would not have one's daughter disgrace the man she is going to marry, and such a man as Mr. ——, as generous as he is rich. Ah! my dear young friends, my warmest wish is, that you may all meet with just such another; but indeed, indeed, with *such* a home and *such*

parents as you are blessed with, I don't wonder you are in no haste to marry; however, we shall see one of these days, we shall have Miss Agnes, or Miss Louisa, ay, ay, I have heard something—

"Oh! goodness, gracious, what? where?—well I vow and declare—now, really, I assure you—and did I ever hear the like—what *will* people say next?" burst simultaneously from the lips of the delighted young ladies in question; who considered that to have been the subject of a wedding *report* was something; a step, at least, towards the attainment of bridal honours.

"Mamma," said the bride-elect, with a languid air, "you forget our friends have had a long walk."

"Ah my poor head," replied her mother, "seeing after your trumpery will really turn it; Sophia, love, these are such particular friends, they really *must* taste the cake even before the wedding."

Those of the "particular friends," whom envy had not deprived of appetite, gratefully accepted the proffered refreshment; but the two eldest, and if truth must be told, hopeless spinsters, declared bride-cake to be their "particular aversion."

At length, when there remained no article of finery unshewn, no prospect of future grandeur unrevealed, no spiteful feeling unfelt, and no affectionate word unsaid, the spinster party retired; the younger branches, to sigh for the vulgar privileges of eating bride cake and ordering their own dinners; the elder, to manufacture humble imitations of the bridal finery,—to lament in every company that their poor dear friend should be so sacrificed,—and to suppress all outward signs of extreme willingness to be so sacrificed themselves!

Released from the presence of their visitors, the bridal party resumed the original subject of discussion—the scene of the "Wedding Excursion."

The bride-elect had some floating ideas of love and poetry, moonlight walks, and the Regatta, and she therefore voted for the Lakes. Mrs. Mac Scallop inveighed vehemently against all "countrified expeditions;" depicted with millinery rhetoric the certain ruin which would arise to pelisses and complexions, and enlarged on the absurdity of people going where they could not be seen. *She* voted for Cheltenham; and the bride's maid very naturally "followed on the same side," rightly judging that Cheltenham would afford her a better chance of making conquests.

But here I shall dismiss the subject. A Wedding Excursion is far too important a concern to be despatched, or even introduced, at the fag end of a paper. Some day or other I shall describe one in which I was once included, (not as a principal) and then —but for the present I have sufficiently endangered my reputation with that class of readers, who consider it as heinous to remember as to invent, and who deem every production satirical, which is not exactly a sermon.

THE COMFORTABLE WOMAN.

Life was to her one long Lord Mayor's day;—the world went well with her, and she liked the world. THE SKETCH BOOK.

EVERY town and village has its portion of what are emphatically termed COMFORTABLE WOMEN;—women, who without much education, talent, or refinement, contrive to render themselves universally popular. The Comfortable Woman is generally the wife of a thriving man, and the mother of a large family; or if an Old Maid, she is connected with a patriarchal number of brothers and sisters, and junior relatives. This is, however, a rare case, as the prominent characteristics of the Comfortable Women are, in all points, the very reverse to the peculiarities of the Old Maid. The former is distinguished by a peculiar portliness of figure, a rosy face, and an expression of thorough good humour,—all indicative of good cheer and self-satisfaction. She is what you term a comely woman; a great lover of turbans and crimson bombazin. In her voice there is nothing sharp or querulous, it has a *body* of sound, like that which proceeds from a well oiled machine in constant use; at the same time, you detect the true gossip-tone in every sentence she utters. Her conversation is of a jocular turn, and when she laughs, it is a hearty side-shaking laugh: in fact, to smile, or to simper, would as little become her as a gown of cerulean blue, or evening primrose. She generally plays a capital rubber at whist, loves a little bye-talk between the deals, and a hot supper and merriment afterwards. She detests every thing mean and shabby, yet

is proud of being called a keen bargainer, and goes to market herself to ensure the best articles for her money. Somewhat inclined to be purse-proud,—desirous that her children should "hold up their heads in the world," and shew "proper pride," she is nevertheless always ready to do generous and kind actions; but expects the privilege in return of giving advice, and speaking her mind. In her house she is a manager, i. e. one who always keeps her keys in her pocket, and walks after the servants from morning till night; she is however an indulgent mistress, and gives them a holiday at Christmas, and wine on the children's birth-days. From her anxious wish that "the poor things should enjoy themselves," her children are somewhat spoiled; during the holidays the house is in a continual uproar, and pies and cakes are made by the bushel.

But it is principally from her conduct in times of sickness and trouble, that she merits and receives the characteristic epithet of "comfortable." Amongst the poor she is then a great dispenser of broth, caudle, quack-medicines, and receipts for cheap dishes;—while she embraces this opportunity of inveighing bitterly against their waste and mismanagement. Amongst her equals, she is indefatigable in making "nice things," and performing personal services. She is a general favorite in sick rooms and at funerals, because she condoles with the sufferers in a *comfortable* tone of voice, is not soon tired of listening, and contrives to find a bright spot in every calamity. She is no less popular at wedding and christening dinners, because she praises every thing on the table, and always prognosticates unbounded happiness and prosperity.

Young people love her because she gives pleasant parties herself, and is an active promoter of sailing excursions, gipsy parties, and pic-nics. She recommends matrimony to young men, and is not a little inclined to match making. Young ladies like to ask her advice in all *interesting* dilemmas, because she advises them according to their inclinations and invariably prophesies a happy termination to their difficulties, whatever they may be.

The Comfortable Woman has seldom received a modern education, and consequently has neither "fine feelings," nor "literary tastes." Her reading is chiefly confined to Nelson on the "Fasts and Festivals," the "Whole Duty of Man," and the Newspaper. If by any chance a novel gets into her hands, she reads it at the rate of six pages in seven days. Poetry she accounts "poor stuff," and is not without a certain feeling of contempt towards authors, unless it can be clearly proved, that they make money by their labours, in which case they are privileged to rank with other tradespeople. Notwithstanding this, her daughters are modishly educated, and allowed to waste as much time in the acquirement of shewy and useless accomplishments, as the children of her neighbours.

We are told that the author of these volumes is a young lady residing in the north of England. Some of the prose is of so nervous and masculine a character, that we should have supposed it to have proceeded from some experienced male writer.

MR. WIFFEN'S TRANSLATION OF TASSO.

THE second and concluding volume of Mr. Wiffen's Translation of Tasso is now completed, and will, we understand, be circulated among the subscribers in a few days. It would be paying this splendid work but a limited compliment, to say that it is superior to any version of Tasso that has hitherto appeared. It is deserving of more exalted commendation, as one of the very best poetical translations of any poet that has been published for many years. As a specimen of typography too, the book is uncommonly beautiful, and is illustrated by a series of engravings, after Corbould and Hayter, of which it is difficult to speak in terms of too exalted praise.

The edition of the work intended for general circulation will not, we hear, be published before the 1st of December. We shall, at some future opportunity, offer a few remarks on the merits of Mr. Wiffen's work. For the present, we shall content ourselves with laying before our readers the charming lines with which it concludes :—

L'ENVOI.

Fare thee well, Soul of sweet Romance! Farewell,
Harp of the South! the stirring of whose strings
Has given, by power of their melodious spell,
Such pleasant speed to Time's else weary wings,
That, rapt in spirit to the Delphic cell,
'Mid its green laurels and prophetic springs,—
The tuneful labours of past years now seem
A brief indulgence—an enchanted dream!

My pride at noon, my vision of the night,—
My hope at morn, my joy at lonely eve!
Now that thy tones of magical delight
Are o'er, do I act well to droop and grieve?
To what new region shall the Muse take flight,
What pictures fashion, what fresh numbers weave,
When all that else had charmed must now appear
Tame to the eye, and tuneless to the ear?

Much shall I miss thee when, in calm repose,
The Summer morn upon my casement shines;
Much, when the melancholy Autumn strows
With leaves my walk beneath the o'er-arching pines;
Nor less when Spring, 'twixt shower and sunshine, throws
Abroad the sweet breath of her eglantines;
And Winter deepens, with his stormy din,
The quiet charm of the bright hearth within.

If with no vulgar aim, no selfish view,
I sought to give thy foreign chords a tongue,
Let not my hopes all pass like morning dew,
When on thy cypress bough again thou 'rt hung;
But sometimes whisper of me to the few
I love,—the fond, the faithful, and the young,—
And those who reverence the wronged soul that planned
Thy world of sound with arch-angelic hand.

Hear now the strings, dear Ida, sound abroad
The grief and glory of that matchless mind!
What ardour glows in each seraphic chord;
How deep a passion echo leaves behind!
Yet was he wretched whom all tongues applaud,—
For peace he panted, for affection pined:—
Be thou, whilst thy mild eyes with pity swim,
More kind to me than Aura was to him;—

Else shall I little prize the' indulgent praise
Which some may lavish on a task so long,—
Else shall I mourn that e'er my early days
Were given to feeling, solitude, and song.
But thee no light capricious fancy sways,—
To doubt thy truth would be the heavens to wrong:—
Peace to thy spirit, with the closing spell,
And thou, Hesperian Harp, farewell, farewell!

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR;

OR CABINET OF POETRY AND ROMANCE, FOR 1826.

Edited by Alaric A. Watts.

In noticing this publication in the pages of The Literary Magnet, we shall, for reasons which it is by no means necessary for us to explain to our readers, confine ourselves to little more than a mere analysis of its contents, and a few extracts. The editor observes in the preface, that the sale of six thousand copies of the Literary Souvenir for 1825 has stimulated his bookseller and himself to produce in the present volume, a work calculated to deserve, if not to secure, a still more extended degree of patronage.

It would (says Mr. Watts) be disingenuous in me to lead my readers to expect any very material improvement hereafter. The literary contents of the following pages, both prose and verse, whether anonymous or avowed, (if my own trivial contributions, and some two or three articles from able but unknown pens be excepted,) have been supplied at my instigation, by a host of the most distinguished writers of the age. The embellishments, too, have been executed, as will be seen, by the most eminent engravers of the day, in a style which, as it regards several of them, has certainly never been surpassed, if equalled, on the small scale to which they are necessarily restricted.

Mr. Watts adds, that on the whole he can scarcely hope to present the public with a more favourable specimen of the Literary Souvenir than he now lays before it in the present volume; and when we have enumerated its various contents, pictorial and literary, and the names of the parties by whom they have been furnished, our readers will not think this announcement, bold as it may seem on a first view, at all unwarranted by the fact.

The book contains ten engravings, executed in the most finished style of the art, by Heath, Goodall, W. and E. Finden, Rolls, and Thomson, (the six most eminent engravers of the day,) from designs furnished, as it appears, expressly for the work, by Leslie, Newton, Turner, Dewint, Chantrey, Wright, &c. The frontispiece from the much admired picture by Newton, entitled "The Lovers' Quarrel," now engraved for the first time by Rolls; "The Rivals," from the celebrated picture by Leslie, (exhibited some years ago at the Royal Academy and the British Gallery) engraved by W. Finden; and "The Forsaken," a female head of exquisite beauty, from a design by Newton, engraved by Heath, are by far the most attractive of the historical subjects; and, with reference to engravings executed upon the same scale, are perfectly unrivalled in the annals of the art, (W. Finden's plate more especially,) and could only have been procured at an immense expense. There are besides, two splendid landscapes furnished expressly for the occasion by our English Claude (J. M. W. Turner), namely, Richmond Hill, and Bolton Abbey, engraved, the former by Goodall, and the latter by E. Finden, which in their style are scarcely less deserving of commendation than the subjects already enumerated; a view of Windsor Castle, from a drawing by Dewint, by Heath; Lady Louisa Russell—the statue of a beautiful child, pressing a dove to her bosom—by Thomson, after Chantrey's statue at Woburn Abbey; The Kiss, after the much admired outline of Retsch, by Wright; and the Troubadour, Blondell, discovering Richard Cœur de

Lion in bondage. These, with an illuminated title page, external decorations, and a great variety of autographs of distinguished living writers, painters, musicians, &c. form the entire embellishments of the work. In referring to the engravings the editor remarks, and it may readily be conceived, with justice, that if in lieu of illustrations like these, from original paintings and drawings, not obtained without great expense, he had chosen to introduce inferior plates, from published prints or cheap sources, he might have included more than double the number at the same cost; and he adds, that when it be remembered that ten such engravings, and between four and five hundred pages of original Tales and Poems, by about *forty* of the most distinguished writers of the day, are supplied to the public for twelve shillings, it may readily be believed that an impression of *many thousand* copies must be sold before the parties can be reimbursed the expenses of the work.

The volume contains upwards of eighty original articles in prose and verse, by the following well known writers, namely, Southey, Montgomery, Milman, Coleridge, Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, Wiffen, Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), Allan Cunningham, Bowring, Dale, Miss Mitford, Miss L. E. Landon, Clare, Bowles, Wrangham, the Author of "To-day in Ireland," Polwhele, Maturin, Sheridan, Delta, Galt, the Author of "London in the Olden Time," Brooke, Doubleday, (a principal contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, and the author of Babington) Mrs. Mary Howitt, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, the Author of "Gilbert Earle," several popular writers who have insisted on remaining incognito, and and Mr. Alaric A. Watts, the editor, who has contributed largely himself. Of the prose articles, fourteen in number, the best are, "The Lovers' Quarrel," which may be pronounced one of the most graceful, highly polished and beautiful stories ever narrated in the same compass, by an anonymous but evidently a skilful and practised hand; "The Two Pictures, or the Golden Bodkin," a powerful little romance, by the well known author of "Gilbert Earle," which, as it is the shortest, we have given unmutilated in another part of our number; "Lady Jane's Merlin," by the author of "London in the Olden Time;" "The Diamond Watch," a story abounding in delightfully horrifying German *Diablerie;* and "The Rivals," a sketch, by the author of "Phantasmagoria," worthy the pen of the Great Unknown himself. Mr. Galt, Miss Mitford, and Delta, have also some admirable prose sketches in the volume. "The old Manor House," by the last of these writers, exhibits one of the most ingenious modes of telling a ghost story we ever remember to have met with. There are some border legends by James Hogg, one or two of which (Gyllanbye's Ghost in particular) are very striking and powerful sketches. As a specimen of the prose, we cannot do better than extract from the first mentioned story, the quarrel between Childe Wilful and the Lady Sybil, forming part of the tale to which the plate of the "Lovers' Quarrel" refers.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

It was a fine honey-dropping afternoon. The sweet south was murmuring through the lattice amongst the strings of the guitar, and the golden fish were sporting till they almost flung themselves out of their crystal globe: it was just the hour for every thing to be sweet and harmonious,—but Sibyl was somewhat vexed, and the Childe was somewhat angry. He was much obliged to her for meeting him, but he feared that he

was taking her from more agreeable occupations; and he was, moreover, alarmed, lest her other visitors should want some one to amuse them. He merely wished to ask if she had any commands to his family, for whom it was time that he should think of setting out; and when he had obtained them, he would no longer trespass upon her condescension. Sibyl leant her cheek upon her hand, and regarded him patiently till he had done.

"My commands," she gravely said, "are of a confidential nature, and I cannot speak them if you sit so far off."

As she tendered her little hand, her features broke through their mock ceremony into a half smile, and there was an enchantment about her which could not be withstood.

"Sibyl," he exclaimed, "why have you taken such pains to torment me?"

"And why have you so ill attended to the injunctions which I gave you?"

"Ill!—Heaven and earth! Have I not laboured to be agreeable till my head is turned topsy-turvy?"

"Oh yes; and hind side before as well, for it is any thing but right. But did I tell you to pursue this laudable work with fuming and frowning, and doubting and desperation, till I was in an agony lest you should die of your exertions, and leave me to wear the willow?"

The cavalier stated his provocation with much eloquence.

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, "I have passed a sufficient ordeal. If I really possess your love, let me declare mine at once, and send these barbarians about their business."

"Or rather be sent about your own, if you have any; for you cannot suppose that the specimen which you have given of your patient disposition, is likely to have told very much in your favour."

"Then why not teach them the presumption of their hopes, and tell them that you despise them?"

"Because they are my father's friends, and because, whatever their hopes may be, they will probably wait for encouragement before they afford me an opportunity of giving my opinion thereupon."

"But has there been any necessity to give them so much more of your time,—so many more of your smiles, than you have bestowed upon me?"

"And is it you who ask me this question?—Oh!—is it possible to mete out attentions to those we love with the same indifference which we use towards the rest of the world? —Would nothing, do you think,—no tell-tale countenance,—no treacherous accent betray the secret which it is our interest to maintain? Unkind, to make poor Sibyl's pride confess so much!"

The cavalier did not know whether he ought to feel quite convinced. He counted the rings upon the fingers, which were still locked in his own, three times over.

"Sibyl," he at last said, "I cannot bear them to triumph over me even in their own bright fancies. If you are sincere with me, let us anticipate the slow events of time,—let us seek happiness by the readiest means,—and, trust me, if it is difficult to obtain consent to our wishes, you are too dear to despair of pardon for having acted without it."

"And you would have me fly with you?" Sibyl shrank from the idea;—her pride was no longer assumed in sport. "You do well," she resumed, "to reproach me with the duplicity which I have practised. It is but just to suppose that she who has gone so far, would not scruple to make the love which has been lavished upon her the inducement for her disobedience; that the pride which has yielded so much, would be content to be pursued as a fugitive, and to return as a penitent."

"Then, Sibyl, you do not love me?"

"I am not used to make assurances of that kind, any more than I am inclined to submit to the charge of deceit."

"Methinks, Lady Sibyl," he replied, with somewhat of bitterness, "you very easily take offence to-night. It certainly is better to be free from one engagement before we enter upon another."

Sibyl's heart beat high, but she did not speak.

"It is possible that you may have mistaken your reasons for enjoining me to silence; for it is, no doubt, advisable that your more eligible friends should have the opportunity of speaking first."

Sibyl's heart beat higher, and the tears sprang to her eyes, but her head was turned away.

"We have staid too long," she said, with an effort at composure.

"I thank you, Lady Sibyl," he replied, rising haughtily to depart, "for allowing me to come to a right understanding. And now—"

Her anger never had been more than a flash,—she could hardly believe him serious, and if he was he would soon repent.

"And now," she interrupted him, relapsing into her loveliest look of raillery, "Childe Wilful would be glad of his picture again?"

"You certainly will oblige me by restoring it."

"Why do you not ask Sir Lubin for it?"

"Lady Sibyl, I am serious; and I must beg to remark that it can be but an unworthy satisfaction to retain it for a boast to your new lovers."

"I do not see that there is anything to boast of in it. The face is not a particularly handsome one, and as for him for whom it is meant, he has never made a figure in any history excepting his own letters. Here is one in my dressing case,—I pray you stand still now while I read over the wonderous exploits which you performed in your last battle, for I think you must have looked just as you do now."

There is no saying whether his resolution would have been firm enough to persist in his dire demand, had not the Lady Sibyl's attendant at that moment entered with Sir Lubin's compliments, and it was past the hour when she had engaged to ride with him. Childe Wilful's heart was armed with a thicker coat of mail than ever, and his lips writhed into a bitter smile.

"Do not let me detain you, Lady Sibyl," he said, "perhaps your gentlewoman will be good enough to find me the picture amongst your cast-off ornaments."

This was rather too much, to be exposed in her weakest point to the impertinent surprise of her servant.

"Nay—nay," she replied in confusion, "have done for the present;—if you ask me for it to-morrow I will return it."

"I shall not be here to-morrow, and it is hardly compatible with Lady Sibyl's pride to retain presents which the donor would resume."

Her answer was a little indignant,—his rejoinder was a little more provoking,—the maid began to laugh in her sleeve,—and Sibyl felt herself humiliated. It is but a short step, in mighty spirits, from humiliation to discord; and Sibyl soon called in the whole force of her dignity, and conjured up a smile of as much asperity as the Childe's.

"No!" she exclaimed, "it is not amongst my cast-off ornaments. I mistook it for the similitude of true affection, of generosity and manliness, and have worn it where those qualities deserved to be treasured up."

The picture was produced from its pretty hiding place, and carelessly tendered to him.

"You will, perhaps, remember," she continued, "that there was a fellow to this picture, and that the original of it has as little inclination as other people to be made a boast of."

"Undoubtedly, Lady Sibyl,—it was my intention to make you perfectly easy on that point."

The little jewel was removed coldly from his breast, and seemed to reproach him as it parted, for it had the same mournful smile with which Sibyl sat for it when he was preparing for the wars. He gave it to her, and received his own in return. It was yet warm from its sweet depository, and the touch of it thrilled to his soul;—but he was determined for once to act with consistency. As he closed the door he distinguished a faint sob, and a feeling of self-reproach seemed fast coming over him; but then his honour!

Among the poetry, we have an extremely beautiful Fairy Legend, from the pen of Mr. J. H. Wiffen, the translator of Tasso, which for harmony of versification and brilliancy of poetical conception, is entitled to be considered as one of the most successful ballads which has been produced in modern times. Delta, the author of the "Legend of Genevieve," has contributed also a ballad which, although of very different character, is scarcely less worthy commendation: it is entitled "The Knight's Revenge," but would, according to our view of the matter, have been more appropriately named if it had been christened "The Crusader's Return." It is just such a poem as Coleridge might have

written in his happier moments, full of wild, and almost supernatural energy and grandeur. This poem however, as well as that of Mr. Wiffen, is far too long for quotation. Bernard Barton's "Grandsire's Tale," and the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," are perhaps the most successful specimens ever produced by their authors. Mrs. Hemans has, we perceive, contributed largely to the Literary Souvenir. There are no less than four poems from her pen, two of which are more than ordinarily beautiful, namely, "Aymer's Tomb," and "The Wreck;" the latter we insert.

THE WRECK.

By Mrs. Hemans.

All night the booming minute-gun
  Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
  Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark, from India's coral strand,
  Before the rushing blast,
Had vailed her topsails to the sand,
  And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven,
  And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven,
  Like floating gossamer!
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
  A star once o'er the seas,
Her helm beat down, her deck uptorn,—
  And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away;
  The rocks with pearl were sown;
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
  Flashed out o'er fretted stone;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
  Like ashes by a breeze,
And gorgeous robes,—but oh! that shore
  Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,
  A crushed reed thrown aside!
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
  Not without strife he died!
And near him on the sea-weed lay,
  Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
  That *there* a *mother* slept;

For her pale arms a babe had pressed*
  With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
  Yet not undone the clasp!
Her very tresses had been flung
  To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
  All tangled by the storm.

* This circumstance is related by Mrs. Cargill, an actress of some celebrity, who was shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly, when returning from India.

And beautiful, midst that wild scene,
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like Slumber's, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye;—
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony!

Oh, human love! whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
Its passionate adieu!
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea!

The poems by the authoress of the Improvisatrice are, with one exception, on her favourite theme, love. Her "L'Amore Dominatore," is perhaps the best. We quote the following because it is the shortest.

RETIREMENT.

A PICTURE IN THE BRITISH GALLERY, BY LEAKY.

It was a stream in Thessaly, the banks
Were solitary, for the cypress trees
Closed o'er the waters; yet at times the wind
Threw back the branches, and then a sunbeam
Flung down a golden gift upon the wave,
And showed its treasures; for the pebbles shone
Like pearls and purple gems, fit emblems they
For the delights that hope holds up to youth,
False in their glittering, and when they lose
The sparkle of the water and the sun,
They are found valueless. It it not thus
With pleasures, when the freshness and the gloss
That young life threw o'er them has dried away!

One only flower grew in that lonely place,
The lily, covered with its shadowy leaves,
Even as some Eastern beauty with her veil;
And like the favourite urns of spring, its bells
Held odours that the zephyrs dared not steal.
And by the river was a maiden leant,
With large dark eyes, whose melancholy light
Seemed as born of deep thought which had gone through
Full many a stage of human wretchedness,—
Had known the anxious misery of love,—
The sickness of the hope which pines and dies
From many disappointments,—and the waste
Of feelings in the gay and lighted hall;—
But more, as knowledge grew but from report,
Than its own sad experience; for she loved
The shelter of the quiet mountain valley,
The shadow of the scented myrtle grove,
And, more than all, the solitary bend,
Hidden by cypresses, of her own river.—
They called the nymph—RETIREMENT.

L. E. L.

The following little gem is from the pen of Mr. Montgomery.

YOUTH RENEWED.

By James Montgomery, Esq.

SPRING-FLOWERS, spring-birds, spring-breezes
  Are felt, and heard, and seen;
Light trembling transport seizes
  My heart,—with sighs between;
These old enchantments fill the mind
With scenes and seasons left behind;—
  Childhood, its smiles and tears,—
  Youth, with its flush of years,
Its morning clouds and dewy prime,
More exquisitely tinged by time!

Fancies again are springing,
  Like May-flowers in the vales;
While hopes long lost are singing,
  From thorns like nightingales;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs that curl the flood:
  There falls to manhood's lot
  A joy which youth has not,
A dream more beautiful than truth,
Returning spring,—renewing youth!

Thus sweetly to surrender
  The present for the past,
In sprightly mood yet tender,
  Life's burthen down to cast,—
This is to taste from stage to stage,
Youth, or the lees refined of age;
  Like wine well kept, and long,
  Heady, nor harsh, nor strong;—
A richer, purer, mellower draught
With every annual cup is fraught.

Among the longer poems there is a powerful dramatic scene by the late Mr. Maturin; a sketch in Hogg's most successful style, entitled "Love's Jubilee;" "First Love's Recollections," by John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet; and a very clever ode to a Steam Packet, by the author of "Babington." There are ten avowed poems by the editor of the Literary Souvenir, namely, Richmond Hill—My own Fireside—The Return from India—Love's Wealth—The May Flowers of Life—The Bachelor's Dilemma—The Poet's Den—The First Kiss—The Death of Pompey the Great—and a Remonstrance. From these we select the following subjects:

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

By Alaric A. Watts.

It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
Its sacred limits.
Southey.

LET others seek for empty joys,
  At ball, or concert, rout, or play;
Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
  Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,

I while the wintry eve away,—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own Fire-side!

My own Fire-side! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken Feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own Fire-side!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small, white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty 's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;—
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine,
Than thou—my own Fire-side!

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more,
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;—
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads—my own Fire-side!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There, all is cheerful, calm, and fair,
Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride,
Have never made their hated lair,
By thee—my own Fire-side!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting;
Where even grief is half subdued;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then, let the pampered fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own Fire-side!

Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When fortune frowns, or care annoys:
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;—
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own Fire-side!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be;
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—MY OWN FIRE-SIDE!

THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

By Alaric A. Watts.

How happy could I be with either.
Beggar's Opera.

"By all the bright saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair!

There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depths of Spring skies in their noontide array;
Whose every fair feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day:

Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace;
Whose heart, as a bird's, ever buoyant and blithe,
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her face.

There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshroud;
With a black regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow, like the moon breaking bright from a cloud.

With a bosom, whose chords are so tenderly strung,
That a word, nay, a look, oft will waken its sighs;
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

In my moments of mirth, amid glitter and glee,
When the soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,
And the bumper I crown is a bumper to Fanny!

But, when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief,
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief,
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen!

And when sorrow and joy are so blended together,
That to weep I 'm unwilling, to smile am as loth;
When the beam may be kicked by the weight of a feather;
I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both!

But since *I must* fix or on black eyes or blue,
Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse;
Pr'ythee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue
Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose!"

Thus murmured a Bard—predetermined to marry,
But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,
That though one of his suits might be doomed to miscarry,
He'd another he straight could prefer in its place!

So, trusting that "Fortune would favour the brave,"
He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay;
Lively Fanny declared he was *somewhat* too grave,
And Saint Helen pronounced him a *little* too gay!

May so awful a fate bid young poets beware
How they sport with their hopes 'till they darken and wither;
For who thus dares presume to make love to a pair,
May be certain he 'll ne'er be accepted by either!

THE FIRST KISS.—A POETICAL SKETCH.

SHE had been waiting for him, till her heart
Was stirred almost to bursting with the strife
Of hope and fear, the fondness and mistrust,
That only lovers know;—and she had vowed
To chide her truant for his long delay,—
To frown, look cold and stately as a queen,
Discourse of broken vows, dissevered ties,
And ask if men were faithless all like him!
But as she sat within her garden bower,
She heard the music of his well-known step,
And all her firm resolves, resentments, doubts,
The pride of slighted beauty, were dispelled,
As if those sounds had power to exorcise
All thoughts that did not minister to love!
And her eye caught the dancing of his plume,
'Mid the green branches, as he strode along;
Her quick ear drank his melody of voice,
As its sweet accents syllabled her name,
Till every echo 'round repeated it!

What should she do? Go hide her from his search;
Teach the gay laggard she could too be slow;
And bid him feel, in part, what she had felt,
To make their after meeting more divine!
The fancy pleased her,—and she fled before him,
Swift as a startled fawn, as graceful too,
Gained their accustomed trysting place unseen,
And hid herself, in sport, behind the door,
Meaning to dart to his unconscious arms,
Just as his brow was gathering to a frown
That she could break her promises like him!

She would have stilled the beating of her heart,
That she might catch the first, faint, distant sounds
Of his approaching footsteps; but suspense
Lent it a wilder impulse, and its throbs
Grew momently more loud.—She gasped for breath,
As the thick boughs that hid her summer haunt
Rustled, the latch was lifted, and the words
"Margaret, *dear* Margaret," in the faltering tones
Of one who seeks but scarce expects an answer,
Fell on her charmed ear.
She rushed towards him,
With all her sex's fervency and truth,
Its willing faith, devotedness of soul,
(Forgetful only of its proud reserve,)
And twining round his neck her snowy arms,
Clung to his lips, as though the world and life
Had nothing for her half so sweet beside!
And in the pauses of that wild embrace,
She breathed in low and scarce articulate words,
The love shut up in her deep heart till then!

She had no thoughts that virtue might not own,
No guile to cloak, no purpose to conceal;
So she poured forth the secrets of her soul
With all the frankness of a woman's love,
Who judges others by her own pure self.
And for the world, what were its frowns to her,
Who held the all of wealth she wished her own,
In the small circle of her straining clasp.
Alas, alas, that Woman's gentler feelings
Should ever be employed to work her woe!
That those mild impulses which, were they left

To take their natural course, must lead to bliss,
Should sometimes prove the ministers of vice,
And, swelling to a wild and stormy sea,
O'erwhelm the virtues they were meant to nourish.

They stood in deep entrancement, heart to heart,
With not a breath to break the hush around them,
Save the wild thrillings of each bounding breast,
Half-smothered sighs, and soft, low murmured words
That told an endless tale of love and love!
It was a rich, bright, tranquil summer's eve;
The sun was resting on the horizon's verge;
The distant mountains, wearing crowns of gold,
Like vassal kings, arose to guard his throne;
And every object there appeared to grow
Instinct with softer beauty. On the gale,
Through the half-open lattice, came the breath,
The honied breath, of many a fragrant flower,
Closing its sweet eyes on day's farewell beam.
All things conspired to make those moments yield
A full repayment for the griefs of years:
And Faust had half forgot the fate that hung,
Like the huge avalanche a breath brings down,
O'er his devoted head; until a laugh,
A fiend-like laugh, a loud, harsh, bitter taunt,
As if in mockery of a bliss too pure
For evil spirits to behold unpained,
Recalled him to the sense of what he was,
And what he soon must be!
And devilish eyes
Were leering on them, shedding baleful light,
On that sweet scene of more than mortal passion!
Another kiss,—another, and another;—
When lo! the fiend grew clamorous that his dupe
Should dare resist his will, and burst upon him,
Dragging him from that bright paradise,
To shades where he might tutor him in guile,
And bid him plan the ruin of a heart,
Whose only fault was loving him too much!
Alas, alas, that Man so oft should be
The slave of some dark, scheming fiend like this!
And, spirited by him to deeds of ill,
Should pay dear Woman's fond, confiding truth,
(Blasting the beauty he was born to cherish,)
With falsehood, treachery, despair, and death!

If the extracts we have here given will not satisfy our readers as to the merits of the Literary Souvenir for 1826, nothing that we could say in the way of recommendation would be of the least avail. It only remains therefore for us to add, in dismissing the book for the present, that it is beautifully printed, and that it is inscribed to her Grace the Duchess of Bedford. The present-making public will do well to compare the Literary Souvenir with all other illustrated Annuals before they decide upon which it will be most to their interest to purchase; and Messrs. Hurst and Robinson will do better still if they will contrive to publish their work as soon after Mr. Ackermann's as possible another year, for there are great numbers of people who buy the first of these books they can lay their hands upon. Like a lady of a "certain age," who catches at the first offer that is made her, without waiting for contingencies, John Bull invariably purchases the first "annual" that is published; it is therefore incumbent upon those more especially interested in the Literary Souvenir, to take "Time by the forelock."

THOUGHTS ON TRANSLATION.

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few, but such as cannot write, translate.

It has been somewhere said, that every thing suffers in translation but a bishop; of the church I am not disposed to say anything at present, but nothing can more forcibly prove the truth of the former part of the observation, than the general ignorance of foreign works of merit evinced by persons unacquainted with languages. Were translations just, this could not be. Is it not a natural supposition, that a work which has delighted a whole nation in one language, supposing its interest hinges not upon local or transient circumstances, must, if faithfully rendered into another language, produce a similar effect? That the chefs-d'œuvre of foreign nations have failed in producing any sensation in England, is perfectly notorious. The query then is, "Have their translators been competent to their task?" Look at the fate of those Anglicised works which have obtained celebrity in their respective languages, and *there* read your answer. They have been "done into English" by the under-literary characters, men who are not capable of writing anything original themselves—whose ideas are too few, common place, and contracted, to give birth even to a sonnet, and yet forsooth, they fancy they can do that which requires a double capacity: but

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Translation is considered by them a mere mechanical labour, whereas theirs should not only be an intimate acquaintance with the language, but (I speak particularly of poetry) a genius capable of receiving and communicating the "divine" inspiration of the author. Macpherson, the ingenious translator—or, if you will, the disingenuous author—of Ossian, said, "A translator who cannot equal his original is incapable of expressing its beauties." Translation, in fact, requires a more varied genius than any description of writing, as besides the natural "os divinum," which enables us to conceive and express fine ideas, we have to create the *same inspiration* which was infused into our author—

Vain, till your heart is warm'd, the task to steal
The fire from other bosoms—

and equally vain are the attempts at faithful translations by men, however great their genius, unless they be *naturally and habitually* disposed to the same *mode* of thinking, and *style* of writing, as the author intended to be translated. For

The chord that wakes in kindred hearts a tone,
Must first be tuned and vibrate in our own.

Even Milton—the sublime Milton—has failed of infusing in his translations of Horace, "the life, ornament, and grace" of that polished and pleasing poet. Milton could not sport with the kid without showing the stateliness and majesty of the lion—ex uno disce omnes. He thus stiffly and freezingly translated that elegant and liquid ode beginning with "Quis multa gracilis te, puer, in rosâ"—

Who now enjoys thee, credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful, &c.

I have always thought Dryden should have translated Homer, and

Pope, Virgil, for the same reason that a translation of Rabelais * by Swift or Sterne would be preferred before one by Dr. Johnson, or a translation of the Code of Justinian by the lexicographer, before either of the forenamed reverends; a better adaptation of their powers to the subject, which implies the more natural bent of their genius.

The above observations refer chiefly to translators of genius, which are very few, the majority having "mens sine pondere."

Most of our authors would unfortunately consider it a prostitution of their talents to enlighten the literature of their country with aught, save the halo's flickering around their own "divine" productions.

They satiate the public almost "usque ad nauseam," with their own brain-progeny, which, like the pulsations of a lorn maiden's heart, come "*quick and heavy.*" Now a translation would amuse the reading world, and add to the reputation of our authors. There is another evil attending the want of translations. It leads to the formation of a vast fry of petty authors, who, from "a happy knack" at joining sentences, manage to compile books from the German, &c. and call them originals.

Many modern works which have amused the public, and have almost obtained for their authors, the title of men of genius, will be found to be nothing but an union of remnants, "shreds and patches," by an adept at "fine-drawing." Yet how few are there capable of detecting this species of literary smuggling. At the head of this class stood Monk Lewis, the Napoleon of romance and devilry. He must thank the Germans for it. It would be difficult to find a page in some of his romances free from plagiary. Yet it says not a little for his genius, that The Monk—*his* best—if not, *the* best romance—contains the fewest plagiarisms, but even there, the reader acquainted with German literature will find not a few. Even "the master spirits" of our age have thought themselves safe in the general ignorance, and have risked part of their reputation by copying from one with whom the whole world should be familiar, Goethe—the author of Faust. Nothing can, perhaps, more strongly illustrate the want of translations than the preceding fact, that Lord Byron and Walter Scott should so presume on the ignorance of their countrymen as to openly, and without acknowledgment, commit such glaring plagiarisms as the opening of "The Bride of Abydos," and the character of Fenella in "Peveril of the Peak."

In a country like England, where literature is so much encouraged, such a state of affairs is almost degrading. Scarcely any of the German or Italian authors are known to us except by name. Wieland has indeed been introduced to us by Mr. Sotheby; but of Goethe, Schiller, Schlegel, Tieck, Lessing, and various others among the Germans—who at present possess a greater portion of intellect than any country in Europe—we still want translations. But I forget myself—Schiller's beautiful drama of "The Robbers" has been prosed into English by the Rev. Wm. Render, as well as by three or four other *equally* eminent literary characters. The English version of Lessing's Fables, published by Hunt, is really very spirited; and the late translation of

* Had a translation of Rabelais been in existence, neither Gulliver's Travels nor Tristram Shandy would have been considered original.

Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" is beautiful—almost perfect. "Faust" has also been versified into English by Lord L. Gower, and *very prettily* has it been done too; yet, what a *faint, undulating, watery reflection* of the original. The powerful translation of the finest scene of "Faust" by the late Mr. Shelley, is worthy of these genii of the grand, the lovely and the beautiful. And why are Alfieri and Monti, amongst the Italians, to be left out? Such an ignorance of anything out of our own circle must tend to a nervousness of mind—a confined idea of literature in general—and an over-weening arrogance in our own. Nothing tends more to a diminution of pride than knowledge; and the observation which is applied to man, is equally applicable to literature—The more we know, the less we shall have to be proud of. This observation must not be considered as an attempt to depreciate our own authors: most of them are indeed too deeply and too justly rooted in the estimation of their countrymen for me to shake them, even if I wished it. The names of Shelley, Byron, Scott, Moore, Maturin, Coleridge, and perhaps Wordsworth, will descend to posterity with "everlasting honours green," as the brightest ornaments of a shining age. But it should be remembered, they have not as yet held a *tête-à-tête* with their foreign contemporaries—having shone without comparison, which is the test of beauty. Germany cannot come under this censure; it is as well acquainted with our literature as it is with its own; and the Germans boast with justice, that Shakspeare is better understood amongst them than in England.

Till translations are undertaken by persons possessing the "curiosa felicitas" of "fetively dighting" their original in an easy yet elegant garb—and till the public become less conceited as to the immaculateness of their "divinities,"—this evil can never be remedied. England will remain like the planet Saturn, too far removed to enjoy the light of the sun, and obliged to depend upon that of his own moons. The comparison indeed is the stronger, as the moons *borrow* the light that they shed.

Though hundreds may understand a language in a common way, still a moderate acquaintance with it is not sufficient to make one capable of feeling the beauties of a poem, much less of discovering and appreciating the *shades* of poetry often contained in a *single word*. This requires a perfect mastery over the language, a good ear, and a fine taste. It spoils, too, the enthusiasm which the perusal of a poem excites, to be obliged to ponder over the meaning, as the lexico-versionists are necessarily obliged to do.

There are some works which call more loudly for translation than even the modern authors who have been mentioned—such as Ariosto, Tasso, Calderon, Garcilasso, *—authors whose language becomes more antiquated, and to foreigners more unintelligible. Pulci, too,—

——"the sire of the half-serious rhyme,"—

in whose style Lord Byron wrote his fascinating yet wayward Don Juan, —was not known to the English reader, till a translation of the first canto of his Morgante Maggiore appeared in The Liberal. Mr. Cary deserves the thanks of all lovers of literature for his admirable translation of Dante. Before his undertaking, we had been talking of Dante ever

* Our Correspondent seems to be wholly unacquainted with Mr. Wiffen's beautiful translations of Tasso and Garcilasso. Ed.

since he wrote, without understanding him. It is the only perfect translation as a whole in England. Ariosto, Tasso, and Boccacio, still want the same service. Homer, too, of whom critics have been talking 2,000 years, still wants translating. Pope's no more contains the poetry of Homer, than Chapman's contains the polished language of Pope. But for persons whose ears are not to be offended with a rough versification, and sometimes quaint expressions, Chapman's translation is by far the best. Pope's is like an ornamented tree, cut into artificial shapes to please the beholders, whilst Chapman's is like a venerable oak, with some of its branches indeed bare, rough, and doddered, but otherwise blooming with all the glory of natural magnificence. C.

THE ANTIQUARY'S PORTFOLIO. *

Under this title Mr. Forsyth has brought together a great variety of useful and interesting matter, to which the reader may refer with advantage for entertainment and instruction; and much that he will meet with in perusing these unpretending but meritorious volumes, will please him with their originality, as well as by their happy illustrations of manners and of history. We wish that all Antiquaries filled their Portfolios to as good purpose as our author, who, with a happy talent, discriminates between what is valuable and worthless, and applies the information which he finds with sagacity and skill to the elucidation of his subjects. The vast mass of manuscript materials which our public libraries present for the antiquary's researches, might be ransacked without cessation for years, and furnish forth a number of collections like the present, to shed new and important lights on the habits of our ancestors, the customs, rites, and usages of by-gone times, and even on the striking events of our history; for it is not to be denied that our most popular historians have been content to borrow from each other their materials, rather than to explore themselves the parchment mine of records, which if it be the dryest, is yet the surest mode of reconciling disputed facts, and of arraying incidents and characters in their genuine lights and colours, with the charm of individuality and truth. In a work like the present, formed from a variety of heterogeneous materials, collected it is possible at various times, we must not look for a perfect order of arrangement; yet if there be a fault in the author's plan, it is, we think, the *too* desultory manner with which he passes from one subject to another strangely differing in nature. The variety, however, will with many atone for this defect, if indeed it be one. The first volume contains many curious particulars of the customs and manners of our Anglo-Saxon and Norman forefathers; of the arts, sciences, and commerce of England, from the Heptarchy to the reign of Henry the Fourth; singular incidents, biographical sketches, characteristic traits, and anecdotes of the English and Scotch governments in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; sketches of the manners, virtues, vices, cus-

* The Antiquary's Portfolio, or Cabinet Selection of Historical and Literary Curiosities on subjects principally connected with the manners, customs, and morals; civil, military, and ecclesiastical government, &c. &c. of Great Britain, during the middle and latter ages. By J. S. Forsyth, 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 793. London: Wightman.

toms, language, dress, diet, and diversions of the people of Great Britain, from the accession of Henry the Fourth to that of Edward the Sixth; an abstract of characteristics, and letters to distinguished persons from the time of Edward the Third to James the Second. We greatly enjoy these expositions of the quaint minds and usages of past generations, these Pompeii-like disinterments of forgotten things from the oblivious sleep of centuries. Nor has the second volume fewer claims upon our curiosity and commendation. The historical particulars of London in the reign of Henry the Second, and of the manners, fashions, and literature of the times of Charles and James, which Evelyn and Pepys have so largely unveiled to us, and with such endearing simplicity, form an interesting fund of amusement for those who may not have it in their power or inclination to wade through the prolix quartos from which they are extracted. One of the most interesting papers is an historical notice of Christian, the Mankesman, who figures so much in "Peveril of the Peak;" and whose character is here disenchanted down from the height and breadth to which the northern enchanter has worked it up, to its authentic shape and stature. He appears to have been, after an imprisonment of seven or eight years, the victim of incorrigible obstinacy, according to one,—of ruthless tyranny, according to another vocabulary; but resembling the character of the novel in nothing but unconquerable courage. The eloquent speech which he delivered at the place of execution, is given in this work, but it is too long to be extracted here; the boldness with which he met his death, however, recommend him to our admiration, and with this we must conclude our notice. Having finished his speech—

He fell upon his knees, and passed some time in prayer; then rising exceedingly cheerful, he addressed the soldiers appointed for his execution, saying, "Now for you, who are appointed by lot to be my executioners, I do freely forgive you." He requested them and all present to pray for him, adding, "There is but a thin veil betwixt me and death; once more I request your prayers, for now I take my last farewell.

The soldiers wished to bind him to the spot on which he stood. He said, "Trouble not yourselves or me; for I that dare face death in whatever form he comes, will not start at your fire and bullets; nor can the power you have deprive me of my courage." At his desire a piece of white paper was given him, which with the utmost composure he pinned to his breast, to direct them where to aim; and after a short prayer addressed the soldiers thus,—"Hit this, and you do your own and my work." And presently after, stretching forth his arms, which was the signal he gave them, he was shot through the heart, and fell.

SONNET TO ——.

Woe for the radiant shapes that come and pass
With such entrancing power before the sight,
Making the bosom that before was light,
A haunt for all sad fantasies! Alas!
For the sweet glancings of those eyes which glass
Their inward beauty on the heart, till pain
Springs from enchantment, and we scarce restrain
Tears, wild as fountains from a deep morass!
Why was I born a poet, to behold
All blessed things with love? The village hind,
Whose heart is stubborn as the sordid mould
He rudely toils o'er, has a happier mind:
Turn thy mild eyes away—they chain like gold;
Turn them away—they strike my spirit blind! W.

THE CHILD OF IMPULSE.

Sybilla had the misfortune to be born a genius; or, more correctly speaking, she had the misfortune to know that every body thought her one. She had therefore indulged that waywardness of temper, and that eccentricity of habit, which silly people consider the *necessary* accompaniments, and, indeed, the sufficient proof of superior intellect,—until waywardness and eccentricity became by adoption a part of her nature. It is thus that affectation becomes eventually its own punishment.

Having lost her mother when only an infant, and her father before she had attained her tenth year, the superintendance of her education unfortunately devolved upon some very rich, very ignorant, and, consequently, very injudicious relatives. They thought (and there are many wiser persons who countenance the absurdity,) that men, women, and children of genius, are entitled to set at defiance all the established usages of society, and be a "law unto themselves;" that not only necessarily, but legitimately, they may be more idle and unreasonable than the whole world besides,—a privilege of which, it must be owned, geniuses are not backward in availing themselves.

Sybilla's uncle and aunt, having no children of their own, were the more anxious that their niece (to use their own phrase) should become a "shining character" and "cut a figure in the world." Sybilla, to do her justice, met their wishes more than halfway; but like many other women, who *long for distinction*, she took the worst method of acquiring the worst kind of distinction, and supposed that she was eminent when, in fact, she was only notorious.

The spoiled child grew up into the impetuous girl, alternately the pet and plague of all around her—vain and arrogant as may be,—but capable of being governed by strong sense and strong affection, qualities which were not united in any one connected with her. Of course she was not much troubled with unpalatable truths, for the servants and dependants of her uncle discovered, with the quick cunning of vulgar minds, that to fawn and flatter her were easier and surer methods of forwarding their interests.

But Sybilla, with a strange, but not uncommon perversity, while she exacted homage from all around her, knew its worthlessness. When she walked through the village, and was met, at every turn, by the deep reverences of old and young, she knew that they were offered by some to the *uncle's favourite;* and by others, from a selfish regard for the niece's *pocket money*.

She was not equally penetrating on another point, for she really believed that the plaudits which followed her recitations of her own poetry, at her uncle's dinner-parties, were tributes of respect to *her* talents, and not to *his* wines. Nor was she aware, that the very ladies, who most loudly whispered to her aunt their admiration of "such a prodigy," yet more loudly whispered elsewhere, that all "such prodigies were hateful." Poor Sybilla believed every thing she heard, and as she heard nothing but what was pleasant, she believed infinitely more than was true.

Before reaching the age of sixteen, she had been sent to six different schools, every one of which professed to teach *upon a new system.* Vain were the respective attractions of "receiving a limited number of pupils"—of "treating every young lady as one of the family"—of "salubrious situation," and "silver forks at dinner." Vain were the promises of "scrupulous attention to religious instruction," though backed by a "dress ball every half year." Sybilla remained at none of these "establishments for young ladies," longer than three months; and two of them she left under six weeks. She gave no other reason to her too fond relatives, than that she "could not make herself contented;" but her real and influencing causes of dislike to the six seminaries were, that at three, she was required to learn her lessons correctly; and at one, was not allowed to read novels; that at another she was expected to be correct in the first rules of arithmetic; and, at the last, was punished for writing an ode to the moon, by an open window one frosty night.

Private masters were then engaged as a last resource; and Sybilla was to learn *every thing* at home. They came in troops at the command of that potent magician, MONEY, to impart all that human brains can give out, and all that human brains can take in; previously informed by her aunt, that their pupil elect was born a genius—cut out for a poetess, and the heir to her uncle's property; that they must make her clever at every thing,—never contradict her,—and be very reasonable in their terms. To these contrary orders the various masters could only bow—take snuff—and hope the young lady would be reasonable also.

For a month,—and it did not seem to Sybilla as to Hamlet, a "*little* month,"—she was pronounced at the end of the last week, by each of her dozen masters, the most promising pupil they "had ever the honour of attending." At the end of six weeks their reports were rather more dubiously worded: "the young lady was certainly a prodigy, only she would neither play, draw, sing, read, learn, nor remember any thing that required the slightest trouble." The seventh week matters assumed a darker aspect. The grammarian had attended, and been informed that "Miss Sybilla was riding by herself, no one knew where." The linguist had arrived, and "Miss Sybilla was unfortunately gone a fishing some miles off;" and the mathematician had been dismissed, with the intelligence that "Miss Sybilla was composing an epitaph on a favourite cat, and did not feel in sufficient spirits for Euclid."

As may be expected, remonstrances, censures, promises, and even threats were tried; and, as may be expected, were tried in vain. At the end of two months, Sybilla announced in her most decided manner, that she would have no more masters, as she was determined to *teach herself.* After a little altercation she carried her point. Each master received his money and took his leave, internally declaring that he would rather encounter an idiot, than another young lady born a genius and cut out for a poetess.

Sybilla's plan of private study was, of course, every thing *but* a plan, and any thing *but* study. She certainly read and wrote a great deal, and she assured every one, that she thought a great deal more, but that was as it might be. The last book regulated her movements, and those

who knew what that was, could generally presage before hand, the nature of her next mental fever. If it were Dugald Stewart, the symptoms would have been logic and long walks;—if Lord Byron, turbans and Turkey coffee;—if Coleridge, moonlight and metaphysics.

"Expect not perfection, but look for consistency," says the venerable author of Cœlebs; but then she never knew Sybilla, or she would as soon have looked for one as the other,—for she was, indeed,

> ——— A deceiver ever,
> One foot on land, and one on shore,
> To one thing constant never,

no, not even to her friends, who, reckoning those who had been dispatched to the *blue room*, and those (never less in number than six,) who were the angels of the time being, were as numerous and short-lived as Blue Beard's wives.

But glaring as were Sybilla's faults, she yet possessed qualities which, if they did not redeem, almost gilded them. The accurate observer would have discovered in the vain and wayward girl, capabilities which only wanted directing to proper objects. There was a wild energy about her temper, which accomplished every thing by sudden effort; and by a succession of sudden efforts, she accomplished much. She could, and she would, think for herself on all points; but she never thought to a conclusion on any one. Continually exciting expectations, and as continually disappointing them,—determined by accident, and governed by impulse,—if her faults seldom provoked anger, her virtues as rarely obtained respect. She pursued nothing any longer than whilst it dazzled her imagination; and valued nothing after she found that it was attainable. She felt her superiority to those around her, and she despised them; but she felt her inferiority to those of whom she read, and she despised herself. A complete compound of contradictions,—of strength of will and infirmity of purpose,—of talent and gross ignorance,—of satire and sensibility.

Such was Sybilla at nineteen; an object of alternate envy, admiration, pity, and contempt.

At length, all who knew her, tired of repeating "What will she do next?" rationally determined to be surprised at nothing that she might do. Two bets were made—one, that she would turn catholic; and the other, that she would drown herself. There is no saying what may eventually be the case; but on the occasion in point, the betters were disappointed, and perhaps it was *better* that they should be so. Sybilla fell in love; at least, her friends very wisely allowed her to think so, lest contradiction should change a laughable fiction into a *sad reality*. At Cheltenham she met with a little, small-eyed, sallow, woolly-haired German, who affirmed that he had served under Blucher, which, *of course*, was true, since his left hand was short of a little finger, and he wore immense mustachios. He also "claimed kindred" to some grand duke, whose territories were as large as the county of Rutland; and here again, *of course*, his claims must be allowed, since he had his Highness's likeness on his snuff-box, or at least the likeness of some one ugly enough to be his "Highness," and

assured every one that they were *real* brilliants which surrounded it. But these were not half his attractions. He spoke English very indifferently; but there his very hesitation made him more interesting; and when he could not make himself understood, he had such a *speaking* smile! Then he showed autographs, and told anecdotes of Goethe and Schiller, and had French periodicals and pocket handkerchiefs; and, lastly, he drank coffee like a Turk, and waltzed like an angel.

In two days Sybilla discovered that he was not intellectually ugly, and that she hated handsome men. In two more he prevailed on her to teach him English grammar, and compared her to Corinna and Madame de Staël; while Sybilla discovered him to be the most acute judge of character she ever beheld. The next day he sighed very deeply between breakfast and dinner, besides looking at her with tears in his eyes; and Sybilla began to wonder what ailed her. But the last morning of the week, she overheard him repeating (as she supposed) German poetry, when, in fact, he was swearing at his servant; and she wrote to inform each of her six friends for the time being, that she was in love.

How all this would have ended may be easily guessed; but happily the wayward girl had one, though only one, judicious friend, who never lost sight of her in all her faults, follies, whims, and wanderings. This lady (of course, not included amongst the six,) had been her mother's friend, and in spite of every thing was still a tried and faithful friend to the daughter. With strong attachment she combined two powers, which are irresistible when managed by woman—reason and ridicule. When Sybilla was reasonable, she used the former; when ridiculous, she had recourse to the latter. In the present instance she had ample occasion for both. This friend, who continually contradicted, never flattered, and rarely praised her, was the only person who possessed the slightest influence over the ungovernable girl, whom she had followed to Cheltenham on the first intimation of her proceedings, and found discussing metaphysics with her intellectual German.

There was a piercing penetration in her eyes when she entered the room, which convinced the German that his pretensions would be speedily unmasked, and his power annihilated. He therefore soon retired to smoke a cigar for the head-ache. The steady, calm determination of her manner, as soon convinced Sybilla that she was come with full power to take her home. Neither party was deceived. Vain were remonstrances,—vain was passion,—vain was penitence for the past; and vainer still were promises for the future. Her friend, fully convinced that she had already made herself sufficiently notorious to prove that she was a genius, was inexorable; and with few but weighty words convinced her, that, if not with her own will, most certainly by the will of others, she would take her seat in the carriage next morning, and leave Cheltenham. Sybilla, too proud to offer ineffectual resistance, dried her tears, and determined to be a heroine with all convenient dispatch. She found, however, some means before their departure, to convey a short billet to her intellectual German, in which she assured him she "should die of grief," and concluded her epistle with five similes and three quotations. She was so happy as to receive in reply

a billet couched in German English, doubly valuable in her eyes, because half unintelligible; but she made out that her lover was "fully resolved to die whenever she did;"—and what could even a heroine desire more?

During their journey home, Sybilla had abundant leisure to think over the behaviour of the various heroines who had suffered, either in verse or story, trials similar to her own. She was determined to die for love in about the space of three months, that was certain; but there were so many approved fashions of dying, that she was bewildered by the variety. There was Eva—how would that be? pale, pensive, patient, silent, breathing no sigh, shedding no tear—always wearing white, and a rose bud in her bosom. Or there was Zaire—philosophy, dishevelled hair, neglected dress,—eyes red with weeping;—or there was Emily in Happiness—that would do best of all—she would take to her bed and write poetry the moment she reached home.

Her friend was too wise to attempt any arguments until she had some slight hope that they would be listened to. Then with firmness, but yet with feeling, and all that tact with which woman knows how to assail woman, she endeavoured to make some impression upon Sybilla, which *might* (it was but a forlorn hope) be permanent. She drew a melancholy picture—melancholy, because true to nature—of a girl of high capabilities, moral and intellectual, frittering them away on every evanescent trifle,—a brilliant bauble—useless and contemptible, because inconsistent, driven hither and thither by every passing wind, the pity of the wise, and the contempt of even the foolish, while capable of winning that higher praise than admiration—respect; of acquiring that still greater blessing—the approbation of her own conscience. Sybilla wept, and wept bitterly, for the reproofs of her friend were loudly echoed by the reproaches of her own heart; and in the warmth of compunction she half resolved, instead of dying for love, to live and become a model of perseverance, usefulness, self-command, and every other human virtue:—she would found a school, and superintend it herself; she would give up all literature and literary pursuits; she would take to mob caps and stuff gowns, and henceforth devote all her time and energies to the poor.

Minds like Sybilla's have really very great pleasure in making good resolutions, the greater, perhaps, as they never bind themselves to the trouble of keeping them. They flatter themselves with manifesting energy of character, and decision of will, when they are, in fact, merely indulging themselves with some new whims; nevertheless they generally applaud themselves, and require as much applause from others, as though the glory of talking about an action were equal to that of performing it.

Sybilla yet lives, and is as much of the camelion as ever. Since her Cheltenham journey, she has been a Methodist, a Misanthrope, a Phrenologist, and a Blue, besides sundry minor changes too numerous to mention. Surely, like the Roman Emperor, who offered a reward for a new pleasure, she will be constrained to advertise for a new pursuit. What *will* she do next?

YOUNG LESLIE.

A BALLAD,

Founded on a passage in the History of the Ancient and Noble Family of the Rothes.

YOUNG Leslie has left the Rothes Hall,
A soldier of fortune to be;
The sobs have burst from his mother's heart,
The tears from his father's e'e.

He has wrung his father by the hand,
He has kiss'd his mother and sisters three—
But he durst not look at his orphan-love,
All pale in her silent agony!

He has mounted his steed—his raven-grey,—
He has waved his gloveless hand,—
He has dashed his spurs to the nave, and away
To fight in a foreign land!

He has sworn by his love, his King, and his God,
Not to tarnish his father's name—
To vanquish the foe in his fiercest mood,
Or to fall in the field of fame.

And he kept his oath, as an oath should be kept,
Like his vow to his orphan fair;
Of the thousands that fought, and the thousands that bled—
Young Leslie was noblest there.

The sun has set dark on the Balmbriech * towers;
The leaf withers yellow and sear;
His fond mother sighs o'er the lingering hours;
His sisters, they whisper their fear:

And his orphan wanders—she wanders alone—
And she prays—and she prays but for him;
She dreams of her warrior lord and her love,
And she weeps till her bright eyes are dim!

Oh weep! maiden, weep!—for thy true lover lies
Where the bravest and boldest should be:
With his sword still ungrasped and his face to the skies,
On the battle-field coldly sleeps he!

WHAT IS MEMORY?

WHAT is memory? 'Tis the light
Which beacons life—a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night;
An echo—time the passing sound;
A mirror—its bright surface shows
Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret;
A shadowy shore; a beam that glows
Long after sun and star have set;
A leaf, nor storm nor scathe can fade;
An ark on Time's bereaving sea;
A perfume from a flower decay'd;
A splendid mine—is memory!

C. S—N.

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* Balmbriech Castle, an ancient seat of the Rothes family, on the romantic shores of the river Tay.

A MAN OF FACT AND A MAN OF FANCY.

A Conversation.

Man of Fancy. Now, my very venerable friend, what may you have been doing since I last quarelled with you? Come, sir, illuminate me as to what have you been doing?

Man of Fact. I have been thinking, young man, on practical subjects.

M. of Fancy. "Thinking is but an idle waste of thought." Not my own, sir—a quotation.

M. of Fact. Ridiculous enough to be original. Pray, how can you prove, for proof—proof, sir, is all that divides the decisions of a wise man from the assertions of a raw, ill-taught, unlearned—

M. of Fancy. Sprig, like myself. I take—I take, my venerable friend. Why, then—

M. of Fact. Sir, how can you possibly answer a query until it be put, by the querist, into a distinct, determinate, tangible form? The question I wish to ask is this:—How can you prove that *thinking*, or, in other words, the exertion of the intellectual powers, is an "idle waste of thought"?

M. of Fancy. Well, then, I prove *your* thinking to be "an idle *waste*," because nothing ever springs from it, except the thorns and thistles of contradiction.

M. of Fact. There you are again, sir, using the same word in two different senses. Now, sir, will you be kind enough to reach down Johnson, the third book on the fourth shelf of the middle compartment; and just look what meaning he attaches to the word *waste*, used as I used it.

M. of Fancy. On my vivacity, you get more intolerable every time I see you. Here you have spent ten minutes in splintering a quotation of five words. No need to look in Johnson for the meaning of the word *waste*.

M. of Fact. To tell you what I think, sir,—you are a puppy.

M. of Fancy. To tell you what all the world says, sir,—you are a bore.

M. of Fact. Illiberal—unjust—contemptuous—

M. of Fancy. Don't say so, my dear fellow; for I assure you, you have the credit of being a *great* one.

M. of Fact. Come, come, sir, all this may be very fine amongst your brother mad-caps; but remember, sir, your present company,—the respect due to my age, standing reputation,—to a translator of Horace,—a commentator upon Virgil,—

M. of Fancy. Rome destroyed by the Goths!

M. of Fact. Ah, now I have hopes of you. That sentence proves you capable of remembering facts. Yes, sir, Rome *was* destroyed by the Goths.

M. of Fancy. I meant Horace, sir; I meant something very impertinent.

M. of Fact. Or rather, *inaccurate;* a mistake as to a date, name, or circumstance can scarcely be called *impertinent.* Of all things, my good young friend, avoid a loose, vague, equivocal use of *words;* you will find them far more important than *things.*

M. of Fancy. My dear good old proser, wit, not philosophy, is *my*

trade; and therefore I *must* use words in a loose, vague, equivocal manner.

M. of Fact. Wit, sir, is not a trade, nor yet a profession; neither is it a commodity which can be bought and sold.

M. of Fancy. But it may be brought to market.

M. of Fact. Wit, sir, according to Locke—

M. of Fancy. Oh, I bar *Locke* till my capacity gets a *key* to open him.

M. of Fact. You incorrigible boy, what has Locke on the Human Understanding to do with a key?

M. of Fancy. Bless my life, sir, don't you know a pun when you hear it? and a very good pun too, one that will serve me nine or ten times to-day, do to allude to to-morrow, and afterwards to balaamize in a newspaper.

M. of Fact. A pun, sir, is the using one word in two different senses,—it is a verbal deception, an ingenious commentary. A *key*, sir, is not a pun upon *Locke*, because it is not the same word.

M. of Fancy. Then Locke's own capital pun upon *idea* and *ideot* was not a correct one.

M. of Fact. What pun? I never met with it in his philosophical works: what was it?

M. of Fancy. Why, a lady told him, she had carefully perused his Essay, and understood it thoroughly, except one word, which was continually occurring:—Would he inform her who or what was I-DEA? He told her it was the feminine gender of I-DEOT! The lady was illuminated, and retired with a *new* idea.

M. of Fact. Very extraordinary definition: I must think about it. But are you satisfied as to the *fact?*

M. of Fancy. Not I, indeed; I am satisfied as to the fancy. Who cares for biographical notices of a pun? A flash is a flash; if you see it, that is sufficient.

M. of Fact. Not for me, sir; though it may for random rantipoles, like yourself. WIT, sir, should be as logical as METAPHYSICS.

M. of Fancy. Exactly so, the essential beauty of both consisting in the art of *twisting words into as many meanings as possible.*

M. of Fact. POETRY, sir, even the wildest and most romantic, should be formed upon principles as profound and unvarying as those which regulate the MATHEMATICS.

M. of Fancy. Indisputably, as both are sciences of *lines.* I am very happy, my old friend, in the unexpected pleasure of agreeing with you.

M. of Fact. Ah, my dear boy, you will find, as you grow older, that I know a great deal more, and that you know a great deal less, than you had previously supposed.—But, pray, what are you rummaging about, amongst those calculations?

M. of Fancy. Ah, here it is,—the very thing for you! Now, sir, I can show you a really logical piece of poetry, founded on mathematical principles,—embracing all kinds of knowledge,—old as the hills, too,—suit you to a hair. Now, listen, while I discover science in an old song:—

As I went into Derby,—

There's geography to start with, my old *factotum*:

Upon a market day,—

Chronology, you Chaldee:

I saw the finest fat ram, sir,
Was ever fed upon hay.—

Now, sir, there is law in those two lines, because we see an attention to *cause* and *effects*: the *hay* was the first, sir; the *fatness*, the latter. Well—

This ram was fat behind, sir;
This ram was fat before;
This ram was a hundred yards round,—

There's the bold, startling assertion of poetry appealing to the imagination,—

And I'm sure it was no more—

comes afterwards, to satisfy the understanding, by the force of matter-of-fact testimony. Observe, sir, no hesitation,—no *ifs* and *abouts*,—but a simple, accurate statement—

I'm *sure* it was no more.

M. of Fact. It beats Byron, in my opinion.

M. of Fancy. Byron, sir, *couldn't* have written this.—But let me finish. I have more wonders still:—

The horns which grew on this ram, sir,
Were fifty cubits high,—

Is not architecture implied there, think ye? Aye, and music too, if we only suppose that some ignorant transcriber omitted before "horns" the epithet *French* or *German*. Again—

And the eagles built their nests there,—
I heard the young ones cry.

Natural or *un*natural history, whichever you please.

The butcher who killed this ram, sir,
Was drowned in the blood;
The boy who held the bowl, sir,
Was carried away by the flood.

Here, sir, we have tragedy, comedy, pathos, bathos, sequence, syllogism, climax, and catastrophe, all in one! I could write a commentary of fifty pages upon this old song, garnished well with historical anecdotes, and judiciously eked out with contradictory opinions.

M. of Fact. Never again do you raise an outcry against *facts*, and lovers of facts.

M. of Fancy. Never again do you speak slightingly of *fancy*, and followers of fancy.

THE EXCHANGE.

By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

We pledged our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But, oh, I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went and shook like any reed,
I strove to act the man in vain;
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

Literary Souvenir.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

WHETHER Madame de Genlis was more or less distinguished by genius and personal accomplishments than her celebrated contemporary, Madame de Staël—whether the charges so often brought against Madame la Comtesse be true or false—and whether she was in reality the beautiful, amiable, talented, and persecuted woman she represents herself,—are matters comparatively unimportant. Her Memoirs form one of the most entertaining publications that has for some time issued from the press; and it is beyond all question that she was a most extraordinary woman, placed for the greater part of her life in most extraordinary circumstances. It would be morally impossible for either a French man or woman to write a book which should not occasionally shock or disgust an English reader. Their productions are marked by such incorrigible flippancy—such a love of sweeping assertions and sudden conclusions—such a perpetual recurrence of scenes and sentiments—to say nothing of their frequent derelictions of delicacy—they are so serious about trifles, and so trifling about serious things, that in truth, it is no breach of charity to say, that most French *writers* require French *readers*. From these national peculiarities the Memoirs of Madame de Genlis are not by any means free, but they are relieved by a very unusual proportion of sound sense and good feeling—qualities which differ materially from those termed in modern parlance, *fine* sense and *beautiful* feeling. We never laid down the Memoirs of this interesting and ill-starred woman, without the wish that she had received an English education, for then assuredly she would not have been allowed to figure for nine months as "Love" attired in a rose coloured dress, bearing moreover (except when at church) the insignia of the wings, bow, and quiver; nor afterwards, for a period of two years, to assume an "elegant male dress;" nor would she have passed all her time in acting plays, reciting, fencing, and other green-room accomplishments. That a person so singularly educated, or rather not educated at all, should in maturer age have done many things unaccountable in the sight of rational beings, is perfectly consistent. Thus, we are not surprised when Madame, during her husband's temporary absence, is placed in the Abbey of Origny, to hear that she ran about the corridors at midnight "in strange disguises, generally attired as the devil, with horns on her head, and her face blackened;"—nor that afterwards, when presiding over her own château, she went to fetch water for bathing, astride on a great plough horse;—nor, in fact, at any of the thousand and one pranks which she details with a serious *naïveté* which is perfectly bewitching. But the reader *is* surprised to observe, as he proceeds, this untameable creature's absolute passion for knowledge—her unparalleled industry—and, making the requisite allowances, her sound sense and good feeling. It is well known that she was for many years an inmate of the Palais Royal, and afterwards took the *entire* charge of the children of the unfortunate Duke of Orleans. Her details concerning the scholars and scholastic exercises of Belle Chasse, are often sufficiently tiresome, but oftener they are both interesting and instructive. The account of her flight and exile in company with her

illustrious and unfortunate pupil, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, is really touching; and Madame de Genlis compels us not only to admire her versatile and vigorous talents, but to *respect* her moral principles. After all, the main interest of the book consists in its introducing us to many celebrated coteries, and in giving us a store of anecdotes respecting individuals whose rank secluded them from general observation. These *memorabilia* are so profusely scattered, that the task of selection is really difficult. We think, however, the following will amuse the reader.

Madame de Montesson was aunt to Madame de Genlis; she was a finished manœuverer, and at length succeeded in persuading the old Duke of Orleans to marry her. Her niece gives a very minute and amusing account of the stratagems employed by the wily lady to effect her purpose. We select the following from many anecdotes of a similar nature.

She was trying to convince the Duke of Orleans that her unfortunate *sentiment* deprived her of sleep and appetite, that she could no longer either eat or sleep. In his presence she was certainly rigorously abstemious—but she made amends in his absence. It is true that she never sat down to table in her own house, but though she had no regular formal meals, she partook of food five or six times a day. One evening that I was with her, whilst we were certainly not expecting the duke, Mademoiselle Legrand, her waiting-maid, entered the room with a large silver porringer, holding some roast meat prepared with wine. In a careless and unwilling manner my aunt put the porringer on her lap, and by an *effort of reason* began to eat the roast meat, not a third of which remained when a carriage was heard entering the court. I hastened to the window, and said that it was the Duke of Orleans. My aunt rung the bell with violence, but Mademoiselle did not hurry herself, and when she came, said that the duke was immediately behind her. My aunt thinks of nothing but of getting rid of the remains of the *rotie*, hastily orders it to be taken away; and then, thinking the servants would meet the duke, she calls back Mademoiselle Legrand, and sharply bids her put the fatal porringer, cover and all, under the bed. She is obeyed; but at the same moment the folding door opens wide, and the duke appears. He perceived the odour of the wine, and my aunt admitted that she had taken a small spoonful of it. Her worn-out and languid look during the visit, so inclined me to laughter, that I had great difficulty in restraining myself.

Madame de Genlis states in her preface, that her motive for presenting these Memoirs to the world was, that she "could give a faithful picture of society now broken up and extinct; and of a century not only passed away, but absolutely effaced from the minds of the existing generation." This is true, and a very interesting portion of the Memoirs is that which describes the court manners and feelings which prevailed prior to the Revolution. We have been accustomed to consider the days of the *petits soupers* as the acme of brilliancy and refinement, and Madame de Genlis gives a very striking delineation of the rise, progress, decline, and fall of what was pompously designated the *grand society*. Her remarks are, however, too long for our present purpose, and we have taken the liberty of condensing them.

There now appeared in society a very numerous party of both sexes, who declared themselves the partisans, and depositaries of the old traditions respecting taste, etiquette, and morals themselves, which they boasted of having brought to perfection; they declared themselves supreme arbiters of all the proprieties of social life, and claimed for themselves exclusively the high sounding appellation of *good company*. This did not mean that it was the most numerous, but that, in the general opinion, it was the most choice and brilliant by the rank, personal estimation, *ton*, and manners of those who composed it. These, in parties too numerous to claim confidence, and at

the same time not sufficiently so to prevent conversation—these, in parties of fifteen or twenty individuals, were in fact united all the old French grace and politeness. All the means of pleasing and fascinating were combined with infinite skill. They felt that to distinguish themselves from low company and ordinary societies, it was necessary they should preserve the *ton* and manners that were the best indications of modesty, good-nature, indulgence, decency, mildness, and elevated sentiments. Thus good taste of itself taught them, that to dazzle and fascinate, it was necessary to borrow all the forms of the most amiable virtues. Politeness in these assemblies had all the ease and grace which it can desire from early habit and delicacy of mind; slander was banished from the *public* parties, for its keenness could not well have been combined with the charm of mildness that each person brought into the general store. Discussion never degenerated into personal dispute. Even in the private parties of the society, malignity always paid respect to the ties of blood, friendship, gratitude, and intimate acquaintance. There were rarely seen, at least at this period, any instances of shameless meanness, and this is saying a great deal. By a tacit and general convention, all enmities were suspended in society: not only those persons who were known to be notoriously hostile to each other, showed no mutual tokens of resentment, but they treated each other with all the outward tokens of regard and politeness. If all these appearances had been founded on moral feeling, we should have seen the golden age of civilization.

The following anecdote reminds us of the saying of Henry the Fourth, on receiving a memorial from his tailor relative to some points of political economy. "Go," said the Monarch to an attendant, "and fetch hither my Chancellor to measure me for a suit of clothes, since my tailor thinks himself able to make laws."

I frequently saw M. de Fleurieu, who was afterwards minister of the navy under Louis XVI. I never knew any person of so obliging a disposition. One day in calling on me, he found me engaged in trimming with flowers a gown, which I was to wear the next day, along with my maid and a milliner's apprentice. As I was quite undecided on the arrangement of my trimming, M. de Fleurieu gave his opinion, which was followed. He then set to work, cutting and sewing as well as the best workwoman, and all this with a seriousness and simplicity which made me ready to die with laughing: he reprimanded me for my levity, saying it occasioned loss of time. I had fastened the door, and we worked with great energy from seven in the evening till one in the morning, only interrupted by a slight supper, which did not last a quarter of an hour. The gown was finished, and met with the greatest admiration the next day; every body thought it charming.

The account which Madame de Genlis gives of her introduction to Voltaire is highly entertaining, and her remarks on that philosopher are extremely judicious. We quote a portion of the narrative; the whole would occupy too much space.

When I received M. de Voltaire's flattering reply, I was seized with a kind of terror which caused me to make the most disagreeable reflections. I recollected all that I had been told of persons who went for the first time to Ferney. It was the custom, especially for young females, to be agitated, to grow pale, and even to faint on seeing M. de Voltaire; they threw themselves into his arms, stammered in their speech, wept, and showed an emotion resembling the most impassioned love. This was the etiquette of a presentation at Ferney; M. de Voltaire was so accustomed to this kind of homage, that mere politeness, even the most obliging, appeared to him either a proof of impertinence or stupidity. I am, however, naturally reserved and timid with persons whom I do not know.

At last we arrived in the court of the château, I got out of our carriage. We first entered a dark anti-chamber. M. Ott (her companion) on perceiving a picture cried out—"It is a Correggio!" We went near it, but though placed in a bad light, it was in reality an original picture by Correggio, which M. Ott was exceedingly displeased at seeing hung in such a place. On entering the drawing-room we found it empty. M. Ott, saw at the other end of the room a large painting in oil, of which the figures were half the size of life. A splendid frame, and the honour of being placed in the drawing room, seemed to announce something important. On drawing near, to our great sur-

prise, we discovered a regular ale-house sign—a ridiculous picture, representing Voltaire surrounded with rays of glory like a saint, with the family of Calas at his feet, and trampling his enemies under them, Fréron, Pompignan, &c. who are expressing their humiliation by opening their mouths wide, and making the most hideous grimaces. M. Ott was indignant at the design and colouring, and at the whole composition. "How can any one think of placing such a thing in a drawing-room?" said I. "Yes," replied M. Ott, "and leave a picture of Correggio in a dark anti-chamber! The picture was entirely the invention of a miserable Geneyese painter, who had presented it to M. de Voltaire; but it appeared to me unaccountable how the latter could have had the bad taste thus pompously to expose so wretched a production.

During the whole time of dinner, M. de Voltaire was very far from being agreeable, he seemed always in a passion with his servants, incessantly crying out to them, and that too with such strength of lungs, that I often started involuntarily. As the dining-room repeated sounds very strongly, his tremendous voice reverberated in the most alarming manner. I had been told before hand of this singular foible, which it is so unusual for any one to display before strangers; and in fact, it was evident enough that it was the mere result of habit, for his servants were not surprised at it, or minded it in the least.

He was much broken down, and his old-fashioned style of dress made him look still older. He had a sepulchral tone of voice that made him look very stange, particularly as he had a custom of talking excessively loud, though he was not deaf. When neither religion nor his enemies were talked of, his conversation was simple and pleasing, without a particle of affectation, and consequently, with such wit and talent as he possessed, perfectly delightful. It seemed to me that he could not bear that any one should have different opinions from his own; and when opposed in the least degree, his manner became bitter. He had certainly lost much of the politeness and habits of society he had formerly been accustomed to, and it was quite natural that this should be the case. Since he had been residing here, people came to see him only to flatter, and to praise him to the skies; his opinions were held oracular, and all that surrounded him were his most humble worshippers.

We select a few detached anecdotes relative to celebrated characters.

Notwithstanding his prodigious fatness, the celebrated Gibbon was very gallant. One day being tête-à-tête with Madame de Cronzas, Gibbon wished to seize the favourable moment, and suddenly dropping on his knees, he declared his love in the most passionate terms. Madame de Cronzas replied in a tone likely to prevent a repetition of such a scene. Gibbon was thunderstruck, but still remained on his knees, though frequently desired to get up and resume his seat. "Sir," said Madame de Cronzas, "will you have the goodness to rise?"—"Alas, madam!" replied the unhappy lover, "I *cannot*!"—His size prevented him from rising without assistance; upon this, Madame de Cronzas rang the bell, saying to the servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

Dining one day at Madame Necker's, the Chevalier de Chastellux happened to arrive first of the company, and so early that the mistress of the house was not in the drawing-room; in walking about he saw on the ground under Madame Necker's chair a little book, which he picked up; it was a white paper book, of which several pages were in the hand-writing of Madame Necker. It was the *preparation* for the very dinner to which he was invited: Madame Necker had written it the evening before, and it contained all she was to say to the most remarkable persons at table. After reading the little book, M. de Chastellux hastened to replace it under the chair. A moment afterwards a valet-de-chambre entered to say, that Madame Necker had forgotten her pocket-book in the drawing-room. It was found, and carried to Madame Necker. The dinner was delightful to M. de Chastellux, who saw that Madame Necker said word for word what she had written in her pocket-book.

The following is so exquisitely *French* that we cannot refrain from quoting it.

The Maréchale de Luxembourg, as I have already stated, was the oracle of fashion. One morning (it was on a Sunday) we waited only for the Prince of Conti's arrival to celebrate mass; we were all seated about a round table in the drawing-room, on which lay our prayer-books, which the maréchale amused herself by turning over. All at

once she stopped at two or three prayers, which seemed to be *in the worst taste*, and of which in fact the expressions were somewhat singular. She made some very bitter remarks on these prayers, upon which I suggested to her, that it was enough if they were repeated with sincere piety, and that God certainly paid no attention to what we call *good or bad or taste*. "Oh madam," cried the maréchale very gravely, "don't take such a notion as that into your head!"....A general burst of laughter interrupted her speech; she was not displeased, but she was still persuaded that the Supreme Judge of all that is good disdains not to judge of our habits and manners; and that, even in deeds which are equally meritorious, he always prefers those which are performed with the most grace and eloquence.

Two more volumes have recently been added to these Memoirs; but they are not by any means equal to the preceding four; they detail the return of Madame de Genlis to France—some of the letters which she addressed (by his own desire) to the Emperor Napoleon—and sundry eulogies on sundry persons respecting whom the reader cares nothing. It is sometimes true of real, as of fictitious heroines, that they cease to be interesting when they cease to be unfortunate.

There are, nevertheless, some very entertaining passages in these latter volumes, and the account of the author's interviews with her old pupils, the Duke de Chartres and Mademoiselle D'Orleans, is really interesting.

THINK ME NOT HAPPY.

THINK me not happy, though this eye
With mirth—perchance with madness beams,—
The darkest cloud that dims the sky
Is that from whence the lightning gleams.

When every thought that brightened life
Is past—and all its freshness fled;
When languor follows passion's strife,
And hearts are chill, and hope is dead;—

The shrinking soul, when peace expires,
Must hide its pangs by feigning joy;
Or, like the scorpion girt with fire,
Must turn upon itself and die.

Oh, mine is not the grief, whose pain
Away in streams of tears may run,—
Soothing the heart, as heaven's sweet rain
Refreshes all it falls upon!

Gladly oh gladly—could I weep
O'er scenes of early memory,—
Would give the world in tears to steep
My heart's undying agony.

Oh could the hidden source of feeling,
So long dried up, replenished be;
Again the tear be softly stealing,
That tear should be heaven's dew to me.

But vain the struggle—vain the sigh,
For former years the seal is set,—
The cloud is fixed upon the sky,
Unchanging let me yield to it.

CHEVIOT TICHEBURN.

THE TWO PICTURES.

Alike, but oh! how different!
Wordsworth.

(From the Literary Souvenir.)

When I was at Florence, I do not care to mention how many years ago, I was one day lounging in the gallery, thinking how vastly different the Medicean Venus was from my *beau ideal* of female beauty; when, in one of the less frequented rooms, and in a situation not eminently conspicuous, my eye chanced to light upon a picture, which, at once, rivetted its gaze, and on which it—I may say—feasted for several weeks afterwards. It was a half-length, and consisted of a single figure—the portrait of a young lady of apparently from nineteen to twenty-one years of age. She was dressed in a low gown of puce-coloured velvet, without lace or tucker of any kind intervening between it and the skin of clear, pearl-like whiteness, against which it appeared in strong and remarkable relief. In the centre, however, the boddice, according to the mode of the period, seemed in some degree to rise, so as just to give to view a small portion of very delicate lace, yet not in sufficient quantity to fall over upon the velvet. Immediately below this a diamond ornament was placed, which was matched by two others that formed the loops to the short sleeves, from beneath which appeared arms of a symmetry and whiteness it would be idle to attempt to paint with only description for my pencil. Their fine rounded fulness in the upper part; their delicate gradation to the wrists, and the beautiful hands which terminated them, were, indeed, among the most conspicuous parts of the picture; inasmuch as the person represented was in the act of drawing a golden bodkin, headed with diamonds, from her hair, which was falling in profusion over her shoulders. In her right hand she held the bodkin, whilst her left was employed in throwing back from her face the hair which, in falling, had crowded to cover it. The colour of the hair, and general complexion of the face, (of its character I shall have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter), were by no means Italian; though from the name both of the person painted and of the painter, I concluded that the former must have been so. The catalogue gave it as *Ritratto* d'Agatha Lanzi; and added, as the name of the painter, that of one of the immediate successors of Titian. The piece, indeed, had all the richness of colouring of that celebrated school. The brows and eye-lashes were of a deeper tint of the same colour; and the latter were, or, from their length, appeared to be, darker than the former. From the action, and, moreover, the position of the figure, as well as from the corner of a toilet-table which the artist had introduced, it seemed to me that the moment represented was just after she had retired to her chamber for the night; and that the withdrawing the golden bodkin from the hair was the first act of beginning to undress. The figure was standing, and apparently, from the direction of the eyes, before a mirror; but this was not represented in the picture.

As the hair showered down in the luxuriance of its brilliant beauty, the face was lighted with a radiant smile, as if of conscious triumph in the pride and profusion of loveliness, which added to that very loveliness of which it was at once the effect and the indication. It showed, indeed, infinite taste on the part of the painter to have chosen such a moment and action; and to have rendered them to such advantage, and yet with so much truth. The fine form, blooming into the ripeness of womanly beauty; —the dress relieving the perfect and admirable expression of which I have spoken;—the smile which showed the eye more bright, and the rich lips parting like a bursting rose under its influence;—the arms raised and bent;—the falling waves of hair;—all served to present each individual beauty to the greatest individual advantage; and yet combined into a whole

so exquisite, that one would have thought that every merit of detail must have been sacrificed to procure it.

I was so struck with this enchanting picture, that I believe upwards of an hour elapsed before I moved from before it. Day after day, I used to repair to the gallery, and, passing by every thing else without pausing, was accustomed to seat myself directly opposite to it, sometimes for hours. Yet it was not as a painting—that is, as a work of art—that it gave me such extreme delight; but as the personification of the most lovely of created things,—a truly beautiful woman. But this picture acquired, from subsequent circumstances, additional interest in my eyes. I may as well relate them in this place. After I had been about a week in the daily habit of passing some time in the contemplation of this enchanting object, I perceived that I had a companion in my observations, a painter who was copying the picture. I was pleased that he should have had the good taste to single out my favourite for the exercise of his talents; and I used to take pleasure in watching the progress of his work. I soon perceived, however, that he was not merely copying the original. His canvas was quite of a different shape, being oblong, and large enough to contain more figures if necessary. It seemed, indeed, that it did contain them, or something else; for the figure of Agatha Lanzi being drawn at one end of the canvas, above one half of it was covered with a cloth, as though to conceal from the sight of loungers, like myself, what was represented thereupon. Neither was the figure of Agatha Lanzi in the same position as in the original picture. Her right hand, indeed, still held the bodkin, but it was firmly clutched; and the arm was uplifted, as though in the act to strike. The left arm was extended before her at about the length of the shoulder, in an attitude of caution. The hair still flowed down the back; but it was plainly parted on the brow, and tied together immediately upon the neck behind. This was all that I could at the moment discover of the intentions of the artist; for the figure was only sketched in; all the filling up was yet to be added.

If I was curious as to the cause of this singular discrepancy from the original picture, as well as to what the cloth might conceal, the painter appeared to be nearly as much so with regard to my perseverance in coming to gaze so frequently upon the same object, and the evident interest I took in every thing concerning it.

One day he entered into conversation with me. After a few observations of a general nature, he said he supposed I was a great connoisseur of the arts, by the frequency of my visits to the gallery, and the surprising interest I appeared to take in painting. I answered, as was perfectly true, that I had no knowledge whatever of painting, as an art; and that I took interest in it more from its results, in the beauties both of form and colour to which it was capable of giving life and permanence, than from any knowledge of its principles, or skill in tracing them in its production. For instance, I continued, "I come here every day to gaze upon that picture," pointing to the portrait of Agatha Lanzi, "not from admiration of it as a work of art, though I believe it to possess great merit as such, but simply because it is a vivid and life-like representation of as dignified and exquisite female beauty as my eye ever rested upon. It is as such that I admire it, as such that I remain for hours in this gallery with my eyes fixed intensely upon it. I admire all beauty, and human beauty, and female beauty more especially; and I admire painting for the sake of the charms it is enabled to embody. I say that I believe that portrait to possess merit as a work of art; and my reasons are these. It appears to me to be a perfect representation of a most lovely woman; I do not know the means by which that perfection has been attained; but I know that it is there. I know that nature has been naturally rendered. If there were any fault in the drawing, or the colouring, unless it were very glaring indeed, I should scarcely be

able to point out what and where it was; but I should know that there was something there which rendered the portraiture less real and perfect: I should have to apply to you, sir, or to one of your brethren, to point out to me the real cause; but I should equally see and feel the effect without being conscious of it."

The artist replied, that from whatever principles or impressions I had judged, I was correct in my deduction; the portrait I had been speaking of, was a very noble and exquisite painting. "It is also," he continued, "the portrait of a most lovely creature, and I do not wonder, sir, that an admirer of beauty, as you describe yourself to be, you should be struck with it even to the degree you have mentioned. Agatha Lanzi was indeed a very remarkable woman: may I inquire, sir, what character you would be inclined to give to those very lovely features and that exquisite form?"

"By your asking me the question," I replied, "I conclude that her history is a remarkable one; but to judge from the picture alone, I should say that the individual there portrayed was a woman conscious of her beauty; but whose pride outweighed her vanity so far, as to cause her to scorn the application of its power to any but lofty issues, and persons worthy of her and it. For the rest, I should conjecture that she was a woman of strong passions, who, when she had found a man worthy of her love, would lavish it upon him with a fervour and fondness, and intensity, very rarely united, and almost as seldom possessed separately. I think she would not love any man who was unworthy of her love; her pride would preserve her from this. I conceive she had talents as well as passions,—talents of wit as well as of a graver and more exalted description. I think she was a warm and affectionate friend; and further than this my practical knowledge of the art of physiognomy does not enable me to form an opinion."

"In some of your suppositions," rejoined the painter, "you are undoubtedly correct. In others I have no means of ascertaining how the fact was; but on an important trait of character as it respects that picture, you have pronounced no opinion at all; although, to speak the truth, I can scarcely wonder at your omission. When my picture is finished, sir—which, as you perceive, is not merely a copy of the original—you shall, if you will honour me so far, give me your judgment upon it; and you shall then be made acquainted with as much as has transpired of the history of Agatha Lanzi."

The painter, who wanted only to take the likeness of Agatha from this portrait, did not pursue his avocation much longer in the gallery. When he had obtained all he wanted, he took his piece home to finish. About a month afterwards he sent me word that it was completed; and requested me, in case I had not forgotten our conversation in the gallery some weeks before, to come and breakfast with him the next day, that I might look at it.

I availed myself of his invitation, and found him to be a man of considerable information and accomplishment, as it respected matters entirely unconnected with his art. He possessed, in reality, a large portion of that enthusiasm and poetry of feeling to which so many of his brethren affect to lay claim. He had some literary cultivation, and strong literary tastes. After we had breakfasted, he took me into his painting-room. The picture, which was the object of my intense curiosity, was leaning on the easel. It represented the interior of a bed-chamber, richly furnished after the fashion of the sixteenth century. The lamp burned upon a side-table, and shed a strong light upon the bed. Upon it lay a man, young and well-looking, asleep. Agatha Lanzi was near it also; she knelt upon it with one knee; her arm was upraised with the long gold diamond-headed bodkin, which I easily recognised in her hand, as if about to pierce the sleeper to the heart. The artist had taken great pains with the female figure, and had succeeded far beyond my expectations. Agatha was represented in a loose

night-dress of plain white; her beautiful hair streamed down her back, confined only by a ribbon between the shoulders. Her foot, as she knelt upon the bed, was naked; the slipper which had covered it having fallen to the ground. The position of the uplifted arm had caused the sleeve of the night-dress to fall upwards, and displayed that exquisite arm considerably above the elbow. From the other shoulder the dress had also slipped. In this and the beautiful bosom, with its pale blue veins branching across the white and delicate skin, the artist had been peculiarly successful. The lips were compressed, as if with a strong mental effort of resolution; and also as if to hold the breath, lest it should fall upon the ear of the sleeper, and awaken him. Her dark blue eye was fixed with a melancholy expression of caution, sternness, and even ferocity, upon the object about to become her victim. How different from the fine joyous smile of girlish consciousness of beauty so remarkable in the other picture; and yet no great lapse of time could be supposed to have intervened. The figure before me was in the fulness of beauty—probably about twenty-three years of age—certainly not more! So soon initiated into all the sorrows, and stormy and tempestuous passions of human life,—into its deepest and blackest crimes!

I turned to my friend, the painter, for his explanation. "I can give you the best," said he,—"Agatha's own account of her own conduct at the crisis which I have attempted to represent. The subject of the picture is, indeed, taken from her confession, which has been printed in a collection of similar pieces. It chanced not long ago to fall under my observation, and as I recognised the name, it gave me the first idea of this picture. I have modernized the Italian for you—for, both in spelling and phraseology, the original would, in all probability, have proved not very intelligible to a foreigner." Having thus spoken, the painter handed me a manuscript, of which the following is a translation.

"*Convent of* ———, 1535.

"My friends have often wondered why, when, after many crosses and disappointments, I was at length united to the chosen lover of my youth and heart, we should, at the end of one short year have separated—he to go to the wars, and I to bury myself in this convent. I therefore write this, that, after my death, they may know the real truth concerning these mysterious passages, and that those who may be tempted, like me, may hereby take warning from my fate.

"Above all things, it has been bitter to my soul, that, whilst I bore the guilt of the blackest crime upon my conscience, I should have received the praises of the world, as a dutiful daughter, and a virtuous and devoted wife. It has been the horror of the shame that must have attended the acknowledgment of how vile and guilty a thing was thus cherished and caressed, that has hitherto restrained the confession which has so often trembled on my lips, and struggled for life and utterance.

"It is well known to all who are acquainted with me, that in my early youth I received the vows of Laurentio Gonsalvi; and that my heart acknowledged the influence of his passion; that our love was permitted until the accursed blight of avarice fell upon my parents' hearts, and led them to wrench asunder those ties which no human power could otherwise have unloosed; and to rivet with fetters upon me a chain which nothing but fetters could have held. This is the only palliation I have to offer for the awful crime I have perpetrated; and in the degree in which it lightens the load of guilt from me, it throws it upon those who gave me birth. But, alas, it relieves me only in the smallest possible degree. They separated me from the man I adored, and enforced my marriage with another. Let me be just.

"The Count Braschi, whose bride I became, was young, accomplished, and might have been kind, but that I treated him with loathing and scorn;

and tongues were not wanting to tell him that it was all for the sake of Laurentio Gonsalvi. We had lived together for something less than two years, when Laurentio returned from travel. On my marriage with the Count, he had gone abroad in order that he might avoid all opportunity of meeting me. But now he had returned, he encountered me in public; and saw that the light of a happy heart had left my eyes; and he saw, too, that that heart was breaking. And we met in private, and strong and bitter was the conflict; and the temptation was almost greater than we could bear. But we did bear it—and we overcame it—and we parted, but not for ever. Before we separated, we swore an oath, that if ever I became free we would wed each other, and that neither of us would ever marry, unless with one another; and we invoked heaven, and all the saints, to give ear unto our oath; and our hearts bore witness to it. And Laurentio again went away—none knew whither.

"About two months thereafter, the plague broke out in the city, and the destruction was very great. Friend shunned friend; and the son fled from his subdued and perishing father. The streets were deserted, and all kept within their own houses; save, at the dead of night, when the pest carts went round to gather the corses of those who had died during the day. And the rumbling of the carts sounded dismally through the empty streets; and the bells, that announced their coming, struck awe into the hearts of all, and despair into those of the dying. As they approached the door of each house, they sounded upon a bell three times, and called out with a loud voice, 'bring out your dead.' And then those who had dead brought them out, with their faces muffled, and their mouths stopped with medicated cloths; and the dead were carried away, and they were taken to pits without the city, prepared for their reception. The earth was then thrown in upon them, and all was done in haste, in silence, and in darkness. The time was very awful.

"In the wickedness of my heart, I wished that my husband might die, that I might be wedded to Laurentino Gonsalvi; but the plague fell upon the houses all around, where it was dreaded, and passed over ours where it was prayed for. Yes! prayed for. I dared to breathe to heaven this prayer of hell! I prayed that the plague might strike upon my husband, and that he might die.

"But time waned, and he was still untouched; and I feared that the plague would pass away, and leave him whole.

"One night, as I lay by his side, I was revolving these hopes and fears and wishes in my mind. I looked upon him as he lay in all the helplessness of profound repose. He slept so soundly and quietly, that his slumbers were even as the slumbers of death. 'Would, oh, would that it were!' I ejaculated; and then I added to myself, it is but one blow! and I looked around. The night lamp shone upon a golden bodkin, with which I always braided my hair. It had been given me in earlier and happier days, by Laurentio, and whatever dress I wore, that bodkin still upheld my hair. It now lay upon the toilet, where I had placed it when I had undressed. 'It is but one blow,' repeated I to myself, or rather the evil one suggested to me. I arose from the bed and seized the bodkin. I approached the Count,—I knelt with one knee upon the bed, and buried the bodkin in his side up to the eye! He gave one groan, and strove to rise; but the blood spouted forth like a fountain. He became weak,—I struck again;—he fell back;—a few seconds and he was dead!

"Oh, the horror that I felt at the moment, when I beheld my victim dead before me! Ages of pain passed over me at that instant. He would have been good to me, but I spurned him; I thrust back his proffered kindness with every mark of loathing and contempt; and now I had murdered him! I knelt and prayed for succour and support; but I recollected what my last prayer had been, and I found it impossible to utter a word. I took up my

rosary to repeat my usual prayer; but blood had spurted on the beads, and caused them to slip from my hold. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'yes, indeed, his blood has risen between me and heaven!'

"To conceal what I had done was my next object. I hid, as well as I could, every thing that was stained with blood;—covered the body with the clothes, and went out of the chamber at break of day, to spread a report that the Count had been taken with the plague, and to seek for medicines. I well knew that none of our domestics would be too ready to face this danger; and when I declared my intention of watching by him myself, they yielded to it most willingly, and seemed to think that I did so as an atonement for the unkindness I had evinced towards him since our marriage.

"I announced that he grew worse; and towards the second night I declared him to be dead. I would not permit any of my people, as I said, to incur the danger of infection. I washed the blood from the body,—covered it completely with a shroud; and all this I did to the stark and bloody corse of that man, from whose touch, while living, I recoiled as from the sting of an adder.

"Night came, and with it the pest carts and their bells, and the cry of 'bring out your dead;' and the Count was carried out by his men, with stopped mouths and averted faces; and he was placed among the dead,—and I was free!

"Yes, free! for detection did not reach me; no shadow of suspicion fell upon my name.

"In six months I was Laurentio's bride! But ah, how different were my feelings from what they would have been had I been married to him in my years of innocence. Now guilt,—the guilt of blood,—was upon my soul. Its weight was as lead; its heat was as fire.

"When we had been some time married, Laurentio could not but perceive the cloud which at times passed over me. He questioned me concerning it in vain. He thought, I believe, that it was occasioned by the shock my young heart had received as Count Braschi's wife. He strove by every means in his power to comfort and cheer me. Alas! the wound was deep hidden from the leech's eye. How then could he heal it? yet he often probed it to the quick.

"One day he asked me what had become of the golden bodkin he had given me in his first courtship. He said he had never seen it since we had been married, and smiling, added, he supposed I had given it to the Count. My agitation was so extreme, that he could not but observe it; he gently chided me for suffering my spirits to give way so much; and changed the conversation.

"About a week afterwards, I chanced to be suddenly called away, and left my *escrutoire* open. Laurentio, seeking some paper, or a pen, I know not which, found the bodkin, discoloured to the head with the indelible stain of human blood!—A terrible suspicion flashed across his brain!—He rushed to me,—questioned me,—and discovered all!

"I cannot dwell upon the agony of this period! After the first burst of indignation, his anger subsided into a deep—a sorrowful strain of condemnation, more dreadful to me than all the violence of passion which had preceded it. He would not, he said, he could not betray me; but neither would he ever again take a foul and spotted murderess to his bosom and his bed. I need not say what my agonies of entreaty were. His determination was irrevocable. We parted never to meet again. He fell in his first battle. I am still here; but I feel I shall not be so long."

"You see, sir," said the painter turning to me as I closed the last leaf of the manuscript, "you see, sir, she indeed loved a man worthy of her love—more than worthy of it. She had, indeed, strong passions; but *hatred* was included in the number! *That* was the omission of which I spoke."

A WALK IN TOWN.

"VALENTINE, what do you mean to do with yourself this morning?"

"Why take my usual lounge, and look about for scenes and characters, what else should a man do in London?"

A pause ensued, during which both parties finished breakfast.

"Valentine," said the first speaker, as soon as that important business was concluded, "I once thought you a man of taste."

"*Once*, Percival, and why not now? Because my taste differs from yours, does it necessarily follow that I have no taste at all? You are a town hater, I a town lover;—trees and birds are your nature—men and women mine;—you reflect—I observe;—you regard every thing on the Penseroso side—I on the Allegro.—Come, my dear fellow, no second edition of last night's dispute; trust yourself to me during this one morning, and I engage, during a town walk, to find matter for smiles, for tears, for thought, for feeling—anything you please."

It was generally useless to thwart the light-hearted, giddy-headed Valentine, who could parry arguments with jokes, and reason with ridicule; therefore, after having made the usual declaration "that nothing would alter his opinion," the more sombre-minded Percival suffered himself to be led out into the palaced squares and crowded streets of the metropolis.

"Now dear Diogenes," said his gay tormentor, "don't, I beseech you, look so like a bear led by a monkey, and I promise for a few hours to 'be conformable.' I will own no brother puppy,—accost no flounced fair one,—reserve all my opinions on fashion for a future day;—you shall have me for once entirely after your own heart,—willing—you and the poet, forgiving the parody—to find

> Tongues in shop windows,—books in ladies' eyes,—
> Sermons in silks,—and good in every thing."

Percival thanked his friend for this promise, much as the pig is represented to have thanked the lady for her proffered silver trough. "Humph," said he.

Valentine sought to dazzle his sober friend, his owl as he called him, with the magnificence of —— street. He pointed out the splendid regularity of the shops, blazoning forth on every side the triumphs of luxury and art, and seeming by their appearance sacred to the children of wealth and pleasure:—equipages of every grade, from ducal magnificence down to untitled simplicity, gleaming in the sun,—anon pacing up and down the broad street with a stateliness which made the very horses seem aristocratical—and now stopping for the brilliant inmates, before half hidden, to emerge and dazzle pedestrian eyes. Not an object in sight bespeaking poverty,—not a sound betokening pain,—gay greetings between equals—conversation sparkling as the scene,—past, present, or future pleasure its only subject;—here a lover all anxiety respecting some trifling commission,—there the fair creature herself, subdued to momentary gravity by the all important affair of choosing her diamonds,—groups of dashing young men solely occupied in admiring and being admired,—gay beautiful children, gay and beautiful without art—the whole scene rather resembling a pageant than a

passage in every day life,—youth, beauty, rank, fashion, all fluttering on all sides—the high caste of the human race who are shielded from the dull mediocrities of existence, the privileged few whose lives are a realized fairy tale!

"Confess, now," said Valentine triumphantly, as he led his friend from the spot, "confess, my Diogenes, that a scene like that is enough to make old hearts young,—confess it to be glorious to flutter and sparkle thus at home and abroad"—

——— "And all the while to know
That we are in a world of woe
On such an earth as this!

"It makes *me* melancholy," replied his graver friend. "Gay and glittering as the scene is, it is gay and glittering on the surface alone. I must look deeper, and then"—

"Why then you are a simpleton,—if you want to laugh, observe—if you like to be melancholy, reflect"—was the gay retort.

"Well well, Val. I am older by some years, but remember your promise—what has this portion of the 'Walk in Town' taught me?"

"To moralize on the vanity of human enjoyments. But come—keep your eyes open, the scene changes."

Determined to conquer his friend's obstinate, and as he thought, blind partiality for the country, Valentine now skilfully led him to objects of striking utility and grandeur—to places where the "merchants are princes," and where commerce is carried on in palaces. He made him observe too, the splendid relics of baronial power—the monuments of departed, and the memorials of present glory—institutions for every calamity—schools for every science—buildings wherein the treasures of the earth were concentrated—buildings wherein the business of nations was transacted—streets ever thronged with thousands, literally instinct with life, teeming at every step with indications of human power and prosperity!

"Now confess," said Valentine, "that these are more ennobling and stirring sights than a cottage or a rookery. Here the mind cannot stagnate—it is surrounded,—touched at all points by the stupendous exertions of other minds! I admit the scene in —— street to have been a frail bubble, dissolving without a touch—but *here* you see the whole undivided energies of MAN engaged in the pursuit of definite and tangible good—here something is effected which the mind may grasp as well as the eye gaze upon. Look, is it not glorious to have even that grim looking Tower perpetually before one, the silent chronicle of eight centuries—or that grand old Abbey, guarded by the spirits of kings—or the ten thousand other places which record what man has dared and done? My dear friend, think of plebeians raised to sit with princes—fortunes amassed from nothing—dignities attained by unaided merit—edifices raised by private munificence;—depend upon it, Percival, that having the proofs perpetually before our eyes that such things have been done, silently stimulates us to energetic exertions in one way or other. No lad will despair of making a fortune while he has Gresham's Grasshopper and Guy's Hospital before his eyes; or if a man seeks to nerve himself for great undertakings, let him take a walk in Westminster Abbey, and"—

"See the *end* of them all, I suppose," said Percival pointedly. "Well, Valentine, there is truth in your remarks—let them pass—but the whole of your promise is not fulfilled."

"Patience, patience, my good friend—I have already found you matter for smiles and thought,—this way with me, and I will find you, too soon, that which shall excite tears and feeling."

Misery is essentially the same in all places, but misery in the metropolis seems more appalling because in more immediate contrast with boundless wealth and luxury. The wretchedness does not exist in greater proportion, but seems confined within narrower limits, less equally diffused over the whole surface, insomuch that the same person might exclaim with enthusiasm in one street, "is there any poverty in London?" and a few minutes afterwards exclaim, with painfully altered feeling, "is there any wealth?"

Valentine and his friend now threaded many of those "dark places" where it would seem that hope never comes—where those whom guilt has made miserable, and those whom misery has rendered guilty, herd together in darkness, in loathsome filth, in utter desolation, hateful and hating one another, in condition worse than the brutes that perish—the Cains of society—the Parias of the human race!

"I am proof," said Valentine, "against that misery which obtrudss itself on the view in places of public resort,—beggars, whether blind, lame, deaf, dumb, old, or young, I can frown upon—but in places like these, where the last coil of human degradation is untwisted, I am unmanned. Look—children crawling about, rather resembling vermin than human beings—their cries unheeded,—their oaths unchecked—men, aye, and even women, as savage in their rage as brutal in their pleasures—their homes—heavens! what a profanation to call those horrid-looking dwellings by that name! yet in such are hundreds and thousands annually born, whose only heritage in this world is sin, misery, and death!"

"For God's sake," interrupted Percival, "let us leave the place, it can do the human heart no good to contemplate scenes so revolting."

"I comply with your request—but I disapprove your doctrine," replied Valentine; "the remembrance of this scene will awaken the heart to a more grateful sense of its blessings: nay more—but do not think I am going to preach—it will make very many thoughtless beings ask themselves this question, "What have *we* done for the relief of human misery?"

"Valentine, I like you better than I ever did before—I did not think such a ready-tongued, hare-brained creature could be serious, at least on serious subjects. Now make one promise—I will not gainsay what you have insisted upon—only come to me in summer, and allow *me* to play orator during a Country Walk."

"O, you want to conquer me with lake scenery—lofty mountains—peaceful glens—limpid brooks—unsophisticated peasants, &c. &c."

"No such thing. The walk shall be taken in a part of the country which has never yet, I believe, inspired either poet or painter, a flat, luxuriant, peaceful, matter-of-fact country, sacred to corn fields and foxes."

"Well, be it so, and now let us change the subject."

ANECDOTES OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Lady Byron's Family.—Lady Dorothy Milbank was the favourite of Mary Queen of Scots, but got into disgrace on the affair of the murder of David Rizzio, in which her husband was concerned. She soon afterwards fled, and sold gingerbread upon the bridge of Berwick-upon-Tweed, by the profits of which, and the additional bounty of her customers, she actually saved eight hundred pounds, with which she purchased the Halnaby estate in Yorkshire, now in the Milbank family, and with the proceeds of the rent, (for she lived long and sparingly to the age of 83), she purchased the estates in Durham and Northumberland, and of which, altogether, the rental is now twelve thousand pounds per annum.

Burton, author of the Anatomy of Melancholy.—This singular writer is said to have composed the "Anatomy" in order to divert his own "Melancholy;" so great was the demand for this book when it was first published, that the printer is said to have acquired an estate by it. In the intervals of his vapours it is said that he was the most facetious companion in the University. When he felt an oppression of spirit coming on, he was in the habit of relieving his melancholy by going to the foot of the bridge and listening to the coarse conversation of the bargemen, which seldom failed to throw him into a fit of laughter. He bequeathed great part of his books to the Bodleian library, and one hundred pounds, the interest of which was to purchase five pounds worth of books yearly, to the library of Christ Church, Oxford.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Come hither thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air;
Who bearest the sighs of the lover,
And bringest him news of his fair:
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck;
O.l perch on my hand, dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'Twill be fleeter when nerv'd by the vine.
I have written, on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing quill, a soft billet doux;
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
'Tis the colour of true hearts—sky blue.

I have fastened it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribband round thy soft neck,
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck.
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow, he hurries away,
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

J. M.

JETZER:

A TALE FROM THE SWISS HISTORY;

Being an account of a Remarkable Imposture practised by a Convent of Dominican Friars, at Berne, in Switzerland, in the year 1509.

THE prodigious number of monks that overspread Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century, occasioned universal murmurs and complaints. Such, however, was the slumbering genius of the age, that they would have remained undisturbed, had they continued to preserve that external propriety of conduct which had distinguished them in former times.

But the order of the Benedictines, who were invested with the privilege of possessing extensive lands and revenues, broke through all restraint, and that order of monks stood pre-eminent for their open and shameless profligacy.

All the orders were more or less borne away by this torrent of licentiousness. 'Tis true, that the Mendicants, and particularly those who followed the rules of St. Dominic and St. Francis, were more austere in their habits of life; yet even these lost their credit, although in a different manner. Their rusticity, their superstitions, their ignorance, and cruelty, alienated from them the minds of the people, and they were regarded with little more respect than the profligate brethren of the Benedictines.

Among all the monastic orders at this period, none enjoyed so high a degree of power as the Dominican Friars, whose credit was great, and whose influence was almost universal. They filled the most eminent stations in the Church—they presided everywhere over the formidable tribunal of the Inquisition—and were invested with the function of Confessors in all the Courts of Europe,—a circumstance which, in those times of ignorance and superstition, manifestly tended to place the majority of the European princes in their power. Notwithstanding these advantages, the influence of even the Dominicans began to decline, and several marks of perfidy which appeared in the measures which they employed to extend their authority, exposed them to the malignity of their enemies and the indignation of the public.

Something, they found, must be adopted to support the credit of their order, and they embraced an expedient of the most extraordinary nature; and of all the various frauds practised upon the credulity of the ignorant, the page of history records none more singular than the celebrated imposition which was practised at Berne in Switzerland in the year 1509, by this impious fraternity. The stratagem was employed in consequence of a rivalship between the Franciscans and Dominicans; and the particular occasion of their dispute was respecting the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. The former maintained that she was without original sin, the latter asserted the contrary, and the contention was sharply supported on both sides.

This was the state of things about the beginning of the sixteenth century, when a circumstance occurred which rendered the breach still wider between these *Christian Brethren*. A Dominican entered a

church at Frankfort, at which a Franciscan happened to be preaching, and no sooner did the preacher see the follower of the rival sect, than, regardless of the place and his office, he discontinued his sermon, and bursting into violent exclamations, he praised God that he was not of an order that profaned the Virgin, or that poisoned princes in the sacrament—which had been done by a Dominican with regard to Henry the Seventh. The other, stung with this reproach, stigmatised the Franciscan as a liar. A violent tumult arose, the Dominican narrowly escaped with his life, and the whole order thus publicly insulted, *piously* meditated a revenge.

A chapter was accordingly held at Vempfen in Germany, in the year 1504, where they resolved to endeavour to raise their sinking reputation, and humble their adversaries; and they determined to have recourse to fictitious visions and dreams, in which the people, at that period, reposed unlimited confidence. Berne was chosen for the scene of their operations, and four of the order undertook to manage the design; and when the plan was organised, they found, without difficulty, a suitable instrument for the delusion which they were contriving. At this juncture, a person named Jetzer had taken their habit of a lay brother: he was extremely simple, and much inclined to austerities; and having noticed his temper well, they proceeded to put their scheme into execution.

On the night after that on which Jetzer had assumed their habit, one of the four Dominicans secreted himself in his cell, and at midnight appeared to him in a tremendous form, apparently breathing fire from his mouth and nostrils, by the means of a box of combustibles which he held near his mouth. In this alarming form he approached Jetzer's pallet, and told him the celebrated story that was related to all their friars, to prevent their laying aside their habit. He stated that he was the ghost of a Dominican, who had been killed at Paris, as a judgment of heaven for putting off his monastic robes—that he was condemned to purgatory for his crime; adding, at the same time, that by his means he might be rescued from his misery. This story, accompanied with fearful lamentations, alarmed the unfortunate Jetzer, and induced him to promise that he would perform all in his power to deliver the Dominican from his torment.

As he lay trembling on his pallet, the impostor still advancing towards him, said he knew that he was a great saint, and that his prayers and mortifications would prevail, but that they must be more than ordinarily severe. The whole monastery must consent for eight days to undergo the discipline of the whip, and that he must lie prostrate in the form of one crucified, in the chapel, whilst mass was publicly performed. These mortifications, the spectre said, would contribute to his deliverance; and assured Jetzer, that if he complied with this, he would infallibly draw down upon himself the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and that all his sufferings would be most gloriously rewarded. He concluded by saying that he should appear to him again on another occasion.

Morning no sooner arrived than Jetzer gave his brethren an account of this apparition. They listened with affected surprise, and advised him to undergo the discipline which was enjoined; and each consented

to bear his part of the task imposed. The deluded brother obeyed, and was admired as a saint by the multitude that crowded about the convent, while the four friars, who managed the imposture, pompously magnified the miracle of this apparition in their various sermons.

Jetzer's confessor was in the secret, and from him they learned all the little circumstances of his life, and by this means obtained access to even his private thoughts, which powerfully assisted them in the management of their scheme. This confessor gave the poor victim a consecrated wafer, and a piece of wood, said to be a relic of the true cross. These were to operate as charms in his favour, in case any other apparition should approach him: since they possessed the wonderful power of subjecting evil spirits to their control!

On the following night the imposture was renewed, and the figure appeared, attended by two other figures, to represent evil spirits. Upon this occasion, Jetzer was fully convinced of the virtue of his preservatives, for no sooner had he presented these awful relics to them, than it effectually checked their approach: his faith was also considerably augmented, when he heard a recital of his words, and the various events of his life. In this and some subsequent scenes, the impostor conversed much with him upon the subject of the Dominican order, which he said was peculiarly dear to the Virgin, and added, that she abhorred the doctrines of the Franciscans, and that shortly the town of Berne would be destroyed for harbouring such heretics within her walls.

Some nights after this the Prior appeared as St. Barbara, and told him that the Blessed Virgin, highly pleased with his charity, intended shortly to visit him. He immediately called the convent together, and his account was received with tumultuous joy, whilst the anxiety of Jetzer was wrought up to the highest pitch in expectation of the accomplishment of the promise. After tantalizing him for some time, the longed-for delusion was suffered to appear, clothed in the habits which were used to adorn the statue of the Virgin on the great festivals of the Church. The figure thus equipped, addressed a long discourse to the delighted Jetzer, in which, after commending him, and extolling the merit of the discipline which he had endured, she took occasion to deny the doctrines of the Franciscans, and confirmed that which the Dominicans maintained. As a miraculous proof of her presence, she presented him with several extraordinary relics, and particularly a host, or consecrated wafer. After several visits, she told him that she would add the most affecting proof of her approbation by imprinting on him the same wound that her son had borne upon the cross, as she had done before to St. Lucia and St. Catherine. Jetzer seemed somewhat averse to receive a favour that must be attended with so much suffering, but without waiting for his consent, his hand was forcibly seized, and suddenly perforated with a nail.

The deluded fanatic awoke out of a fancied transport of enthusiasm into a real agony. She then touched the lacerated part, and he thought that he smelt an ointment applied to it, but his confessor assured him that it was only an imagination. The next night the pretended Virgin brought, as she said, some of the linen in which Christ had been wrapt to bind up the wound, and added a draught of a soporific nature, to

complete the farce. To accomplish this, it is necessary to mention an expedient which these "holy men" adopted, and which would be unworthy of credit, did not the facts rest on unquestionable evidence. Agreeably to the customs of the age, they called in magic to their aid. The sub-prior produced a "book of charms" before the rest of the society; but he informed them, that to render these effectual, they must solemnly renounce God, and proceeded to set them the example; and concluded by dedicating himself to the Devil, by a formal act prepared in writing, and signed with his own blood. To the latter extremity, the rest of the brethren did not advance, but they all renounced God: he then proceeded to compound the soporific potion for their unfortunate victim.

When Jetzer awaked from the lethargy into which he had been thrown by the gift of the Holy Virgin, he found to his unspeakable joy the wound on his hand: he was in this state exposed to the admiring multitude on the principal altar of the convent, to the great mortification of the Franciscans. The Dominicans finding the plot answer, gave him other draughts, which threw him into convulsions, and were followed by a voice conveyed through a pipe into the figures of the two images of the Virgin and the infant Jesus. The child asked his mother by means of this voice, (which was that of the prior,) why she wept? and she answered that the tears she shed were owing to the impious manner in which the Franciscans attributed to her the honour which was due to him alone. The populace beheld, and believed the astonishing miracle!

The apparitions, false prodigies, and absurd stratagems of the Dominicans were repeated every night; and the matter was at length so grossly overacted, that, simple and credulous as Jetzer was, he at length discovered it, and resolved to quit the order. The reign of delusion was now at an end. It was in vain that they attempted to exhibit any more nocturnal visions, for he had almost killed the prior, who appeared to him one night in the form of the Virgin with a crown upon her head—he had discovered the whole trick. The Dominicans, fearing to lose the fruit of their imposition, and apprehensive of being degraded in the public estimation, concluded that it would be better to confess the whole matter to Jetzer, and to endeavour to engage him by the most seducing promises, to prosecute the cheat. They artfully suggested the esteem that would attach to his character, if he continued to support the reputation that he had already acquired: they hinted also that he would become the chief person of their order. Jetzer was persuaded, or at least appeared to be so. But the Dominicans suspecting that he was not entirely to be depended upon, resolved upon poisoning him, and he in his turn looked upon them with an equally suspicious eye.

One day they sent him a loaf prepared with some spices, but he was already upon his guard. He kept it for a day or two, and then perceiving it to grow green, he threw a piece of it to a dog that was kept within the monastery, and in a few days it died. Another attempt was made to destroy him, which was alike unsuccessful; they administered poison in the host, or consecrated wafer—in the sacrament! but he

vomited it up, and once more was he preserved: five separate times the monks administered poison to him, but his constitution was so vigorous, that he was not destroyed by it. His malignant tormentors urged him to renounce God, because they imagined that their charms would have no effect on him, unless he could be induced to do so; but he scornfully rejected the temptation, and in order to compel his obedience, they scourged him with an iron chain, and bound it so tightly round his body, that in his agony, and to avoid further torment, he swore that he would never discover the secret. After having thus deluded them in his turn, he at length found an opportunity of escaping from the convent, and, throwing himself into the hands of the magistrates, he made a full confession of the whole affair.

The four friars who had been most active in the deception, were seized and imprisoned; and an account of the affair was sent first to the Bishop of Lausanne, and then to Rome, while the triumphant Franciscans were eager that it should undergo a complete examination. The Bishops of Lausanne and of Lyons, with the Provencial of the Dominicans, were appointed to form the process. The four friars first excepted to Jetzer's credit; but that plea being set aside, they were threatened with the rack; they also put in a long protest against this measure, but to which they were eventually obliged to submit. Two of the number endured the torture long, but at length they all confessed the whole progress of the imposture.

Thus completely vindicated, Jetzer retired to Constance, where he died in a few weeks. It was stated by some that he had poisoned himself, while others have charged his death upon his adversaries; but the most probable supposition is, that his vigorous constitution, though not destroyed, was yet undermined by the sufferings it had undergone, though they did not immediately affect his dissolution.

For a whole year, no farther inquiry respecting the imposition was made, but at the expiration of that time, a Spanish Bishop arrived at Berne, authorized with full powers from Rome. After the most diligent scrutiny, the whole imposition being fully proved, the four friars were solemnly degraded from their priesthood, and burnt alive on the last day of May, in the year of our Lord 1509.

At the latter end of the seventeenth century, Gilbert Burnet, D.D., Bishop of Sarum, (who extracted the substance of this narrative from the records of the city of Berne,) beheld the memorials of this iniquitous proceeding. He was shown the cavity in the wall through which the voice was conveyed to the images in the church, and saw the spot where the friars suffered the punishment due to their extraordinary crimes.

THE RETURN.

Motionless there I linger long,
O'erpowered with a tumultuous throng
Of memories, fancies, hopes, and fears,
Sinkings of heart, sighs, smiles, and tears.—*Wilson.*

It was a lovely evening in June, when Valentine —— approached the neighbourhood of ——, after an absence of fifteen years from his native land. The scenery through which his route lay would have rivetted the eye of a mere stranger, not from its presenting grand or romantic, or even picturesque views, but from its completely national character, from its being a style of scenery found only in England. The far-spreading landscape was diversified on all sides by green and gentle acclivities, that varied without breaking its even character,—knolls covered or crowned with every variety of forest tree,—meadows of "living green," speckled over with sheep and cattle, and divided from each other by Nature's own boundaries, high thick hawthorn hedges,—here and there gentlemen's seats, with their stately parks and hereditary oaks, harmonizing, not contrasting, with the surrounding objects,—at intervals, here and there, a comfortable farmhouse, with its gardens, barns, orchards, and groups of well-built corn or hay ricks, perfect models of domestic plenty and hearty enjoyment,—gray hamlets, pressing forth from embosoming trees, and disclosing on a nearer view bright-windowed cottages, each

——— with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky.

These were a few of the individual features of the scenery in question. Its peculiar charm, however, was to be found in its fertility and unbroken extent. Every step evidenced the presence of man—his peaceful industry—his plentiful reward; and standing on a little eminence, the eye of the traveller wandered over a sea (if such an expression may be permitted) of corn fields, meadows, orchards, and groves, intersected by streams, and relieved by villas and hamlets,—encountering no obstruction to its vision, till checked by the bright blue verge of the horizon—

Land's utmost verge, horizon's glorious span.

Valentine regarded not these objects with the enthusiasm of a poet, a painter, or a patriot,—but, with the affectionate delight of one who, after fifteen years of worldly cares and wanderings, revisits the scene of early friends and youthful pleasures. As he approached the place of his destination, and saw the little hamlet of ——, with its simple church "half hidden by the yew tree's shade," and heard its well-remembered bells burst forth into a merry chime, and recognized the dwelling of his early friend, to see whom he was now anxiously journeying, pleasure became pain from its very intensity. He checked his horse, which he had hitherto urged to its utmost speed,—fear and hope alternated in his breast,—visions of pleasure gave way to undefined apprehensions of coming evil,—and, with a revulsion of feeling intelligible to all who have been similarly circumstanced, he dreaded the meeting which an hour before he had eagerly desired. Ay, there was the old comfortable-looking mansion—rather older, but still as comfort-

able-looking as ever,—the library bay-window still bosomed in ivy—the *same* ivy too,—the yew-tree porch, in which he and his friend had spent so many long summer evenings, laying plans for the future—that future which had now become the past,—the rookery,—the antique dove-cot,—the fields wherein they had coursed,—the brook in which they had angled,—every object on the domain was familiar and unchanged; but the owner, the friend, Percival,—would *he* be unchanged too? Correspondence had ceased for many years,—would he now resent it? He knew not of his coming,—how would he receive him? Might he not have forgotten the friend of early life? or, worse still, might he not be dead? These, and a thousand similar thoughts, harassed the mind of Valentine; and not until he had entered the dwelling, and received the warm and oft-repeated welcomes of his friend, did he again dare to resume his former happy feelings.

A powerful writer has declared, that no two friends, who have been long separated, ever meet again the same friends they parted. "In spite of every thing," says he, "new events have passed over either head; new thoughts, new feelings, have left their traces in either bosom: the sorrows of one have not been sympathized with; the joys of the other have not been partaken; the mind of each has been occupied, in by far the greater part of its depth, with things of which the other has no knowledge, and can form no guess." Valentine and Percival formed another proof of the correctness of this remark. One, without either friends or fortune, had been early thrown upon the world, to seek both for himself. Exposed to the vicissitudes of climate and the uncertainties of fortune, the keen competitions of worldly men and worldly interests, with few to love him, and fewer still to love,—Valentine, from the gay thoughtless youth, who fifteen years before had no occupation more serious than to provide pleasure for the passing day, and knowing no sorrow more severe than to be disappointed in that pleasure, had changed into the man of action, enterprize, and decision—of keen sense and prudence,—who, with tamed thoughts and sobered feelings, was rarely surprized into strong emotion, whether of pain or pleasure. Percival, on the other hand, possessing naturally a more refined and reflective mind, graver habits, and deeper, though less manifested, feelings,—had passed the period of separation in seclusion, diversified only by rural pursuits and domestic or literary pleasures. He was some years older than his friend; but it was not Time alone that had sprinkled his hair with early gray, and imparted to his countenance a pale, yet melancholy placidity, which led strangers to suppose him long past his prime. Sorrow had been busy in his heart and home; and though the precise nature of that sorrow was rather guessed than known, the deep and blasting effects which it had produced, proved it to have been of neither a slight nor common nature.

But, on one point, both remained unchanged;—they still felt for each other the strong regard of early years; and, when once more met amongst the scenes of their former intercourse, the past, with its many and mournful changes, was forgotten, and they again "walked together as friends." Both had passed that period when the heart yields easily to the influence of new attachments;—sorrow had blunted the sensibilities of the one, and the world those of the other;—but neither sorrow

nor the world had destroyed the attachment formed under happier auspices. It had never, even during the period of apparent estrangement, passed from the heart. Each could have said to the other—

Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there:
It trembled, but it never passed away.

A SERENADE.

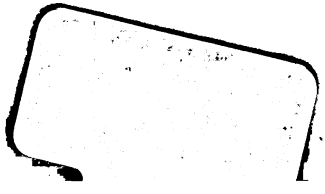
THE flowret may despise the bud
From which its beauty burst,
The antelope forget the flood
That cheer'd him when athirst;
The ivy, for the bending vine,
Forsake its stately tree,—
Ere I lay upon another shrine
The love I vowed to thee.

Though I have walk'd the festive hall,
Star-lit by beauty's eyes,
And heard her thrilling accents fall
Like lark-songs from the skies;
And bowed beneath the witchery rare,
Aye, served on bended knee,
Deem not I left my treasure there—
The love I vowed to thee.

The love awoke by dance and song,
Which only pleasure feeds,
How vain!—another festive throng,
Another spell succeeds!
'Twas deeper passion—born of thought,
Home-hallowed calm of glee,
In reason, as in fancy wrought—
The love I vowed to thee.

SONG.

THERE stood a bright tear in the fair maiden's eye:
Oh, was it of sorrow or was it of joy?
The youth whom she loved had returned from the wars,
His name gemmed with glory—his brow gemmed with scars;
In the lists of the brave, what name ranked so high?
Then why stood the tear in the fair maiden's eye?

Oh, the tear was of sorrow unblended with joy,
When she thought of the feelings that time could destroy,
How fair Hope could wither, and fond Love decay,
And hearts, once the warmest, turn coldly away!
How vows that were plighted by true hearts, and free,
And love deeply sworn, forgotten might be!

All gaily he came—and though now on his form
Were the marks of his braving war's pitiless storm,
And though titles of honour had alter'd his name,
Unchanged and unshaken, his heart was the same—
As firm to its faith, and true as her own—
'Twas the bright tear of joy in the maiden's eye shone!